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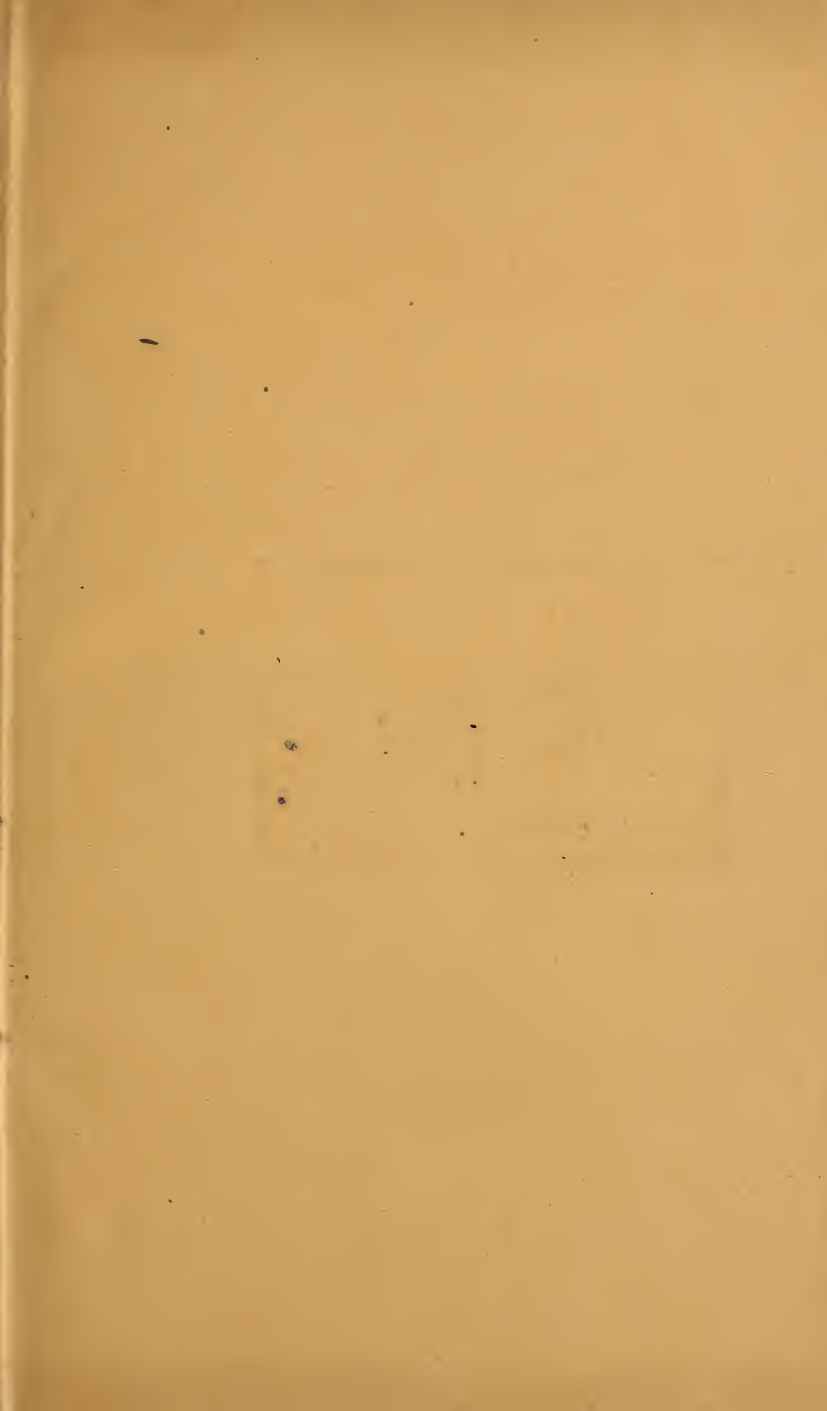
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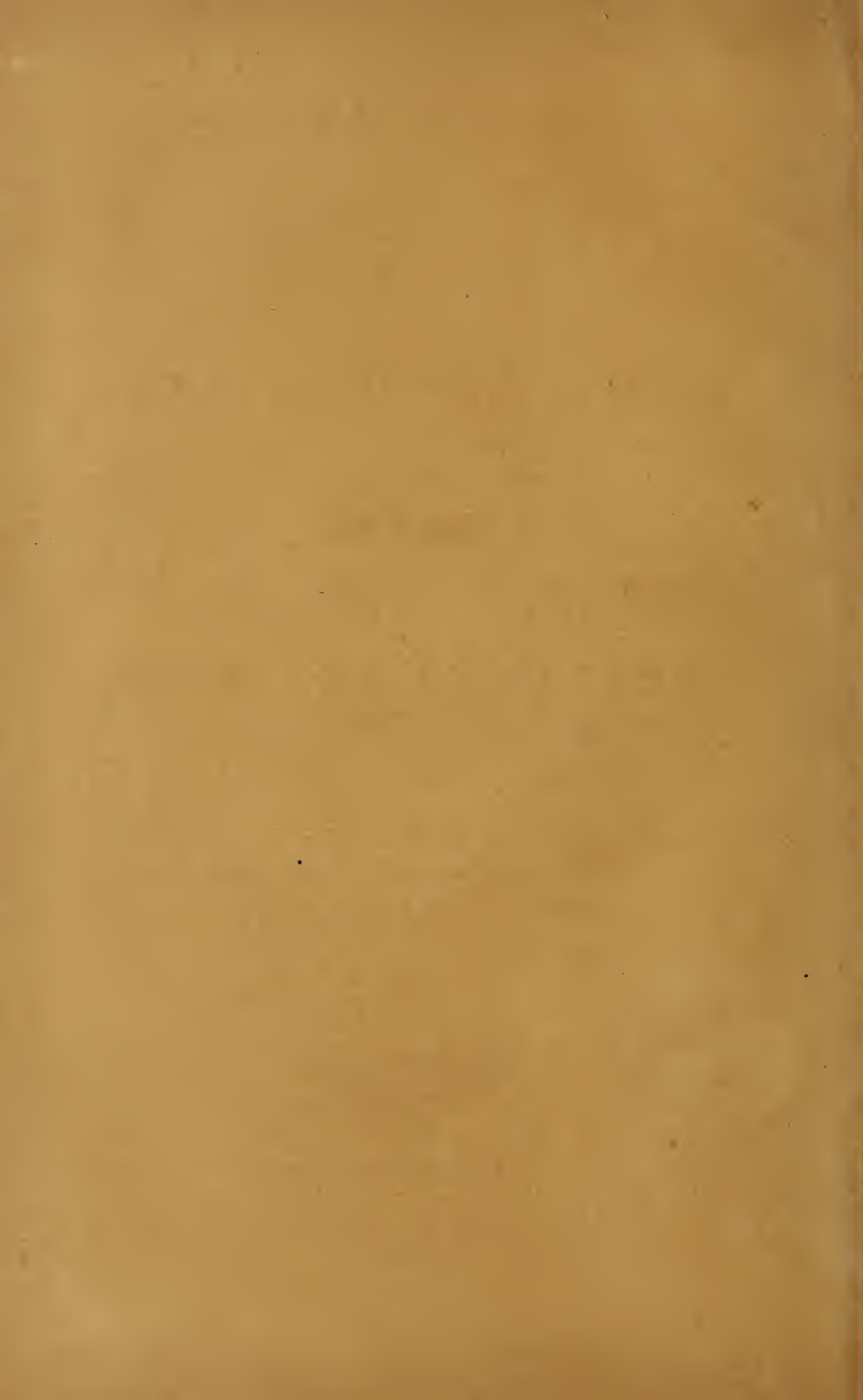
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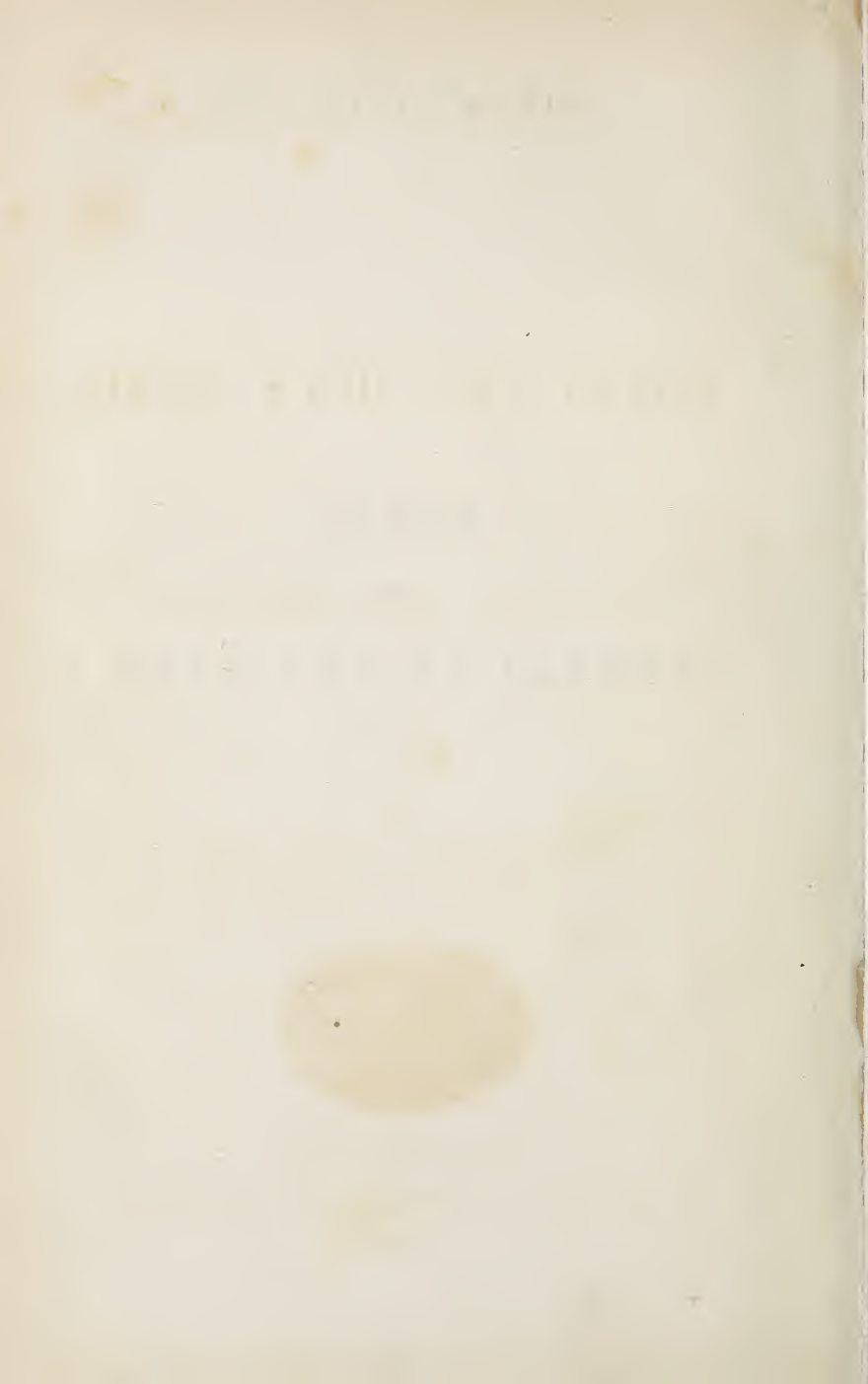








NOTES  
OF  
TRAVEL IN THE EAST.



NOTES OF TRAVEL

IN

EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND,

TURKEY, AND GREECE.

BY

BENJAMIN DORR, D.D.,

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.



PHILADELPHIA: \_\_\_\_\_

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TO THE  
CONGREGATION OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS :—

AFTER a long, but unavoidable delay, I present you with these Notes of Travel, in compliance with a wish which some of you have expressed, that I would make known the result of my observations in foreign lands.

By your unexpected kindness, conveyed through your vestry, leave of absence from the cares of my parish was proffered to me for a year. Your liberality provided for me a substitute, continued my salary to my family, and furnished me, to a considerable extent, with the means of travelling. You have a right, therefore, which I take pleasure in acknowledging, to know how my time was spent, during our long separation. I have selected such parts of my tour, as most interested me, and which I thought would probably prove most interesting and instructive to you.

The work lays no claim as a literary production. It is, what it professes to be, mere Notes of Travel; a simple diary of occurrences and observations, during my journey in the East, and usually written up as each day closed. The notes were oftentimes so hastily made, that considerable time, which I could not well command, was necessary to arrange them for the press. And this is my apology for withholding them so long. You, who know what my

daily cares and duties are, will deem the apology sufficient.

I am fully aware how imperfect is this attempt to describe the lands of the Bible, or to convey my own impressions on visiting them. No words of mine can express to you the happiness which I felt, and still feel, in those scenes, which have made the sacred volume a new book to me, by giving a reality to its records, and illuminating its every page. Egypt and Palestine, the land of bondage and the land of promise, are now no longer, as they once seemed to me, distant and unapproachable lands, overshadowed with mystery; but they are familiar as my own native land. The towns and villages, the fields and fountains, the hills and streams of Syria,—Bethlehem, Bethany, and Nazareth,—Samaria, Sychar, and Galilee,—Mount Zion, Moriah, and Olivet,—Tabor, and Hermon, and Carmel,—Tyre and Sidon,—are as distinctly before my mind's eye, while I write, as the well remembered scenes of my childhood; and touch a more responsive cord than they.

Would that I had the power of communicating these scenes to your minds, as vividly as they are impressed upon my own. I should then have a better offering to make, and one far more worthy of your acceptance. But I have done what I could; and I know that the indulgence which, for nineteen years, you have extended to me, will not be withheld now.

You will accept this work, with all its imperfections, as an humble testimony of gratitude and affection, from

Your friend and Pastor,

B. DORR.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1856.

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# NOTES

OF

## TRAVEL IN THE EAST.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### NAPLES TO MALTA.

It was with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure, that I left the classic shores of Italy, accompanied by my son, to visit Egypt and the Holy Land. We had spent more than seven delightful months in travelling over the British Isles, and through France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy; and a shade of sadness came over me, as I watched the vine-clad hills and mountains of the latter, gradually fading from the sight, to be seen by us, in all probability, no more.

But then we had much pleasure in anticipation, in visiting other lands, far more interesting to the Christian traveller than any which we had yet seen; the lands of the Bible. In a few weeks, should Providence favour our voyage, we hoped to be in the land where God's chosen people dwelt in servitude,



where his mighty miracles were wrought for their deliverance, and to follow the path of the Israelites from their house of bondage to the promised land. The thought was ever in our minds, "Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem;" we shall visit the sacred places, consecrated by the footsteps of the Saviour and his apostles, and made thrice holy by his precious death, his mighty resurrection, and glorious ascension. With such thoughts and feelings, we bade a last adieu to beautiful Italy, with its delightful associations, which must ever retain a place in our hearts and memories.

1853. December 13. On Tuesday at 2 o'clock P. M. we went on board the French steamer *Hellespont*, in the harbour of Naples bound to Malta; and in one hour after, we had weighed anchor and were fairly on our voyage. The ship, though not of the largest class, had very comfortable accommodations, was well manned, and commanded by officers of the French Navy, who were polite, attentive, and kind. Of the seventy passengers, some eight or ten were English, and fifteen were Americans. Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Gilpin, of Philadelphia, were on their way to Egypt, and we hoped to have them for our companions through the whole of our future tour. The afternoon was bright, the sea calm, and there was every prospect of a smooth and plea-



sant passage; but we soon learned that nothing is more uncertain than winds and waves. As we steamed down the far-famed Bay of Naples, which for the beauty of its outline, and the surrounding scenery, is perhaps unrivalled, we had a glorious view of the city, islands, and mountains; and pre-eminent among them, Vesuvius, with its eternal column of smoke, spreading out high above, and overshadowing the summit in one dense cloud. We had accomplished the difficult ascent of this volcano the day before, and looked down into one of those frightful chasms which, eighteen centuries ago, poured showers of ashes, and torrents of liquid lava, on Herculaneum and Pompeii. As we coasted along the shores of Southern Italy we were in full view of the sites of those once buried cities, which we had visited during our sojourn in Naples. Sorrento, a city on the mainland, celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, and the healthfulness of its climate, but more celebrated as the birthplace of Tasso, was on our left; and we could distinctly see the villa, embowered in trees, where the poet was born.

Opposite Sorrento, distant about ten miles, is the small island of Capri, rising in two bold mountains, nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is a grand object, as seen from the bay, and possesses some historical interest from having been

the residence of Augustus, and of Tiberius Cæsar, the latter of whom built here, it is said, no less than twelve palaces, the ruins of which are still to be seen. On our first arrival at Naples, we made an excursion to this island, principally to see its wonderful cavern, known as the Grotta d'Azzura, or blue grotto, which is to the ocean what the Grotto of Adelsburg is to the land, the most extraordinary, for extent and beauty combined, that has ever been discovered. Leaving the promontory of Sorrento on our left, and Capri, twenty-two miles from Naples, on our right, which may be considered as the boundary of the bay, we entered upon the open sea. Night soon closed in, a head wind blew violently, the sea became rough, and we were glad to retire to our berths for the night. We afterwards learned, from friends who watched our departure from Naples, that the storm was so violent there as to create no little anxiety for our safety.

Dec. 14. I was on deck at an early hour in the morning, and had a fine view of Stromboli, remarkable for being the only volcano in Europe which is always active; and which has been sending forth flame for centuries. It is one of the Lipari Islands; in fact, a single mountain, nine miles in circumference, rising abruptly from the water to a great height, and emitting a pillar of smoke by day,

and a pillar of fire by night. Its lofty columns of flame are seen by the mariner many miles distant, through the darkness of the night; and hence it has been appropriately named, "The light-house of the sea." At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we passed the narrow straits which separate the island of Sicily from Italy; that fabled spot, lying between Scylla and Charybdis, which the ancient poets represented as so full of difficulty and danger to the adventurous navigator. The high rock of Scylla is on the Calabrian coast, and opposite to it are the whirlpools of Charybdis; both objects of deep interest to the classical traveller, but occasioning no alarm now, even to the most timid. The scenery on either shore is beautiful; especially where the promontory of Scylla, with its town and castle of the same name, rises in terraces covered with vines, and mulberry and olive-trees. The numerous whirlpools in these straits are owing to the rapid current passing over pointed rocks beneath, and to the counter currents occasioned by projections from the opposite shores; but they are neither larger nor stronger than those of Hurl Gate, to which they bear a striking resemblance. Passing these, we soon cast anchor in the fine harbour of Messina, where we remained the rest of the day; but, in consequence of the quarantine regulations, were not permitted to land. This, however, was no great

disappointment, as it was rainy, and the clouds hung so thickly over the mountains, which form the background to the city and bay, that we only had occasional glimpses of their summits. We hoped to have a more favourable opportunity of seeing the city and island, on our return.

At six o'clock in the evening we were again under way, and at seven or eight miles from Messina we passed Rhegium,\* in Italy, the place where St. Paul stopped, after landing at Syracuse, on his way from Malta, where he had been shipwrecked, to Puteoli, and thence to Rome. There was a satisfaction in the thought that we were pursuing, in some measure, the Apostle's track; having come from Rome by the way of Apii Forum and the Three Taverns, having visited Puteoli, and were now sailing to Malta over the same sea, which the Apostle sailed in his memorable voyage. The dark and stormy night reminded us of the Apostle's perils; but we felt that we were under the guidance and protection of the same Almighty Ruler of the winds and waves, who protected him. We did not see Mount *Ætna*, the other great volcano of the Sicilian group, although we passed near it; and when we arose in the morning Sicily was far behind, out of sight.

\* Acts xxviii. 12 to 14.



Dec. 15. The weather was clear, the wind had abated, and the waves were smoothing down their crests, when we caught our first view of Malta, rising out of the ocean, one great fortification of rock, glaring in the sunlight, without a tree, or shrub, or one spot of green to relieve the eye.

Notwithstanding its apparent sterility, it is said to be a delightful winter residence; having numerous orange groves, and highly cultivated gardens, which are usually in the valleys, or so walled in as not to be visible from the sea. Nothing appears, as you approach it, but its massive walls, and towers, and forts, which render it impregnable, excepting by blockade; the method by which it was taken by the English. So long as England maintains her supremacy on the ocean, there can be no fear of her losing this valuable possession.

Half an hour before noon we were safely anchored in one of the capacious harbours; and, as there was no quarantine to be performed, we soon found ourselves comfortably settled, after the good old English fashion, at Morrell's Hotel, in Strada Forni, with several American friends and fellow-passengers for our companions. It is quite delightful, after five months' absence from England, and after the fatigues and perils of our voyage from Italy, to find ourselves, though now in Africa, on English

ground; and to hear, as we pass through the streets, the sweet accents of our own mother tongue.

Valetta, which is the chief city of the island, is well built with spacious stone-houses, and wide, clean, and well-paved streets. Altogether, it has more the appearance of home comfort about it, than any other town of the size that we have seen since we left England. We should be quite content to remain here ten or twelve days, which we find we must do, for the next steamer, were it not that we are anxious to accomplish our tour, and return to our native land.

Dec. 16. All the houses in the city have flat stone roofs, with battlements; these are intended as a protection from shot and shells, in case of an attack by sea.

They also afford convenient promenades, and have sometimes patches of earth in which to grow shrubs and flowers. From most of the house-tops the view of the island and sea is superb. We spent some hours on the roof of our hotel to-day, watching with the aid of a spy-glass, the numerous vessels coming and going. We had not been long there, before we discovered three large ships together, on the verge of the horizon, bearing down towards the island, with a fair wind, and under full sail. They proved to be the *Agamemnon* and an-

other English man-of-war, and a Prussian frigate. We went to the ramparts to get a better view of these leviathans of the deep. Their majestic appearance, as they came into port, the hundreds of sailors climbing up the rigging, and manning the yards, the ease and gracefulness with which the ships were brought to, and the sails furled, the large English fleet riding at anchor in that spacious harbour, enclosed by fortifications of impregnable strength, the thousands of spectators covering every accessible height—for it seemed as though the whole population of Malta was there—the firing of broadsides from each ship as she cast anchor, answered by the “Ceylon,” the flag-ship of the Admiral, and by the heavy guns of the fort, thundering out their welcome, all united in making the scene as exciting as it was novel to us.

The climate of the island at this season is delightful, but it is only so in winter. During the summer and autumnal months, the scanty soil is parched with drought; and it is only just now, in the shortest days, that vegetation revives, and the flowers begin to spring forth. There is a profusion of them at this time. Oranges and pomegranates, grown upon the island, are abundant and in great perfection, but most other fruits and vegetables come from Sicily. The market is well supplied with mutton, poultry, and game, from the African coast.



Dec. 18, Sunday. We attended the services of the church to-day, in the spacious and beautiful edifice built by the late Queen Dowager, Adelaide, at an expense of eighty thousand dollars, out of her own private purse. It being the only Protestant Church on the island, for the Maltese are Romanists, it is usually well attended. There are chaplains here for the army and navy, who have also their stated services. Besides being a great naval and military station, Malta is a convenient stopping-place for all vessels navigating the Mediterranean; so that there is seldom a time when many English churchmen are not here, who are glad of the privileges afforded them of worshipping after their own forms.

The island, which is seventeen miles long and eight wide, has a population of one hundred and twenty thousand. The fortifications embrace a circuit of twenty-seven miles; the strongest portions of them are at Valetta, the chief city of the island, and a clean bright city it is, abounding in handsome buildings, and having two large libraries, with reading-rooms, where are to be found the principal newspapers and periodicals of the day. One of these libraries is for the garrison, the other, which was once the property of the knights of Malta, now belongs to the government. Strangers, whether residents, or only stopping for a few days, find ready

access to both. The native women are famous for their skill in the manufacture of fine laces, and ladies' mitts and gloves, of which we saw many beautiful specimens; while the men are equally celebrated for the perfection to which they have brought their gold filagree work.

Dec. 21. The most interesting building here is the Cathedral Church of St. John, about two hundred feet in length, and one hundred in width, exclusive of the seven side chapels belonging to the different nations, who composed the order of the Knights of Malta. It was built by the Grand Master, John de la Cassine, in 1580. The entire floor of the church and chapels is Florentine mosaic, of the most costly and beautiful kind, composed of the armorial bearings, devices and monumental inscriptions, of the Grand Masters and Knights, arranged in uniform order. The space devoted to each is about five by ten feet; some of them a little less, all of costly marble of the brightest and most varied colours, and no two of the monuments are alike. There are no less than four hundred of these coats of arms, or memorials, uniting together, in admirable order, to form one rich pavement of unequalled beauty; the most splendid mosaic of the kind in the world.

When seen from the west gallery, it resembles a rich Brussels carpet, of the largest and brightest

patterns. It is only when walking over it, that you appreciate its rare perfection and its immense value. It is kept carefully covered with a thick matting, and is only displayed on great festivals, or by special favour, which it is no easy matter to obtain. We were told that as much as twenty-five guineas have been paid by a single party of travellers, to have the matting removed for a short time, that they might see the floor. Very few travellers, therefore, enjoy this privilege; but we were among the favoured few; and that, too, without any tax upon our purse beyond a small gratuity to the servants in attendance.

On our arrival in Malta, my banker very kindly told me that, before our departure, he would take measures to have the pavement uncovered, for the inspection of myself and friends, and that he would send me word when it could be seen. Accordingly I received a note from him saying, that at noon to-day his nephew would call and accompany us, and such friends as we might choose to invite, to the church. We spent an hour or two in looking at this wonderful specimen of ingenuity and skill, and in examining the costly monuments, paintings, bronzes and sculpture of the chapels. In the crypt are to be seen the tombs of La Valette and other grand masters. Having satisfied our curiosity here, we took a carriage which was waiting for us at the door

of the church, and rode out to Crendi, where are some interesting ruins reminding us of Stonehenge, though more extensive and more perfect; supposed to be the remains of a Phœnician temple, not less than two thousand years old. Not far from these, and near the sea, are other similar ruins.

Dec. 23. We made another delightful excursion to-day, embracing a circuit of about twenty miles. The roads are so fine, the air so balmy, the fields so green, and the views so varied, that a ride at this season is a great luxury. The most interesting spot to us upon the whole island, is St. Paul's Bay, where tradition says the apostle was shipwrecked.\* That Malta is the Melita of the Acts of the Apostles, and that this is the place of that memorable wreck, I see not the slightest reason to doubt.† The bay makes a deep indentation into the land, and its waters, when we saw them, were calm and beautifully transparent. But as I stood upon its sunny shore, and looked out upon its placid bosom, it required no great effort of the imagination to bring before my mind's eye the whole scene of that terrible night. I could fancy that I saw the sea lashed into tempest, the vessel furiously driven past the eastern point of

\* Acts xxvii. and xxviii.

† See Smith's Shipwreck of St. Paul.



the bay, where the breakers were dashing and foaming against the rocks, the hurried heaving of the lead, the casting of the four anchors from the stern, the multitude of men, women and children, soldiers and prisoners, two hundred and seventy-six souls, crowding the deck of that tempest-tossed bark, and anxiously wishing for the day, the holy Apostle, with the calmness and composure that none but a Christian can feel under such circumstances, standing in the midst of them, exhorting them to take food and to be comforted, and assuring them that not a hair of their head should perish. And then when the daylight dawned, I could see them heaving the anchors, "loosing the rudder bands," hoisting the mainsail, and running the ship aground "where two seas met;" the exact position of which seems to be clearly defined. And when the stern was broken by the violence of the waves, the inhuman proposition of the soldiers was "to kill the prisoners lest any of them should swim out and escape. But the Centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land; and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."\* All these

\* Acts xxvii. 40 to 44.

things were visibly before me; nor have I a doubt that they actually occurred here eighteen centuries ago. The traditions concerning some other places on the island, connected with St. Paul's shipwreck and residence, may be more questionable; but the physical character, and the position of this bay, to say nothing of the *prima facie* evidence from tradition, point it out as the identical spot of the shipwreck. The place where it is said the "barbarous people" received them, and kindled a fire; and where the viper fastened upon the Apostle's hand; the cave in which he dwelt; over both which churches have been created, are localities near the bay. We brought away some shells and pebbles from the shore, as memorials of our visit.

Dec. 24. The island is so covered with stone houses, and small walled towns, and the population is so numerous, that it has the appearance of being one vast city; or, more properly, one vast fortification. In the principal city, Valetta, you see the people and costumes of almost every nation in the world.

We obtained permission at the Admiralty Office to see the dock-yard at Vittoriosa, on the great harbour opposite Valetta.

In its general arrangements it is much like our navy yards at Charlestown and Portsmouth. The

naval bakery is quite a curiosity in its way, for size and completeness. The whole process of making bread for the army and navy is performed by steam machinery under one roof. The wheat is ground, bolted, mixed, kneaded, rolled, stamped, baked, and packed away for use, in an almost incredibly short time. More than seven tons of hard biscuit, equal to seventy barrels of flour, or three hundred and fifty bushels of wheat, can be made here in a single day.

At Vittoriosa there is a Romish priest, whose rooms we visited, who has gained considerable celebrity for his skill in making small wax figures, representing the customs, costumes, and trades, of the Maltese. Though skilfully executed, and displaying much ingenuity, we did not think them quite equal to similar specimens which we have seen from South America.

Dec. 25. And this is Christmas Day; I hope "a merry Christmas" to all our dear ones at home. How different to me from that of last year! How different from that of any former year! Here we are, five thousand miles from our native land, and on our way to Bethlehem, the scene of that great event, which the "holy church throughout all the world" this day commemorates.



We have had a very quiet and agreeable holy-day here; and I do not think there is a spot in the old world, out of England, where we could have spent it more profitably. The day was bright and beautiful, like one of our loveliest May days; and every face we met seemed radiant with joy. We attended divine service at 11 o'clock in the Episcopal Church, which was decorated with evergreens, though not in great profusion, for they are not easily obtained; none growing on the island except such as are cultivated in the gardens. The services, with the exception of the slight difference that there is between our own and the English liturgy, were the same as those which our friends were enjoying this day at home. The archdeacon read the morning prayer, the rector, the Rev. Mr. Cleugh, preached an appropriate sermon from the words, "Jesus Christ the righteous." I read a portion of the communion service, and, together with the Rev. Mr. Fort, an English clergyman, assisted the archdeacon and the rector in administering the Holy Sacrament to a large number of communicants; among whom were many officers of the British army and navy. It was a most gratifying service in every respect; reminding me most forcibly of home and friends, and especially when that familiar hymn "While Shepherds watched," was sung. How often have I heard this in dear old Christ Church!

We attended afternoon service at 5 o'clock, and heard another able and practical sermon from the rector. In the evening, we sat down to an excellent dinner, our table ornamented with a splendid bouquet, and abundantly supplied with all the fruits of the season; and we remembered those who, in a colder clime, but with warmest hearts, were enjoying a merry Christmas, thinking perhaps of us.

## CHAPTER II.

### MALTA TO CAIRO.

THE French steamer "Louqsor," from Marseilles, bound to Alexandria, arrived at Malta on the evening of the 26th, and sailed again the same evening. It was quite calm when we left the harbour; but before midnight the wind blew furiously, raising a rough sea, and tossing our noble vessel up and down, to the great discomfort of all on board.

The rough weather continued for nearly two days, during which time most of the passengers kept in their berths; but the calm came on as suddenly as the storm, and we had a fine run during the remainder of the voyage.

Our ship made the African coast early on the morning of the 30th; but a fog springing up compelled her to lie by until noon; when it cleared off brightly, and the city of Alexandria was before us, a few miles distant. Its domes, and minarets, and palm-trees, its towers and fortifications, and the tall masts of its shipping, are the only objects to relieve

the eye, on the whole of that low, level seaboard. Not a rock, or hill, or tree, nothing but one long sandy beach, was to be seen on either side of the city.

A pilot in turban and trowsers, to us a novel dress for a sailor, came on board; and we were soon safely anchored in the ancient harbour, where lay a number of foreign merchant vessels, and two or three large ships of the line, belonging to the Pasha. An hundred small boats, filled with Turks and Arabs, immediately surrounded our ship, with a noise and confusion of tongues that might have out-babeled Babel. Such pulling and hauling, such shouting and screaming, among the boatmen, to secure a portion of the passengers and their luggage, would have been ludicrous enough, had we not been a party concerned; but to us it was no laughing matter. We did not know then, as we learned afterwards, that an Arab's bark is worse than his bite, or we should have felt less concerned for our personal safety. We, however, got well on shore; and then a similar contest began among the porters, men and women, donkey-boys, and camel-drivers. Our party consisted of five, with a moderate amount of portmanteaus and bags, which some three or four women managed to secure; and, having packed them in baskets, they bore them off triumphantly on their heads. Then, with the aid of our landlord, who came to the steamer to look after his own interest, we fought our way

through the dense crowd of Turks and Arabs, donkeys and camels, and reached our hotel, Victoria, in safety.

To those who, like ourselves, had never been in an Oriental city before, the transition was great indeed, but full of interest. Every thing we saw and heard was unlike what we had seen and heard in other lands. Here the palm is the common tree, camels are the beasts of burden, scarcely anything but donkeys are used for riding, turbaned men and veiled women walk the streets; none but ourselves in Frank dress. These things remind us that we are now in the East; and it will require some little time to feel at home here.

Of the ancient city built by Alexander the Great, there are scarcely any remains, nor is there much to detain a traveller in the modern town. As you enter the harbour, you see the island of Pharos, on which once stood the white marble beacon, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, which was one of the seven wonders of the world. The lighthouse of the port now occupies the site of the ancient tower. The chief objects of interest in Alexandria are Pompey's Pillar, and the two Egyptian obelisks, known as Cleopatra's Needles, which were brought from Heliopolis, and placed here by one of the Cæsars, to ornament his temple. Pompey's Pillar stands upon a hill just outside the walls of the city,



near a Turkish burial-ground; and, from its size and great elevation, is a conspicuous object for many miles, as you approach it from the sea. The round shaft, which is a single piece of red granite, from the quarries of Syene, in Upper Egypt, is seventy-three feet high, and ten feet in diameter. The pedestal and capital, of the same material, are each of a single block. The diameter of the capital is sixteen and a half feet. The whole height of the pillar is ninety-nine feet. It is supposed to have been erected by Publius, a governor of Lower Egypt, in honour of the Emperor Dioclesian.

The obelisks, called Cleopatra's Needles, are also single blocks of red syenite, nearly equal in size, and not more than sixty yards apart. One has fallen, and is almost buried in the sand; the other, which is erect and very perfect, is seventy feet high, and seven feet seven inches diameter at its base. They are supposed to have been sculptured B. C. 1500; consequently are more than thirty-three hundred years old. The fallen obelisk was given to the English Government some years since, by the Pasha of Egypt; but the expense of removing it would be so great, that it is doubtful whether any attempt will be made to take it to England.

One day in Alexandria was quite sufficient to see all that interested us there; and we left on Saturday morning, the thirty-first of December, at 8 A. M.,

expecting to spend a portion of New Year's day in Cairo.

We had a commodious barge on the Mahmoudieh canal, towed by a small steamer from Alexandria to Atfeh, fifty miles, where the canal unites with the Nile, by means of several substantial stone locks. Here we had our first view of the great river of Egypt. A large steamer was moored at the bank, ready to take us up to Cairo, a hundred and thirty miles distant. Night was approaching when we arrived at Atfeh, and our Arab pilot manifested considerable anxiety to have all on board as speedily as possible. There was, however, some unavoidable delay, as the baggage, of which there was no small amount, had to be carried over a single plank, from the shore to the vessel; but the porters, all of whom were in the regular employ of the Transit Company, worked industriously, and, in an hour or two, we were steaming rapidly up the Nile.

In the course of the night we were aroused by the loud clamour of numerous voices. Hastening on deck, a singular scene presented itself; and in the noise, and confusion, and darkness, it was difficult to determine what was the matter. We had reached the great dam, or barrage, of the Nile, through the central opening of which we were about to pass. Tow-ropes were attached to the bow and sides of our boat, at which some three hundred



Arabs were tugging, to force her, with the aid of the engine, up the rapid current. The furious rushing of the water through this immense flood-gate, the men on the pier-heads with blazing torches, which lit up their bronze faces and gay clothing, together with the shouting of our captain to them, and their shouts in return, rendered the whole scene exceedingly novel and exciting. It was a considerable time before we were fairly through the barrage.

This herculean work, not yet entirely finished, is near the apex of the Delta, where the Nile divides into two principal streams, the Rosetta and Damietta branches, and is intended to raise the water of the river for the purpose of more effectually irrigating the soil of Lower Egypt. Immense stone dams are being thrown across each of the branches of the Nile, with central and side arches. The central one, which is ninety-two feet, is sufficiently broad to allow the principal volume of water to pass, and to furnish a passage for the largest steamers. At the same time, by closing the side arches, while the Nile is low, enough water will be retained to supply the canals intended for irrigation.

Our boat unfortunately got aground in the night, which detained us six hours; and a dense fog the next morning prevented our making much progress.

It was nine o'clock on Sunday evening, January 1st, 1854, when we arrived at the place of our destination. In consequence of these detentions, our first Sunday in the year was passed in a manner very different from what we had anticipated. Instead of being at Cairo, attending the services of the English Church Mission, as we had hoped, we were on a boat filled with passengers from every quarter of the globe; Arabs, Greeks, Turks, Ethiopians, Italians, Germans, French, English, and Americans; and I know not how many others. They were all, however, more orderly than is usual among the same number of passengers, in one of our own steam-boats; and we enjoyed a comparatively quiet Sunday.

The whole country, from Alexandria to Cairo, is flat, like the Delta of the Mississippi; but, tame as the scenery is in itself, there was enough of novelty around us to make it interesting. Strange looking boats, manned by stranger looking people, and loaded with the produce of the country, rice, cotton, wheat, sugar-cane, were continually passing us. Clay villages, rude as the beavers would make, with their motley inhabitants basking in the sun, were to be seen all along the banks. Immense flocks of birds on the river and on the land, large groves of the date-palm, numbers of camels and buffaloes, some bearing burdens, others unequally yoked together in the plough, the rudest instrument that was ever

invented for breaking up the soil, here and there a large white mosque, with its dome and minaret rising high above the mud-hovels with which it was surrounded, were sights so new and strange as to make our first voyage in Egypt quite an exciting one.

About thirty miles below Cairo, at sunset on New Year's day, we had a distant view of the great pyramids, which continued in sight while the daylight lasted. At nine o'clock we reached Boolak, the port of Cairo, and in half an hour more were comfortably quartered at Sheppard's Hotel, a spacious and commodious building fronting the great square of Cairo. I had not been in my room five minutes, before I was reminded how truly Egyptian are the common customs of the city. I had occasion to call a servant, and looked in vain for a bell. On opening my door, a gentleman to whom I stated my perplexity said, "This, sir, is the way to call a servant," and gave a violent clapping of his hands, when one instantly appeared.

Jan. 2. This is our first day in Grand Cairo, the capital of Egypt, and the most interesting, it is said, of all Eastern cities; because none other has so entirely preserved its Oriental character. We have been riding all day, as everybody else rides, on sleek, lively, little donkeys, through its narrow streets,

crowded thoroughfares, and bazaars. There are thousands of these valuable animals within the city, and numbers are kept standing at every corner, and near all the hotels. One can be hired for twenty-five cents a day, with the driver, who follows with a stick to urge him on, and to take charge of him when you dismount. The facility with which the little creature pushes his way among the crowd, opening a passage here and there, and never treading on any person, is truly surprising. Without such aid, it would be next to impossible for a Frank to move through the dense masses of human beings, that sometimes throng the streets.

We were so fortunate as to meet with the Rev. Dr. Stuart, a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, and an English friend of his, with whom we joined company, to see the sights of Cairo. They had previously engaged an experienced Arab for their guide. He led the way in full canter, while we kept close upon his heels, with four Arab donkey-boys running behind, and whipping up our animals. On we dashed, pell-mell, among the crowds of men, women, camels, dogs and donkeys, through bazaars and streets, which had neither pavement nor sidewalk; most of them not more than ten feet wide, and some of them much less. In every open space, or large square, we saw jugglers and showmen, who had gathered groups of spectators around them. Some exhibited charmed



snakes, which they carried in their bosom; others had goats, which were made to stand on little blocks of wood, placed one over the other, with not more than a square inch for the animal to put his feet upon.

Others exhibited tricks by sleight of hand, for which the Egyptians are so remarkable. We occasionally stopped to witness some of these, or to watch a group of Arabs engaged in buying and selling, which is always attended on both sides with much loud talking, and violent gesticulations, however trifling the value of the article of trade may be.

Our first visit was to the citadel, which crowns the summit of a lofty hill, and encloses within its walls three objects of special interest, the mosque of Mohammed Ali, Joseph's Well, and one of the Pasha's palaces. The mosque is a splendid structure, lined and paved with oriental alabaster; the interior of the lofty dome being gorgeously decorated with blue and gold.

Mohammed Ali's magnificent tomb stands within this mosque, which was erected over it as a monument to his memory. We found no difficulty in getting admission, even while the Mussulmen were at their devotions. We were simply required to put off our shoes at the door, and to enter with slippers, or in our stockings; it was not expected that we would uncover our heads. I felt a little awkward at first,

in walking about barefooted, with my hat on, over the smooth alabaster floor, and upon the rich Turkey carpets, which covered some portions of the temple. The "Kebla," or sacred stone, which is placed in the wall of every mosque, indicates the position of Mecca, towards which the faithful always pray. This is the most holy place, corresponding to the chancel of our churches, and is usually spread with carpets, on which the worshipper kneels.

We ascended, by a spiral staircase, to the top of one of the minarets, which is probably two hundred feet high, and gained a glorious view of the city, with its four hundred mosques, the Nile, the delta, and the pyramids, on the west, and the boundless desert on the east.

The Pasha's palace, intended for his hareem, is not very remarkable as a palace; it has some fine large rooms, but little ornament or furniture. There is an extensive garden attached to it, prettily laid out, from which we were permitted to gather some flowers and most delicious oranges.

Beer Yoosef, "Joseph's Well," so called, from the Caliph Yoosef, the illustrious Saladdin, is hewed out of the solid rock to the depth, it is said, of five hundred feet; and is supposed to have been the work of the ancient Egyptians. It had been so entirely filled with sand and rubbish, for centuries, that all knowledge of it was lost; when it was discovered by

Saladdin, A. D. 1170, who had it cleared out as a reservoir for the citadel, and hence it bears his name. The water is conducted into it from the Nile, and raised, at two successive elevations of two hundred and fifty feet each, by means of earthen jars attached to a revolving belt of leather; the wheel over which the belt revolves, being turned by buffaloes. The diameter of this stupendous well is probably not less than thirty feet.

Sultan Hassan's mosque, though not so gorgeous as that of Mohammed Ali, is much more beautiful in its architecture; and in this respect excels any which we saw in Cairo. It was built A. D. 1360, of stones taken from the pyramids. On the tomb of the Sultan, which stands beneath a lofty dome, is placed a chest containing, it is said, a copy of the Koran, written in large and beautiful characters. We did not ask to see the manuscript, nor do I know that it is ever shown to any stranger.

One of the gentlemen of our party, who was on his way to India, wishing to make some purchases to send home to friends in England, we accompanied him to several of the bazaars, where one sees Eastern habits and customs, which continually remind him of what he has read in the Arabian Nights. A shop, in a Turkish bazaar, is a small affair; usually about the size of a large bow-window, say eight or ten feet in width, and five or six



feet deep, elevated about two and a half feet from the ground, entirely open in the front during business hours, and afterwards closed with wooden shutters. Here the Turk sits upon his mat all day, smoking his pipe, and apparently indifferent whether he has any customers or not. His goods are placed in packages on the shelves, which line three sides of his little shop; but seldom are any of them exposed to view, unless called for. We took our seats, *à la Turquie*, on the shop floor of a merchant, who dealt in silks and embroideries of Damascus, and the costly cashmeres of Persia. We were six in all, including the merchant and his assistant; and, when seated together on the carpet, there was only room enough left for taking down the parcels, which one by one were opened, and the contents spread out for exhibition on our laps; while our dragoman stood outside as interpreter.

It was surprising to see how many rich and beautiful articles of silk, and linen, and wool, shawls, scarfs, handkerchiefs, laces and embroideries of the finest materials, and most exquisite workmanship, were piled away upon those shelves.

Our friend having made his purchases, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, and accepted, as is customary, a present of some trifling value from the merchant, we took our leave, by receiving and returning his salutations, with as much gravity, as if

we had been making a formal visit at his house. In many of the bazaars, through which we passed, there were not only all sorts of merchandise to be found; but all kinds of wares, of wood, and copper, and silk, and cotton, and leather, were being made in them. At one place we saw half a dozen men engaged in manufacturing pipes; in another, slippers; in another, women were working at embroidery; all sitting in their little shops, as much exposed to view as if they were in the street; all busy and cheerful, and pleased if any passer-by stopped to examine their work.

Jan. 3. To-day we rode out upon the desert, about ten miles, to see what is called the "petrified forest;" but which is nothing more than fossil fragments of the branches and trunks of trees, thickly scattered over a space of several square miles; and varying in size from a small chip to a large tree. The petrifications are very perfect, and well worth a visit.

On our return, we stopped just outside the city walls, to see the tombs of the Circassian Memlook Kings, which were once magnificent mosques; memorials of the power and greatness of the Sultans of that dynasty. The stones of some of them have been taken to construct other buildings, and all are fast falling to decay; yet enough is left to show their former grandeur. That of Sultan El Bîr-Kook,

A. D. 1382, is perhaps in as good preservation as any of them, and probably once ranked among the first of these splendid monuments. As we entered the outer gate of this mosque, we saw "two women grinding at the mill," formed of two circular stones placed horizontally, one over the other. They were sitting on the ground, with the mill between them; with one hand they put in the grain, and with the other they rapidly turned the upper millstone, by throwing the handle alternately back and forth.

Almost every hour we see something of this kind peculiar to the East, which illustrates portions of the Scriptures. The water is carried about the streets in skin bottles, or borne upon the head in earthen jars, as in ancient times. Long trains of camels, thirty or forty together, marching single file, are constantly entering the city, with the products of distant lands; reminding us of the "company of Ishmaelites," in Jacob's time, who carried spicery, and balm, and myrrh, down to Egypt,\* and took Joseph with them. Vast numbers of asses, oftentimes a hundred in a drove, are seen heavily laden with bags of grain, as when Joseph's brethren came into Egypt, to buy corn for their famishing households.

The camel, however, is the chief beast of burden; and is employed, not only to transport merchandise,

\* Gen. xxxvii. 25.

but wood and stone for building; and oftentimes large sticks of timber, and blocks of granite. It requires no little skill for a pedestrian to keep out of their way, by standing close to the wall, near some projecting window, or by dodging under their burdens. On one occasion, I was so closely pressed, that I was obliged to jump into a Turk's shop-window, to escape being crushed by a train of camels, loaded with sugar-cane, which filled up the entire street. Some of the streets are so narrow, that no loaded camel could possibly pass through them. This is the case in the Coptic quarter, where that which is called "the wide street" will only enable two donkeys to go abreast; and the projections from some of the upper stories of the houses touch each other. In the Jews' quarter, they are even narrower; and as you ride through them, your feet can touch the walls of the buildings on both sides of the way.

We saw to-day a troop of Turkish soldiers mounted on stout, fleet horses, followed by a large body of infantry, mostly Ethiopians. They were all dressed in white uniforms, and wore the tarboosh, or red cap. They were generally fine looking men, but it could not be called a very brilliant military display.

Jan. 5. We spent this day in visiting the ruins of



Heliopolis, the ancient On, near the village of Matareeh, eight or ten miles from Cairo. All this portion of the delta was included in the land of Goshen, where the children of Israel dwelt. The large groves of the lofty date-palm, the orange and lemon-trees laden with fruit, the fields covered with wheat, about half grown, the luxuriant sugar-cane, matured and ready for the press, proved that this part of Egypt might even now be called "the best of the land;"\* for nothing can surpass it in fertility. As we rode along, numbers of the white ibis might be seen near our path, their golden beaks and snowy plumage contrasting beautifully with the green grass and grain. As no one ever molests them, they are quite tame; and this we found generally the case with the birds of Egypt; they are not afraid of the presence of man.

Before reaching the ruins, we stopped at an ancient well, near which is a sycamore†—the Egyptian fig, or fig mulberry-tree—twenty-four feet in circumference. Tradition says, that Joseph and Mary and the infant Saviour, stopped to repose here on their flight into Egypt. It is possible that this tree may have sprung from the roots, or seed, of trees which shaded the well in our Saviour's time; and it is not improbable, that the Holy Family rested from

\* Gen. xlvii. 6.

† Amos vii. 14. Lu. xix. 4.

the fatigues of their journey beside this ancient well. They are called the "well and the tree of the Holy Family." We drank of the pure refreshing water, and brought away with us a piece of that venerable tree, as a memento of our visit.

Some extensive mounds of earth, a few large blocks of marble, with broken capitals and columns, and a single obelisk, are all that remain of the renowned Heliopolis, the city of the Sun; in whose schools of learning Herodotus and Plato studied, and from which emanated the wisdom that enlightened Greece and Rome. The obelisk, which once adorned the celebrated temple of the sun, still stands erect and perfect, in all its beauty, just where it was placed nearly four thousand years ago, by Osirtasen I., the Pharaoh who reigned over Egypt when Joseph was there. Some of its companions, which were once the ornaments of the same temple, have been transported to other lands; one is now at Constantinople, carried there by Constantine the Great; several were taken to Rome by the early Emperors, and are still among the chief ornaments of that city; and two, known as Cleopatra's Needles, were removed to Alexandria, to adorn a temple of the Cæsars, where they have remained for eighteen centuries.

But this solitary obelisk has been permitted to stand, a witness to the glory and the decay of city

and temple. It is in much better preservation than those of its fellows, which we saw at Rome, Alexandria, and Constantinople. Like them, it is a single block of red granite, from the quarries of Syene. It is sixty-eight feet high above the pedestal, and a little more than six feet square at the base.

It is impossible to express my feelings, as I stood at the foot of this obelisk, where prophets, priests, and kings had stood, looking on that, which the eyes of all the patriarchs had looked upon, and called to mind some of the wonderful events, which had happened to many of God's chosen people, here, and around this very spot.

Heliopolis, as it is called in the Septuagint, the On of our English version, the Bethshemesh, or house of the sun, mentioned by Jeremiah,\* is the city where Joseph was sold into captivity; here he was exalted to be "ruler over all the land of Egypt;"† here he received "to wife," from Pharaoh's hands, "Asenath the daughter of Potiphera, Priest of On;" and here his two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, were born. In its celebrated schools Moses became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," to qualify him, under the Divine guidance, to become the deliverer and lawgiver of his people. In the surrounding country, the Israelites had their appointed dwelling-place;

\* Jeremiah xliii. 13.

† Gen. xli. 43, 45, 50, 52.



where, notwithstanding their oppressions, they grew to be a mighty nation. It could not have been far from this place where they were all assembled, "six hundred thousand men, beside children,"\* on that memorable night, when Moses had his last interview with Pharaoh, and they were led forth in triumph from their house of bondage, carrying with them the spoils of their oppressors. It is recollections and associations, such as these, which make the whole land of Egypt, and this part of it especially, so intensely interesting to the Christian.

Jan. 6. A visit of half an hour to the college of whirling dervishes, to witness their strange religious ceremonies, quite satisfied my curiosity, and I was glad to escape from the painful scene. They twirled so long, and so rapidly, that I could not look at them without a sensation of giddiness; and their movements were accompanied by frightful moans and yells, made more hideous by the din of fifes and drums. It was such a spectacle as no person would care to see more than once.

On the island of Rhoda, opposite old Cairo, is the famous Nilometer, a granite pillar, inclosed in a large square chamber, or well, and accurately marked, to show the rise and fall of the Nile; a matter of the

\* Ex. xii. 37.

greatest importance to all the inhabitants of Egypt. When the waters begin to rise, this meter is carefully watched, and their height is daily proclaimed in the streets of Cairo. The annual rise of the river is from twenty to twenty-three feet, and when it approaches these marks, much anxiety is felt lest it should not rise high enough to overflow its banks, or lest it should rise so high, as to sweep away the villages and flocks, as is sometimes the case.

When the waters, having attained an elevation sufficient to cover the soil, begin to fall, the intelligence is received with the greatest demonstrations of joy. The river is usually at its lowest in the end of May; it begins to rise in June and July, and attains its highest point the last of September, or early in October. A Nilometer was built on the island of Rhoda, about A. D. 700; but that which is now there is supposed to have been erected in the middle of the ninth century, and has therefore been in use a thousand years. Near it is a summer palace of Ibrahim Pacha, which has many large and airy apartments, with marble floors, and ceilings highly decorated in Oriental style. In the centre of the principal saloon is a beautiful white marble fountain; and attached to the palace is a garden containing many trees and flowers from foreign lands. Not far from this palace, tradition points to

a spot, on the island, as that where the infant Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter.

About three miles from Cairo, on the banks of the Nile, opposite Gizeh, is Fostat, now known as old Cairo, and once the metropolis of Egypt. It was built on the site of the Egyptian Babylon; so called from a colony of Babylonians, who settled there in the reign of Cambyses. It now contains a village of Coptic Christians, and a convent, with a very old church, beneath the floor of which is a large room, or cave, shown as the place where the Holy Family were concealed, when they fled from the persecution of Herod.

In this church, it is said, St. Peter wrote his epistles; nor can I think it improbable, that his first epistle was written in this city; as he sends, to those whom he addressed, the salutation of the church that is at Babylon. Without attaching undue importance to such a tradition, I am disposed to believe it true, unless some good reason can be given to prove it false, or improbable. We know that our Saviour, when a child, was with his parents in Egypt; and it is not unlikely, that a spot made sacred by the Holy Family's residence, would be selected as the site of the first Christian church.

It is equally probable that the apostle Peter, when in Egypt, would take up his abode in the sanctuary reared over the dwelling-place of his divine master.

I confess to having felt, as I stood beneath the roof of that venerable old building, a deeper interest than I had felt before, in those words of the Apostle, "the church that is at Babylon, elected together with you, saluteth you, and so doth Marcus my son."\*

Jan. 7. We have spent this day in visiting, what was formerly considered the first of the seven wonders of the world, the Pyramids of Gizeh, ten miles from Cairo, on the opposite side of the Nile, and just on the edge of the great Libyan Desert.

Our party consisted of one lady, and five gentlemen, all Americans, each with an Arab attendant on foot, and all mounted on donkeys, with an Arab for our guide. The day was clear and bright, as all the days have been since we came here; while a refreshing breeze rendered it sufficiently cool even in the sun.

It was like one of our finest days in May; only the air was more transparent, and more elastic, than with us. With such a charming temperature, we could hardly realize that it is midwinter.

Three miles from Cairo we crossed the river to Gizeh; once a considerable city, beautified with palaces, and with the favourite country residences of the great; but now a mere village of mud huts.

\* 1st Epis. Peter v. 13.



Our ride, from hence, was through extensive groves of palm-trees, and rich fields of wheat and clover. The palms, of which there were many thousands, were of that species which bears the date; a fruit most useful to the inhabitants, and which is here produced in the greatest abundance and perfection.

The trees shoot out no branches; but a large tuft of graceful leaves, twenty feet in length, crowns the top, and from the stems of these, close to the trunk, the dates depend in clusters like the banana.

A single tree produces annually about two hundred pounds of fruit. Several of the trees, which we measured, were seven feet in circumference, and appeared to be of nearly uniform size, to the height of sixty or eighty feet. Before reaching the desert, we came to two inlets of the Nile, where the water and mud were so deep, that it was impossible to cross them on our donkeys; and, as we could not go round them, there was no alternative but to be carried over on men's shoulders. Some twenty stout Arabs were there, ready, for a small backsheesh, to officiate as carriers.

It seemed a perilous undertaking, especially for those of our party who were none of the lightest; for the water came up to the waist, and the mud below was knee deep; so that the men could with

difficulty move in it; one mis-step would have been fatal to their precious burden.

However, determining to make the venture, we mounted the half-naked Arabs' shoulders, and were borne safely across; not without much fear and trembling, during the operation, but with shouts of laughter, after it was over.

The next thing was to get the donkeys across; but they, poor fellows, were less fortunate than their masters. The water and mud were too deep for them, and several of them became so mired that they were with difficulty rescued.

In two hours and a half, from the time we left our hotel, we were at the pyramids; and to say they more than realized our expectations, would be but a faint expression of our feelings. Indeed, no words of mine can describe the emotions of veneration, and awe, with which I gazed on these stupendous structures, the labour of generations of men who lived four thousand years ago. The three most considerable ones were built about the same period; the largest, that of Cheops, B. C. 2123; that is, two hundred years before the time of Abraham, and eleven hundred years before the reign of Solomon. Each side of the great pyramid measures six hundred and forty-six feet, and its base covers an area of thirteen acres; its present height, for its apex has been taken off, is four hundred and sixty feet. The



dimensions of the second pyramid are nearly the same as the first; not varying from it more than forty or fifty feet, in any of its measurements. The third is much smaller; being three hundred and thirty-three feet square, and two hundred feet high. But mere figures can convey a very imperfect idea of their exceeding grandeur, their amazing elevation, and the enormous magnitude of the stones which are here piled together.

They are built of sandstone, and were originally cased with granite; the exterior presenting a smooth surface; but the outer coatings have been torn off, in past ages, and carried to Cairo to erect mosques and other public edifices. Their sides, therefore, are jagged and broken, having the appearance, at a little distance, of vast flights of stone stairs, the largest layers of stone being at the base.

As you stand at the foot of the pyramid of Cheops, and look up, your eye being at an angle with its triangular plane, you cannot perceive any inequalities in the surface, where a foothold might be obtained; and wonder that any person should attempt to climb it. In like manner, when at the top, with the same angle of vision, looking down, the surface appears so smooth, that it seems as if one false step would whirl you to the bottom. But there is really no danger, nor any other difficulty, than that which is presented by the irregularities of size in the stones

that compose the several layers. These, as I have said, rise like so many steps; and they vary in height, from two to six feet.

It is no easy matter to climb up a succession of stone steps, many of which present a perpendicular front of five or six feet. We knew, however, that we could do what many others had done; and so we started for the summit; some twelve or fourteen Arabs insisting on going as guides, and to assist us in climbing when necessary. It seemed to be a contest who should first attain the summit. As each one of our party reached the top, the Arabs shouted "Allah is good!" and joined the successful Franks in giving three hearty cheers. When the lady came up, she was greeted with three times three, and our American flag, which we had purchased in Malta, to take with us up the Nile, was placed in her hands, that she might be the first to wave its stars and stripes over the highest point of the great pyramid. We found the ascent much less fatiguing and difficult than that of the cone of Mount Vesuvius. The removal of the apex of the pyramid of Cheops, has left an area of thirty-two feet square, so that there was ample room for our whole party, twenty-five in all, including fourteen guides, our dragoman, and some Arab boys, who carried up bottles of water for our refreshment. A half hour before, "forty centuries" were "looking down" on us; we could now

look down on the "forty centuries," and around on that vast circumference, of which they formed the centre. The view was truly magnificent; embracing a wider range of horizon than I had ever seen from any point before; and probably more extensive than can be found anywhere else.

To the west, stretched away, far as the eye could see, the great Sahara, or Libyan Desert; to the south, just on the edge of the sky, we could perceive the pyramids of Sakkarah and Dashoor; to the east and north, the eye wandered over a landscape of surpassing richness and beauty, lying in the valley and delta of the Nile, with its groves of palm, and fields burdened with vegetation; while in the distance might be seen Cairo, the Grand, with its many mosques, and minarets, and domes; and, far beyond, the desert mountains of Arabia.

We lingered long to enjoy the enchanting scene, and then reluctantly began our descent, which was accomplished in ten or twelve minutes, and with comparative ease.

About four hundred yards from the pyramid of Cheops, is the colossal Sphinx, with its enormous head and neck rising above the ground, but its body mostly buried in the sand. It has been within a few years dug out; but the sands of the desert soon covered it again. We found a few Arabs, under the direction of a French gentleman, busy in

clearing away the sand, and they had succeeded in laying bare the front and one side of the figure; but their progress was very slow. The dimensions of this huge idol, carved out of the natural rock, are, height sixty-three feet, length one hundred and forty-three feet, and the circumference around the forehead, one hundred and two feet; at least so say the guide books. From a hieroglyphic inscription upon it, it is probable that it was made by order of Thothmes III., B. C. 1490, the Pharaoh in whose reign the Exodus of the Israelites took place.

Future discoveries may determine with more certainty, by whom, and for what purpose, this remarkable figure of an imaginary animal was sculptured. Leaving these mighty monuments of the desert in their lonely and undecaying grandeur, we returned to Cairo by a more circuitous route, and reached the city a little after five. Thus in one short day we had witnessed a world of wonders, the memory of which can never be effaced.

Jan. 8. This is our first Sunday in a Mohammedan city; and we felt it a precious privilege to unite with other Protestant Christians, from distant lands, in the English Church Service, at the little chapel where the Rev. Mr. Lieder of the London Church Missionary Society officiates. Mr. Lieder has been for many years a missionary to the Coptic Chris-

tians, whom he aims to enlighten and elevate, by means of schools for their children, and the general distribution of the Scriptures.

He is aided by his excellent lady in this great work. Mr. and Mrs. Lieder's extensive knowledge of the East, and their long residence in Cairo, enable them to render important service to travellers going up the Nile, or through the desert. We had letters to them, and take great pleasure in recording their kindness to us.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE NILE; CAIRO TO THEBES.

JAN. 10. Our Dragoman, Hassanein, Bedouin, as he proudly calls himself, on account of his pure Arab blood, for twenty-five years a resident in Cairo, who has had large experience as a guide to travellers through the East, has been busily engaged the last five or six days in preparations for our voyage up the Nile. We have made a contract with him to take Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin, and ourselves, up to Thebes and back to Cairo in thirty days, allowing us to stop eight full days when and where we please. He is to furnish everything, for a specific sum; boat, men, and provisions, and pay all expenses on the way, and at the various stopping places, for guides, guards, donkeys and back-sheesh. A copy of our contract, which may be useful to other travellers as a guide, may be seen in the appendix. We are provided with letters, procured by Mr. Gilpin, from the authorities in Cairo, addressed to the governors of the Upper Provinces,

and the Sheiks of the towns, commanding them to show us all possible attention, respect, and aid.

We have selected a first class boat of sufficient size, and comfortable accommodations. It is important, in choosing a boat, to take the smallest and lightest that will accommodate the party, as it is more easily managed, can be towed more swiftly, and is less liable to get aground on the sandbars, which every where obstruct the navigation. Our boat is about seventy-five feet long, and fifteen feet wide, having one large mast in the bow, with an immense lateen-sail, and a smaller mast and sail at the stern. The cabin, which occupies about one-third of the length, is divided into three apartments, two of which are state-rooms, with sleeping berths on each side, and the third answers for both dining and sitting-room.

In front of these is a neat little veranda, a nice place for reading, or enjoying the scenery of the river. Near the foremast is the caboose, the province of our Ethiopian cook, who has been so often with parties of travellers, that he knows well how to suit the taste of the Franks. The rest of the boat, while going up the Nile, is covered with a canvass awning; but in descending, this is taken down, and a long hatchway, midships, is opened to make room for the rowers. Our Arab crew consists of a "Reis," or captain, a pilot, twelve men,

Solyman, the cook—and a wise man he is, in his department—Hassan, the waiter, two others as assistants, and Hassanein, who is the commander-in-chief under us; nineteen Arabs in all; making, together with our party, and Mr. Gilpin's courier, twenty-four persons.

It is a singular fact, that no less than fifteen of our crew had their right hands mutilated by the loss of the first joints of the forefinger. They had been cut off, generally in infancy, to disqualify them from becoming soldiers. Frequently the right eye is put out for the same purpose; so great is the dread of being compelled to enter the Pasha's army.

As every passenger boat on the Nile has a name given it, for the time, we have named ours the "Keystone." The names of all the boats are entered in a book at Sheppard's Hotel, with the private signals, and the names of the passengers; a great convenience to those who follow, as it enables them to recognize a boat and its party, by the signal which is always kept floating at the masthead. Ours is now there, and, with it, waves the "star spangled banner;"—at two o'clock we are off for Upper Egypt.

Jan. 16. We have now been six days on the Nile, and yet, in consequence of the strong head winds

and rapid current, notwithstanding the untiring industry and energy of our able-bodied crew, we have not accomplished quite eighty miles.

On the day of our departure from Boulak, the port of Cairo, we stopped for the night at Gizeh, opposite the great Pyramids. The next night we reached Massarah, where are the extensive quarries which furnished the Egyptians, four thousand years ago, with the materials for building Memphis; and which still supply stone for the edifices of Cairo.

The next day, we passed successively the pyramids of Abooseer, Sakkara, and Dashoor; and on the 13th reached El Ghomeir, opposite to which is that remarkable structure called the "false pyramid." Unlike all the others, it is built in stories; and not only on that account, but from the peculiar manner in which the stones are laid, its whole appearance is very singular. To-day, we arrived at Benisooef, the capital of the province, or beylik, of that name, and the residence of the governor. As this was the first large town on the Nile that we had come to, we thought we would pay our respects to the Bey, and see something of Eastern life in its higher walks; so, with our Arabic letters from Cairo, and with Hassanein as our guide and interpreter, we took our way to the palace, which is pleasantly situated at the north of the town, immediately on the bank of the river. Handing our credentials to the guard at

the gate, we were ushered, with due formality, into the presence of his excellency, a good-looking man, about forty years of age, seated upon a divan, smoking his pipe, with his officers and attendants sitting on carpets beside him. He received us very graciously, ordered chairs to be brought for us, and pipes and coffee to be handed around. Our interview lasted half an hour, in which he asked many questions about our country and its institutions; and evinced a knowledge which quite surprised us. Among other things, he asked whether our government intended to connect the Atlantic and Pacific by a railroad, or by a canal, across the isthmus. We told him we hoped they would do both; he said that would be a great matter. He very kindly offered to render us any aid in his power; and gave us, unsolicited, a letter, written with his own hand, to the sheiks in his province. On taking our leave of this intelligent and agreeable Turk, we expressed a hope that we might see him in America; but he shook his head, and said that it was a land too far off for him to visit.

It may be thought that a voyage up the Nile, with so many obstacles as the current, sand bars, and head winds present, would be very tedious. Many perhaps find it so; but such is not our experience thus far, although our progress the first two days was but twelve miles, and the average, for six days



together, has been only thirteen miles per day; and that by hard towing, rowing, and poling.

But our boat is so comfortable, we witness so many novel scenes, and have so many resources within ourselves, that the time seldom hangs heavily. Our library, of about one hundred volumes, many of which we borrowed in Cairo, contains a very choice selection of miscellaneous reading, and of modern works on Egypt, with numerous maps and guide-books, which my friend and companion has liberally provided. I agree with him in the opinion, that no party of travellers have ever taken with them, on this tour, a more valuable collection than ours. The climate is most delicious; the sky bright and clear continually, for it never rains. Mid-day is sometimes rather warm; but the mornings and evenings are cool, and a splendid moon, now at her full, with countless stars, more brilliant than those of other skies, tempt us to linger on deck, long after the sun has sunk behind the Libyan hills. Our boat is usually moored to the bank at night near some village; and four Arabs are sent by the Sheik of the town to guard her; he being responsible to us for any loss or injury.

Should the wind be fair, and sufficiently strong to resist the current, we continue our course through the night. We rise with the dawn, breakfast at nine, dine at three, and take tea at six. We have daily family prayers in our little saloon; and yester-

day, being Sunday, we had the full service for the day. Our table is bountifully supplied with mutton, turkeys, and pigeons; and William, and John Muscat, with their fowling pieces, daily procure us many dishes of delicate birds.

The fruit of the country, oranges, dates, figs, and bananas, are abundant and very cheap; though, it is said, they are much higher than usual, owing to oppression and bad government, which paralyze all effort to cultivate the soil. This is, indeed, a down-trodden people; and Egypt has become, as prophecy foretold, "the basest of kingdoms."\*

Its present population is supposed to be less than two millions; not half as great as it was two hundred years ago. As you pass up the Nile, it is difficult to conceive that on its banks were formerly magnificent cities, which have so entirely disappeared, that not a trace of them can be seen; that this narrow valley, which the river seems to have reclaimed from the desert, was once the glory of all lands, the cradle of science, the fountain of light and learning, whence came the wisdom of ancient Greece and Rome; that it was the granary of the world, from whose overflowing storehouses the nations of the earth were fed. The length of the valley, from the first cataract to the Mediterranean Sea, is about six hundred

\* Ezek. xxix. 15, and chap. xxx.

miles; the width of it, above Cairo, varies from three to ten miles; its average width being five and a half miles; and this, with the delta, which spreads out broadly to the sea, is Egypt.

On either side of this narrow valley is a barren, boundless waste of sand; on the east, the Arabian, on the west, the Libyan desert, which oftentimes come down to the very borders of the river, and, with their moving masses, threaten to bury up the soil which yet remains. It is a great mystery how a river, about one mile wide, through all that part of its course which we saw, running at the rate of four miles an hour, through mountains and deserts, and under a tropical sun, can bring down such a mass of waters from the equator, without receiving a single tributary, for thirteen hundred and fifty miles. How must the windows of heaven be opened at its fountain-head! And what a deluge must be poured forth on hill and valley, to supply a stream like this; annually to raise it more than twenty feet, so as to overflow its banks, and make the whole of Egypt one vast inland sea!

The water of the Nile is turbid, but may be made clear by filtration, and is very pleasant and healthful. It resembles, in appearance and taste, the water of the Mississippi. The land, wherever cultivated, has no rest; there is no cessation of crops; one is taken off, and another immediately planted; and two or

three crops are gathered from each field, the same year. Cotton, rice, sugar-cane, tobacco, indigo, wheat, barley, Indian corn, grow luxuriantly; but need constant irrigation by artificial means, when the river is down.

To facilitate the process of irrigation, the fields are divided into small square portions, by raising ridges of earth, a few inches high, around each; thus giving the whole field the appearance of a great chess-board. The water is conducted from the reservoir, on the river's bank, by a drain running the whole length of the field, and is made to flow into each of these small apartments, successively, until the whole has been laid under water for a sufficient time; it is then shut off, until, after a few weeks, another irrigation becomes necessary, when the same process is repeated. One thing in this method of watering the land struck me very forcibly, as a beautiful illustration of that Scripture phrase, "The land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs."\*

The water having been permitted to flow into one division, and to stand a few minutes, till the ground had sufficiently absorbed it, was then made to flow

\* Deut. xi. 10.



into the next, by the Arab fellah breaking down the slight barrier with his foot; and so he went on, from one to the other, making a passage with his foot for the water, until every portion of the field had been covered. I cannot doubt that this is what is meant in Scripture, by watering the land with the foot.

The scenery, for the most part, below the cataracts, is tame, but presents a much greater variety than might be supposed, from the fact that boundless deserts of sand are on both sides of it. Sometimes, indeed, the mountains of Arabia press so close upon the river, that their lofty naked cliffs overhang it; then these recede, and the Libyan mountains draw near; and so, one or the other, in turn, gives grandeur and sublimity to the landscape. But, where the land is richest, and most highly cultivated, there you see most clearly the depressed condition of the people. They have nothing to stimulate their industry; for they toil only for their masters. The poor fellah has no right in the soil; and when the crop has matured by the sweat of his brow, "The extortioner consumes all that he hath;" "the stranger spoils his labour."

Nothing can be more wretched than their villages, which are only a collection of mud huts, eight or ten feet high. When forty or fifty of these are stuck together, they look like one great heap of clay, or a



large kiln of unburned bricks, piled up to dry in the sun. Around the entrances to these, you see lazy, idle men, smoking their chebooks, and troops of squalid children, and half starved dogs, basking in the sun; but nowhere do you see a single house, belonging to the poorer class, that has an air of comfort about it; none that would compare with the poorest cottage in our land.

At the more considerable towns, there is sometimes a show of life and activity; large boats are moored at the bank, to take in the produce of the country, and carry it to Cairo or Alexandria; caravans have come in across the desert with merchandise; and numerous camels, loaded with grain or other produce, are kneeling to have their burdens removed; herds of buffaloes are standing in the water to cool themselves; women are washing clothes at the river, or filling water jars and bearing them away on their heads.

These are sights common to all the principal towns upon the Nile; and notwithstanding their oppressions, and their abject poverty, the people appear contented and happy. A more cheerful, good-natured set of men, than the Arabs on our boat, can nowhere be found. They toil hard all day, with the utmost patience; dragging the boat, which is very heavy, against the rapid current; and when she is aground, spending hours in the water, often up to their shoulders, to get her afloat; eating nothing during

the day but hard black bread, with occasionally the luxury of a bit of cheese, or an onion; at night, kindling a fire of brushwood on the bank, spending the whole evening in singing away their cares and sorrows, if they have any, and dancing to the monotonous music of their own instruments; then lying down on the bare ground, with only their scanty clothes for a covering, to get a few hours' sleep, and before the stars have disappeared in the morning, they are up and ready for another day's toil. And what is their compensation for all this? Their wages is two piastres, ten cents, a day, and they find their own provisions. And these men have left families behind them in Cairo.

I asked Hassanein how much he paid four Arabs to guard our boat, when we stopped for the night; he said, "Four piastres for all of them;" equal to five cents each, for watching through the whole night. The fear of punishment, if not the hope of reward, would keep them awake, as their master, the Sheik, was responsible for their fidelity. If any one of the labouring poor, among my own countrymen, should read this book, let him bless God for the better land in which his lot is cast; and whenever disposed to murmur or repine, let him think of the poor Arab of the Nile.

The wind being fair, we had a fine run to-day of thirty miles to Bibbeh.

Jan. 17. Unfortunately our boat sprung a leak, and we were detained at Bibbeh a few hours in the morning, for repairs. It proved to be nothing very serious; some of the oakum had decayed and fallen out, but was easily replaced by one of our men diving underneath the boat, and remaining long enough to calk a portion of the seams; this process was continued, until the boat was made perfectly tight again. All the Arabs on the river are expert swimmers, and are able to continue under water for a long time. Our progress this day was twenty-four miles, with a fair wind, to Aboo-Azees; and the day following, January 18th, we ran forty-one miles to Kohm Ahmar, passing Gebel-é-Tayr, the "mountain of the birds," and keeping company with two English boats, as far as Minieh.

A Coptic Convent stands on the lofty summit of Gebel-é-Tayr, whose inmates are noted as most importunate beggars. They salute every European boat which passes, with a piteous cry for charity; and numbers of them descend from the steep cliffs, and swim off to solicit alms. Some of them clung to the sides of our boat, while in the middle of the river, and under press of sail, for nearly an hour, with the perseverance of Neapolitan mendicants.

On approaching Minieh, we observed three small steamers lying at the bank, which had brought Abbas Pasha and his suite down the Nile; and hav-

ing landed them here for a few hours, were now receiving them on board again. The boats were covered with gay flags; but there were no stirring bands of music, nor any cheering, which one expects to hear on an occasion like this. As we passed, Hassanein showed all possible respect to the Pasha, by firing a salute from his two pistols, and his double-barrelled gun.

Minieh is a market town of some considerable importance. It has a large sugar manufactory belonging to the Pasha, superintended by an Englishman, who, seeing our flag, came on board and kindly invited us to his house, and expressed a wish that we should inspect his works. We felt great regret at being obliged to decline his invitation; and the more so, when he told us that he and his wife had been living there sixteen months, without having any intercourse with the inhabitants, except by an interpreter; as there were none in the town, besides themselves, who understood English. How lonely a life theirs must be!

Jan. 19. At noon to-day we were opposite Beni Hassan, where are some of the oldest and most interesting catacombs of the ancient Egyptians, excavated in the rocky hills which overhang the Nile. These we hope to visit on our return. At Reramoona, a neat looking town, twenty-one miles



above, the Pasha has another large sugar manufactory. We approached it at the close of day, when a train of two hundred camels, marching single file, loaded with sugar-cane, was seen on the bank, their forms depicted on the edge of the western horizon. It was indeed a beautiful sight. The rich green fields, the tall and graceful palms, the smooth wide spreading river, the villages embowered in trees, the long line of camels, extending for half a mile, marching with slow and measured pace, the whole landscape lighted up with a glorious sunset, such as is seldom seen anywhere but in Egypt, presented altogether a picture so calm and lovely, that it cannot soon be forgotten.

Jan. 21. We hailed an American boat to-day, bound down the river, which we knew, from the private signal, belonged to a New York family, who had crossed the Atlantic with Mr. Gilpin and his lady. They hove to on the eastern shore, to enable us to go on board their boat, where we passed a very pleasant half hour, giving them the latest European news; and they, in return, telling us what was going on in Upper Egypt.

As we ascend the river, the scenery becomes more varied and interesting; the land is better cultivated, and there are more objects to attract our attention. We are now in the region of crocodiles, and are



hourly on the lookout for them. We see myriads of wild geese, ducks, cranes, and ibises. A few evenings since, we saw some thousands of large white pelicans, flying in successive flocks, and alighting, for the night, on an island of sand near to us. We first saw them far off on the horizon, like a cloud; and watched their approach, until flock after flock came up to their resting-place; and as they each, in turn, sailed round and round, in their gradual and graceful descent, their broad wings and snow white plumage reflecting the rays of the setting sun, we thought that few sights could be more beautiful than this. As each company joined its fellows and they nestled up together, they all seemed to express their pleasure in noisy congratulations.

Many of the trees, which we now see, are different from those which grow further down; the sônt, or acanthus, which yields the gum Arabic, and the dômtree, or Theban palm, are among the finest of these.

The ranges of sandstone mountains of Libya on the one side, and those of Arabia on the other, often press to the edge of the river, and overhang it with their precipitous cliffs. These mountains are perforated with quarries, mummy pits, catacombs, and grottoes, to an extraordinary degree. Some of these were places of sepulture for the inhabitants of ancient cities; others were burying-places for crocodiles, wolves, dogs, and ibises; animals held sacred

by the Egyptians. Immense numbers of the crocodile mummy pits are found at Maab-deh, a village which we passed to-day. On the opposite shore is Manfaloot, once a large town, and even now has a market, many good buildings, and a governor's palace; but the Nile runs over the spot where the principal part of the city stood, and threatens soon to destroy what remains. The lofty bank, into which the river has eaten, presents a sad scene of desolation, in the ruins of fallen, or falling, houses and mosques; some of which show the one half of a building standing, ready to topple down, to where the other half lies buried in the gulf below. And this is the way, no doubt, that many of the old cities have been destroyed, of which no vestige remains. No trace of their former sites can be found, because the river continues to flow over them; or has buried them under a deposit of mud; thus cutting out for itself a new channel, and destroying other and more modern cities in their turn. Manfaloot is half-way between Cairo and Thebes.

Jan. 22. Early this morning we found that, during the night, we had reached El Hamna, the port of Osioot.

We had morning service on board, as on last Sunday. There were four of us to unite in it; enough to secure for us the promise of the Divine Redeemer,

"where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Our incomparable Liturgy never appears so precious, as when we are far away from the sanctuaries, where we have been accustomed to its daily use. It was a comfort to think that our blessed Lord was fulfilling his promise, of being in the midst of every Christian assembly, great and small, by his presence with us, in the land of Ham, and by his presence, at the same time, with my family and flock at home.

Osioot, the ancient Lycopolis, according to Wilkinson, is the largest and best built town of the Saeed, or Upper Egypt, of which it is the capital. It stands a short distance from the river; and its position, with several gardens in its vicinity, is greatly in its favour.

It has a population of about twenty thousand, and is the residence of the governor, who has a palace here, built by Ibrahim Pasha, when he was the governor. The present governor, Abdallah Bey, is building for himself a new palace, not far from the town. Mr. Gilpin and my son called upon him, and were gratified with their interview; they thought him a fine-looking Turk, very affable in his manners, and quite pleased with the attention and respect shown him by their visit.

Pipes and coffee were brought in by his attendants, and, having read our firman from the Grand

Divan of Cairo, expressed his great gratification at all times, in seeing American and English travellers. "For," said he, "they give us no trouble, and spend their money here;" two very satisfactory reasons, certainly, where the government is so despotic and poor as this. He made many inquiries about our journey, and tendered any aid in his power to render it more agreeable; offering us his own boat, if ours was not sufficiently large and comfortable. My friend thanked him for his kindness, and said that ours was quite large and commodious enough, but that we were greatly in want of a small boat to take with us up the Nile. He immediately tendered his own, and said that his secretary should see that we had it at once.

In a short time, his secretary, a handsome, richly-dressed Nubian, with a skin black and glossy as polished ebony, but with no marks of the negro about him except colour, came with the small boat; bringing also an invitation from Abdallah Bey, for all of us to come and dine with him. The secretary pressed the invitation, with the assurance that we should get a good dinner; we did not doubt that, but were obliged to decline the honour, as our time was precious, the wind favourable, and we anxious to press on towards Thebes.

It was market day; and the bazaars were densely crowded. On passing the gate of the city, where



two sentinels were on guard, and proceeding to the great square, the Kadi, or Judge, of Osioot was seated, according to ancient custom, administering justice in a primitive and summary manner. On one side of the market-place, some splendid Arabian horses were exhibited for sale. In the bazaars, all was hubbub, as usual in Turkish towns, on market-days. The streets of Osioot, like all other towns of Egypt, are unpaved and narrow; and the crowds so dense, that the donkey-boys could not, without great difficulty, force a passage through. Here, as in the bazaars of Cairo, the women were engaged in embroidering shawls, caps, and slippers, and in other nice handiwork; while the men were occupied in their several trades. The place is particularly celebrated for the manufacture of pipe-bowls of a superior kind; immense numbers of which are sent to the markets below. It was so late when we left Osioot, that we only reached El Motmar, eight miles above, where are great numbers of the sont, or acacia Nilotica, the acanthus producing the gum.

Jan. 23. This has been what William calls a "towing and poling day;" in which, with the utmost exertions of our whole crew, from morning till night, we have made but eight miles, to the little town Koos-Kam; opposite to Gow El Kebeer, the ancient Antæopolis; where, according to the legend, Hercules



strangled the giant Antæus. It was from the remains of the ancient temple here, that Ibrahim Pasha, when governor of Upper Egypt, built his palace at Osioot. While our men were engaged in their toilsome labour, William, with Hassanein and John, took Abdallah Bey's boat, and rowed away on a shooting excursion. They returned with quite a bunch of birds, which Solyman converted into savoury dishes.

Many large boats are constantly passing us on their way down the river, loaded with wheat, dates, and other products of the upper country. One of these, of immense size, filled with grain, contained, it was said, not less than fifteen thousand bushels. On another, loaded with dates from Nubia, which passed near to us, there were many slaves, apparently quite young, sitting on the deck, talking and laughing as if they were on an excursion of pleasure. Ethiopian parents frequently sell their children into slavery; and these are taken to Cairo, and employed as household servants.

We have now been three weeks in Egypt, and in that time only a few drops of rain have fallen, not enough to sprinkle the deck of our boat; yet the crops, by constant irrigation, look fresh and vigorous, as if fertilizing showers had fallen upon them every day. I gathered some heads of barley, in which the grain was nearly matured; in two weeks, it will be ready for the reaper. With a country of such surpassing

fertility, how sad it is to think that the inhabitants must continue in abject poverty, with no prospect of bettering their condition, until an entire change takes place in their civil institutions!

Jan. 26. Our progress for the last few days has been much more rapid than heretofore; a strong wind driving us forward against the rapid current, at the rate of fifty miles a day. We passed Eknim, the site of the ancient Panopolis, and Girgeh, once the capital of Upper Egypt. With such a climate, and such scenery, and with a favourable wind, nothing can be more delightful than sailing up the Nile.

We have seen great numbers of the large white pelicans, with their bright yellow bills and huge pouches, swimming gracefully as swans upon the river, and quite undisturbed at our approach. We have not yet seen any crocodiles; though some of our men thought they espied several at a distance, sunning themselves on a sand-bank; but they disappeared, without giving us a chance to look at them.

The dôm, or Theban palm, here grows very abundantly, and is more ornamental than the date palm; as it spreads out into numerous branches, and forms quite a shade. One of our men climbed a dôm tree, and cut a cluster of the fruit, which is now ripe. It hangs in large bunches of twenty or

thirty together, each resembling a miniature cocoa-nut, about three inches in diameter. The outer coating has the taste of dry gingerbread, and is eaten by the common people; the inner nut is a species of vegetable ivory, and may be converted by the turner into many useful and ornamental articles.

The villages in this part of Upper Egypt are much better built than those lower down. The houses are of clay, ten or twelve feet high, and above each is a second story, or tower, built expressly for a dove cote, as roomy as the house below; consequently, in every village, you see myriads of pigeons, which feed upon the scattered grain in the wheat and barley fields. The young pigeons are delicious food, and can be bought for a trifling sum.

For the last day or two the range of the Arabian mountains has been quite near to us; in many instances coming close down to the river. The lofty, perpendicular cliffs form an effectual barrier against the encroachment of the desert. They are unlike any mountains in our own country, I have ever seen; being a bright brown sandstone, with not a particle of vegetation on their sides or summits. On passing yesterday a mountain range where, for several miles, the rocks rose almost perpendicularly from the river's brink, to the height of several hun-

dred feet, the wind blowing a gale, one of our men, in attempting to reef the sail, fell overboard; and we had left him a mile or two behind before we could heave to. Like all Arabs of the Nile, he was a good swimmer, and throwing off his shirt, his only garment, he reached the shore in safety, and took refuge beneath the crags, until we sent our small boat for him. A spare shirt from a fellow sailor replaced his wardrobe, and one of our party promised him a new garment, worth a dollar, so soon as we reached a market town. The promise of such a present more than compensated him for his ducking and his loss. A very little satisfies these poor fellows. When we stop at night, after all the toils of the day, they are made as happy as kings, by a present of a kettle of rice, or the remains of our own dinner, in addition to their usual meal of dry hard bread. They come up and ask to kiss our hands, and make every demonstration of gratitude for the most trifling act of kindness.

But a far more grievous loss than that of the shirt, to our musical Arabs, was the smashing of their earthen drum, by the flapping of the sail. A new shirt could be bought at the next town, but the drum could not be replaced, this side of Cairo.

Jan. 28. Yesterday we stopped at Keneh, a considerable town, the residence of a provincial gov-



ernor. It is celebrated for its manufacture of porous water jars, which are in general use in Egypt, for filtering the water, and keeping it cool. Small porous bottles, called Goollehs, the size of a decanter, are made here in great numbers, and are very convenient and useful for the table, in a hot climate; the clay of which they are manufactured abounds in this neighbourhood, which is, I believe, the only part of Egypt where it is found. Opposite Keneh are the extensive ruins of Denderah, which we hope to visit on our return.

Ballas, ten miles above, is as famous for its manufacture of common earthen, as Keneh is for its porous, water jars; and has given the name Ballasee to these articles, which all the women of Egypt use for carrying water. Each jar holds six or eight gallons; yet it can be bought for one piastre, or about five cents. Large rafts, formed entirely of these jars, fastened together with the stems of palm leaves, are floated down to Cairo. We passed more than twenty such rafts, at one time; each containing about three thousand jars.

Fourteen miles above Ballas the wind failed us, and we landed at Negadeh, a dreary, desolate looking village, containing about two thousand five hundred Coptic Christians. It is in a plain of surpassing fertility, yet the inhabitants live in the most abject poverty. We went to see the little old Cop-



tic church and convent, quite curiosities in their way, followed by a host of men, women, and children, attracted by the novelty of three Franks appearing among them; a sight rarely seen. Their numbers increased as we advanced, until it seemed as if the whole population were at our heels; the younger portion appearing particularly interested in my son, whom they called the "little Howadji." The whole troop followed us wherever we went, nor did any of them leave us, until they had seen us on board of our boat again.

Jan. 29. This is our third Sunday on the Nile, since leaving Cairo; and again our little company of "two or three were gathered together," to unite in the services of the day; and all, I trust, joined in spirit with those at home, whose prayer and praise were offered up in the same form of sound words.

We spent the night at Gamola, eighteen miles above Negadeh, our last stopping place.

Jan. 30. At eight o'clock this morning, after a voyage of twenty days from Cairo, we found ourselves at the great point of attraction, that which brings all travellers to Upper Egypt, the ruins of ancient Thebes. Our passage had been several days longer than we had expected, yet not so long as some others who preceded us. Twelve boats, Ameri-

can, English, and French, were lying here on our arrival. There have been this season thirty-eight passenger boats in all up the Nile, averaging three passengers each; fourteen were American boats, having on board eight ladies and forty gentlemen; sixteen were English, but there were no ladies in these. Of the remaining eight boats, six, I think, were French, one Austrian, and one Russian. We have now traversed nearly the whole length of Egypt, from north to south, following the course of the Nile from Alexandria to this place, a distance of more than six hundred miles.

It is one of the lands of the Bible; and, next to Palestine, the most interesting country in the world to the Christian. Every where we have seen proofs of its former grandeur, its immense resources, and its surprising productiveness; and every where are traces of the wonderful fulfilment of prophecy, in its present decay and desolation.

The most remarkable of the prophecies which foretold the fall of Egypt, while yet, like Babylon and Nineveh, she was at the summit of her greatness, are those by the Prophet Ezekiel, B. C. 588.\* "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, set thy face against Pharaoh King of Egypt, and prophesy against him, and against all Egypt:

\* Ezekiel xxix. xxx. xxxii.

Speak, and say, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh King of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself. But I will put hooks in thy jaws, and I will cause the fish of thy rivers to stick unto thy scales; and I will bring thee up out of the midst of thy rivers, and all the fish of thy rivers shall stick unto thy scales. And I will leave thee thrown into the wilderness, thee and all the fish of thy rivers; thou shalt fall upon the open fields; thou shalt not be brought together, nor gathered; I have given thee for meat to the beasts of the field and to the fowls of the heaven. And all the inhabitants of Egypt shall know that I am the Lord, because they have been a staff of reed to the house of Israel."

"Therefore thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will bring a sword upon thee, and cut off man and beast out of thee. And the land of Egypt shall be desolate and waste; and they shall know that I am the Lord; because he hath said, The river is mine, and I have made it. Behold, therefore, I am against thee, and against thy rivers, and I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate, from the tower of Syene even unto the border of Ethiopia."

"And I will bring again the captivity of Egypt, and will cause them to return into the land of Pathros, into the land of their habitation; and they shall be

there a base kingdom. It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations; for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations."

"Thus saith the Lord: They also that uphold Egypt shall fall; and the pride of her power shall come down; from the tower of Syene shall they fall in it by the sword, saith the Lord God. And they shall be desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities shall be in the midst of the cities that are wasted."

"Thus saith the Lord God: I will also destroy the idols, and I will cause their images to cease out of Noph; and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt; and I will put a fear in the land of Egypt. And I will make Pathros desolate, and will set fire in Zoan, and will execute judgments in No. And I will pour my fury upon Sin, the strength of Egypt; and I will cut off the multitude of No. And I will set fire in Egypt; Sin shall have great pain, and No shall be rent asunder, and Noph shall have distresses daily. The young men of Aven and of Pibeseth shall fall by the sword; and these cities shall go into captivity. At Tehaphnehes also the day shall be darkened, when I shall break there the yokes of Egypt; and the pomp of her strength shall cease in her; as for her, a cloud shall cover her, and



her daughters shall go into captivity. Thus will I execute judgments in Egypt; and they shall know that I am the Lord."

These are but a portion of those wonderful prophecies, uttered by Ezekiel, against the cities and land of Egypt; less than a century before its invasion and conquest by Cambyses the Persian. At that time, Memphis, the Noph of Scripture, was a large and populous city, seventeen miles in circumference. It was the capital of Lower Egypt, and had been so for nearly two thousand years. Thebes, the Egyptian name of which was No, and so called in Scripture, was the Metropolis of Upper Egypt, and at the height of her power. "I will execute judgments in No;" "I will cut off the multitude of No,"\* are the prophetic denunciations against Thebes. The other cities, named by Ezekiel, in the prophecies which I have quoted, were then in their full strength.

Sin, the ancient Pelusium, a strongly fortified town near the sea-shore, on the eastern frontier, was the key, or, as the prophet has termed it, "the strength of Egypt." And "Aven,"† or Heliopolis, the celebrated city of the sun, called also Bethshemesh,‡ was flourishing in all its glory; a glory

\* Ezek. xxx. 14. Jerem. xlv. 25.

† Ezek. xxx. 17.

‡ Jerem. xliii. 13.



which had been accumulating upon it for fifteen centuries.

Such was the condition of some of those cities of Egypt when Jehovah, by the mouth of his prophet, pronounced their doom.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THEBES.

THE origin of a city so ancient as Thebes must necessarily be involved in obscurity. It was probably founded by Mizraim, the son of Ham, and grandson of Noah. Its authentic history goes back to Menes, the first King of Egypt, B. C. 2320 ; who beautified and enlarged it, and made it the capital of his kingdom. This must have been four hundred years before the time of Abraham, and while Noah was yet alive. It seems to have been wisely chosen for the metropolis of a mighty empire ; the vast plain, on which it stood, presenting at this day a scene of admirable beauty, and suggesting to the mind that this, of all the spots in Egypt, was the place for a great and glorious city. The luxuriant valley of the Nile, with its waving fields of barley and wheat, its plantations of cotton, tobacco, and indigo, and its numerous groves of graceful palms, here expands to a width of ten miles ; extending on the west side of the river two miles, to the Libyan

mountains ; and, on the east side, eight miles, to the mountains of Arabia.

These ridges, rising in irregular and rugged peaks of brown lime and sandstone, form a grand outline to the perfectly level and fertile plain which lies between them ; and for whose protection they seem to have been placed there, like the walls and battlements of a vast fortress.

How glorious, and how impregnable, must Thebes have looked, with her hundred gates, so hemmed in, in the days of her pride and power. The city, which was built on both sides of the river, is said to have been twenty-seven miles in circuit. That part of it which lay upon the western side was called the Libyan suburb ; and in those mountains of rock, which here protected it from the desert, are still to be seen the wonderful excavations, known as the catacombs of Thebes ; among which are the tombs of the kings. This was indeed the Necropolis, or burial-place, for the whole city, during a period of more than two thousand years. The mind is lost in amazement at the thought of the untold millions, who, in so many centuries, must have been embalmed and buried here. Palaces were hewed in the mountains, for the royal dead ; and vast mummy pits were dug, to receive the ignoble multitudes. The splendour and power of Thebes are attested by the earliest historians ; and there is a remarkable passage

in the book of the prophet Nahum, which proves that, before his time, B. C. 713, it was a larger city, more powerful, and more populous, than "Nineveh, that exceeding great city of three days' journey."\* "Art thou," the prophet asks of Nineveh, when rebuking her for her pride and impenitence, and threatening her with an overthrow, similar to that which had befallen Thebes, "Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite; Put and Lubim were thy helpers. Yet was she carried away, she went into captivity; her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets; and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains."†

The present ruins of Thebes, the most extensive and the most perfect of any in the world, spread over a surface of several miles. On the west, or Libyan side of the river, the principal objects of interest, naming them in the order in which it is generally recommended for travellers to see them, are the Temple Palace of Koorneh; the Tombs of the Kings; large tombs of the Assaseef; the Temple Dayr el Bahree; Tombs of Shekh Abd el Koor-

\* Jonah iii. 3.

† Nahum iii. 8-10.

neh; the Memnonium, or palace temple of Remeses II.; the two Colossi, one of which is known as the Vocal Memnon; Great Temple of Medeenet Haboo; and the smaller, and more modern temple, called Dayr el Medeeneh. All these, with numerous other inferior ruins, are on the west side of the river. On the east, or Arabian side, are the magnificent temples of Luxor and Karnak; the last named being much the largest and most splendid, and therefore the last to be seen by the traveller. We are all excitement to begin our exploration of a city, which was in its glory, while Greece was unthought of, and a thousand years before the foundation of Rome; a city built not many generations after the flood, and which has been in ruins some twenty centuries.

No sooner was it known that another boat had arrived at Thebes, than a crowd of guides, guards, and donkey boys, came down to Koorneh, where we first landed, and offered their services to us, in exploring the ruins. As, however, we had bargained with Hassanein for all arrangements of this kind, we gave ourselves no trouble, but left him to settle it as he pleased with the clamorous applicants. At nine o'clock we were mounted on our donkeys, and with a suitable number of guides, with torches for the tombs, and provisions for the day, we were off to the ruins of the temple palace of old Koorneh. It is not my intention to enter into a minute descrip-



tion of these, or any other ruins in Thebes; as it would be unintelligible to most readers, and probably uninteresting to all. A general account of their present appearance, and the impressions produced on my own mind, by these wonders of the world, are all that can be attempted here.

The buildings at Koorneh embraced a palace and a temple, built by Osirei I., one of the most powerful of the Pharaohs, B. C. 1385; and dedicated by him to the heathen god Amon, the Theban Jupiter. At his death, the temple was left in an unfinished state, and was completed by his son Remeses II., better known in history as the great Sesostris. The outer pylon, or gateway, which led to an avenue of sphinxes, now mutilated, and mostly buried beneath the soil, is quite imperfect; but, passing this, and a second avenue and pylon, similar to the first, you come to the corridor fronting the temple, where are ten immense columns still standing, covered with hieroglyphics in perfect preservation. Although a great part of the building is hidden by the soil and sand, which for ages have been accumulating over it, yet enough remains of its massive walls and lofty columns, its halls and chambers, and colonnades, to enable you readily to trace out the plan of the building, and to impress you with admiration of its beauty and grandeur.

The hieroglyphics, which every where adorn it,

are carved with great distinctness; and one never ceases to wonder, how it was possible that they should have remained so perfect, for three thousand years and more. Those figures on which my eye rests, were carved upon those columns, and those columns were set up here, three centuries before Solomon reigned in Israel; and this temple was standing nearly four hundred years before the Temple was built upon Mount Zion. The mind is overpowered by the contemplation of a structure erected by man, and claiming an antiquity such as this.

About two hundred yards from the temple palace of Koorneh, westward, are two large mutilated statues of Remeses II., of black granite, with fragments of columns and sandstone blocks scattered around; and beyond these are fragments of other ruins, where once stood a temple, erected, as is supposed, in the reign of Thothmes III., B. C. 1496.

A ride of three miles along a deep and wild mountain gorge, high up on the sides of which were to be seen numerous caverns, the openings of receptacles for the common dead, brought us to the tombs of the kings; which are, without doubt, among the most extraordinary and the most important, in a historical point of view, of all the remains of ancient Thebes. No description which I can give would convey a just notion of their extent,

grandeur, and wonderful preservation. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson has examined and numbered all that have been explored in modern times, and has written a minute account of each.

The numbers which he painted upon the entrances of the tombs, with his book on "Modern Egypt and Thebes," are the universal guides to travellers, who explore these catacombs. Each tomb, with its wide and lofty entrance, its passages, halls, chambers, columns, and stairways, elaborately painted and carved, has more the appearance of a vast palace underground, built for the luxurious abode of the living, than a resting place for the solitary dead. In every instance, the tomb is cut out of the solid rock, and penetrates several hundred feet into the heart of the mountain.

The walls are evenly hewed, and the ceilings are high, and smooth as the best finished modern drawing-room. The stairways, too, are on a princely scale. The walls, ceilings, and columns, are generally covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures, most of them beautifully painted; and the colours are as bright and fresh, as if they were the work of yesterday; although some of them have been there more than three thousand years.

The earliest historians, whose works have come down to us, mention forty-seven of these tombs, of which seventeen were open in the time of the Ptole-

mies, B. C. 300, and twenty-one have been opened in our day.

The occupants of fifteen of these are known; those of the other six are still in obscurity. We had only time to visit a few of those which are considered the most interesting; and a general description of one will convey a tolerable idea of the whole.

The first which we entered, was that numbered "seventeen" by Wilkinson, and which he says, "is by far the most remarkable for its sculpture and the state of its preservation;" though much inferior to some of them in other respects. It is called Belzoni's tomb, because discovered and thoroughly explored by that great modern traveller. The entrance is down a broad steep staircase, cut in the solid rock, twenty-four feet in depth, which brings you to a passage, eighteen feet long and half that width, leading to a doorway, and a second staircase, which descends twenty five feet more. Passing through two other doors, and a passage way of twenty-nine feet, you enter a chamber, twelve by fourteen feet, covered, like the passages which lead to it, with hieroglyphic paintings and sculptures, of the best style of Egyptian art. A pit in this room, when Belzoni first visited it, was cunningly contrived so as to give it the appearance of the utmost limit of the tomb, and thus deceive, or at least check, those who might



enter it for spoil. Belzoni, however, accidentally discovered, that a wall separated this pit from the hidden chambers beyond, and he soon forced a passage into them. The room adjoining proved to be a hall twenty six feet square, with four columns supporting a roof, "decorated, like the whole of the walls, with highly finished and well preserved sculptures."

A few steps conduct you to a second hall, of similar dimensions to the first, and supported by only two pillars. These pillars are carved out of the solid stone, and appear to have been left for ornament, rather than for any support which they can give to the rocky roof. A staircase descends, from one corner of the first hall, to two passages, which conduct you to a room seventeen feet by fourteen, "communicating with the grand hall, which is twenty-seven feet square, and supported by six pillars. On either side is a small chamber, opposite the angle of the first pillars, and the upper end terminates in a vaulted saloon, nineteen feet by thirty, in whose centre stood an alabaster sarcophagus, the cenotaph of the deceased monarch, upon the immediate summit of an inclined plane, which, with a staircase on either side, descends into the heart of the argillaceous rock, for a distance of a hundred and fifty feet."

At the upper end of the grand hall is an entrance,



by a single step, to a chamber, seventeen feet by forty-three, supported by a row of four pillars; and at the other end are niches, and a room twenty-five feet square. This, I am aware, is but a dry detail of passages, chambers, niches, staircases, pillars, and halls, of one of these magnificent catacombs. Its total horizontal length is three hundred and twenty feet, and its perpendicular depth, from the entrance to the floor of the saloon, where stood the sarcophagus, is ninety feet. This was the tomb of Osiris I., B. C. 1385, the father of Remeses II., the great Sesostris, and deified by his son.

Many of the sculptured hieroglyphics on the walls are representations of this deification. Wherever king Remeses is making offerings to the gods, his father Osiris appears as the principal deity.

The next tomb which we entered, No. 11, is called after its discoverer, Bruce's, and sometimes the Harper's, from a striking painting in one of the chambers, of a musician playing upon a harp. It is the tomb of Remeses III., B. C. 1235; and contains numerous passages, chambers, and halls, similar to the first, but larger, and differing in its general plan; the extreme length is four hundred and five feet.

Tomb No. 9, called by the Romans, the tomb of Memnon, but in reality the tomb of Remeses V., B. C. 1195, is exceedingly rich in sculpture and painting; and, in its general appearance, more imposing,

even, than the first two, on account of the greater width and height of the entrance; the ceiling being not less than thirteen feet high, and the passages at least twelve feet in width. The length of the tomb is three hundred and forty-two feet.

The fourth, and last, of the tombs of the kings, which we explored, No. 2, was that of Remeses IV., B. C. 1205. Though smaller than the others, being only two hundred and eight feet long, it is very elegant, and possesses this additional interest, that here is the sarcophagus, in which the royal remains were entombed, standing in its original situation. It is a single block of granite, hollowed out like a chest, with a lid of the same material, eleven and a half feet by seven, and nine feet in height. The lid was lifted up, and the side of the sarcophagus was somewhat broken, so that we could readily look in and see where once lay the body of a Pharaoh, who lived more than 3100 years ago; and who died two centuries before David ascended the throne of Israel.

The whole range of mountains of limestone, extending several miles parallel with the river, is filled with grottoes and mummy pits; and in these artificial caverns, forming one great city of the dead, are the numerous generations which once inhabited "populous No."

What a fearful scene will that be, when the voice

of the archangel, sounding through these valleys and mountains, shall command these sleeping millions to awake, and these dry bones to live!

It would occupy too much space to enumerate the tombs of the priests, and of private individuals, which are worthy of attention; some of them being more ancient and more extensive, even, than the tombs of the kings. Those of the Assaseef are among the most remarkable; one of them being much the largest of all the catacombs of Thebes, and ornamented with a like profusion of sculpture and painting. It is that of a wealthy individual, who lived many centuries before our era; possibly, as would seem from the name of one of the Pharaohs inscribed upon it, as early as B. C. 1400. The outer court of this tomb is one hundred and three feet by seventy-six; the first hall is fifty-three feet by thirty-seven, supported by a double row of four pillars; the second hall is thirty-two feet square; the total length of its passages and chambers is eight hundred and sixty-two feet; forming, together, an area of actual excavation in solid limestone rock, of twenty-four thousand square feet; and occupying, in its whole plan, more than one acre of ground. And all this space was for the dead body of one individual, or, at most, for the members of his own household!

The hill Shekh Abd el Koorneh, which we next

visited, is filled with grottoes, excavated as burial places, of the most interesting kind; and especially valuable on account of the light which their paintings and sculptures throw on the domestic habits, customs, and employments, of the ancient Egyptians. The outer courts of these tombs, and oftentimes the tombs themselves, are inhabited by families of Arabs, so savage in their looks, and so filthy in their habits, that, as my son remarked, "it required no little resolution to enter their abodes of life, to see the ancient abodes of death."

We examined two of these remarkable tombs very minutely, and with deep interest. Tomb No. 16, of Wilkinson, contains the names of four kings, in the order of succession, from Thothmes III., the contemporary of Moses, to Amunoph III., inclusive, "the supposed Memnon of the vocal statue of Thebes."

The tomb consists of two large chambers; the frescoes of the inner room represent a funeral procession and a judgment scene, with officiating priests and mourners, and a coffin containing the body of the deceased, drawn on a sledge by oxen, depicted on one wall, and on the opposite wall are fishing and fowling scenes.

On the walls of the outer room are paintings of a festival, with women dancing to the music of a guitar; vases of flowers, &c., with many other things



illustrating the usages of the ancient Egyptians, at their funerals and festivals. The other tomb, No. 35, is equally curious; indeed, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson says, "it is by far the most curious of all the private tombs in Thebes, since it throws more light on the manners and customs of the Egyptians than any hitherto discovered;" but the subjects are so numerous and so varied, on the walls of its chambers, that it is quite impossible to describe them with any satisfaction to the reader. To be properly appreciated they must be seen.

Leaving these vast dwelling places of the dead, we turned our steps to the ruins of the ancient temple, near the cliffs of the Libyan mountains, now called Dayr el Bahree, or the "Northern Convent;" which, as the name imports, had been converted from a pagan temple, to a church and convent of the early Christians. It was approached by a dromos, nearly the third of a mile in length, between a double row of sandstone Sphinxes. A beautiful pylon of red granite, in front of the inner court, bears the name of the original founder, Amun-neit Gori, B. C. 1505, whose name may also be traced on other parts of the building.

Our next visit was to the Memnonium, as it is usually called, but more properly the Remeseum, or Temple Palace of Remeses the great, B. C. 1365; the most perfect, perhaps, and one of the most splen-



did of the many temples on the west side, of the river.

The great Egyptologist, to whom we are indebted for many of the details, in our description of these ruins, says that "for symmetry of architecture and elegance of sculpture, there is no doubt that the Memnonium may vie with any other monument of Egyptian art."

Two pyramidal towers, of hewn sandstone, probably fifty feet in height, and, together, more than one hundred and eighty feet in width, covered with hieroglyphics in admirable preservation, after a lapse of three thousand years, form a noble entrance to the outer court, which is one hundred and eighty by one hundred and fifty feet; and was once supported by a double row of columns on either side. A second court, one hundred and forty feet by one hundred and seventy, had a double colonnade, many columns of which are still entire. Three flights of steps lead to as many entrances into the great hall. By the sides of the central stairway are two large black granite statues of the king, sitting on his throne. The head of one of them was taken away by Belzoni, and is now in the British Museum.

The grand hall, one hundred and thirty-three by one hundred feet, has, on the south, three magnificent sculptured doorways of black granite, and was supported by forty-eight massive columns, thirty of

which still remain standing, and in perfect preservation. Indeed, it seemed to us that this hall, and a large proportion of the other parts of the temple, might be restored to their primitive splendour, with comparatively little labour and cost; so effectually have they resisted the ravages of the invader, and the slow decay of thirty centuries. Of the thirty columns that remain in the great hall, the twelve central ones are more than twenty-one feet in circumference, and thirty-two and a half feet high; the others are of the same height, and their circumference is about eighteen feet. To this hall succeeds nine large chambers; the three in the centre measuring thirty by fifty-five feet each, and sustained by eight huge columns.

The total length of the temple was probably about five hundred feet. It would be far more difficult to give an account of the sculptures that remain on the walls, although these are most interesting to antiquarians, than it is to give the architectural details; and therefore I shall not attempt it.

One of the most remarkable objects, however, among these ruins, remains to be noticed; it is the colossal statue of the founder, Remesis II., the great Sesostris, which was placed in the outer court, near to a flight of steps leading to an inner area; and there it now lies prostrate on its face, mutilated and broken; overthrown, as is supposed, by Cambyzes, in the Persian invasion, B. C. 525.

There it has lain for nearly two thousand four hundred years; a mass of fragments only, yet, on account of its gigantic size, the beauty of its finish, and the material of which it is composed, has been, and will continue to be, the wonder of every beholder. It is of the red granite of Syene, obtained from those far famed quarries, near the first cataract, which have furnished Egypt with those beautiful obelisks, which once adorned her temples; some of them still remaining here, and others forming the chief ornaments of the public squares in Constantinople, Rome, and Paris.

This stupendous statue, of a single block of syenite, the largest in Egypt, or in the world, is estimated, when perfect, to have weighed more than eight hundred and eighty-seven tons. It represented the king sitting on a throne, with his hands resting on his knees, to denote the repose he was enjoying after the fatigues of conquest. If it is a matter of surprise how such an enormous mass of granite could have been removed from its native quarry, a hundred and fifty miles distant, and set up here, it is not less surprising how it could have been overthrown, when once put upon its base; and, more surprising still, by what mechanical force it could have been broken; for there is no trace of drills, or wedges; and the explosive power of gunpowder was not then known. The Arabs, in a later period, have sawed off some por-

tions of the head, to be used for millstones. I climbed upon the back of this prostrate giant, and, with the aid of Mr. Gilpin and William, measured it across the shoulders. As nearly as we could come at the measurement, with a tape line, the distance from shoulder to shoulder was thirty-six feet; and, supposing the breadth of the chest the same, this would give a circumference of seventy-two feet; but even this will convey but a faint idea of its prodigious magnitude. The immense masses of this colossus which remain, are beautifully polished, and as bright as if fresh from the quarry.

A few hundred yards to the south of the Memnium are the ruins of a Temple Palace of Amunoph III., B. C. 1430; but there is nothing here particularly remarkable, excepting the dromos, or paved way, eleven hundred feet in length, which once extended from the portal of this temple to the two colossi on the plain. There are evidences that colossi of similar dimensions formerly stood on either side of this dromos, making a magnificent approach to a temple which must have been among the proudest monuments of Egyptian grandeur. The two colossi, which remain in their original position, are of equal size, and are about sixty feet apart; they are represented as seated on thrones, in the usual attitude of Egyptian statues, with the hands resting upon the knees. Amunoph III., who built the temple, and adorned it



with these and many similar statues, was the Memnon of the ancients; and the colossus on the right, as you face them, is the celebrated vocal statue of Memnon, which was said to utter musical sounds when the first rays of the morning's sun fell upon its lips. The Arabs to this day regard it with superstitious reverence, and call it the Salamat, or the statue that bids "good-morning." It is much more mutilated than its companion; the head and the upper part of the body having been broken by the malice of the Persian conqueror Cambyses, who, by levelling and mutilating, in vain attempted to destroy the monuments of Egypt's power; it was, however, as early as the time of the Roman emperors, repaired and imperfectly restored with blocks of sandstone, and thus it has ever since remained.

The dimensions of these colossi are as follows:— From the top of the head to the shoulder, ten and a half feet; from the top of the shoulder to the elbow, sixteen feet and a half; from the knee to the sole of the foot, twenty feet; so that the statues alone, in their sitting position, are forty-seven feet high. They each measure seventeen feet nine inches, from the elbow to the end of the fingers, and eighteen feet three inches across the shoulders; the foot is ten and a half feet long. The total elevation of statue and pedestal was sixty feet; about seven feet of each pedestal is now below the surface.



They are seen for several miles around, sitting in solitary greatness upon the plain, where they have sat for thirty-three centuries, the voiceless chroniclers of the ancient grandeur and glory of Thebes. The Pharaoh who placed them there, as the enduring monument of his own glory, began his reign when the Israelites, under Joshua, were taking possession of the land of Canaan, and seven centuries before the first foundations of Rome were laid. We paid several visits to these colossi, and each time viewed them with renewed interest; one feels inclined to uncover the head, as a token of respect, when standing in the presence of such venerable monuments as these.

The fact, that musical sounds were sometimes heard proceeding from the Memnon, at sunrising, is too well attested by ancient historians to admit of a doubt; but it is also beyond question, that the ingenuity of the priests had contrived some way thus to deceive the credulous, or those whose minds were predisposed to superstition. Modern travellers have discovered that there is in the lap of the statue a stone, which, on being struck, emits a metallic sound, something like the tone of a harp-string; and behind this is an excavation, where a person might be easily concealed. We tried the experiment, by sending up an Arab, who, when there, was entirely hidden from our view; and, on his striking the stone with some iron instrument, it sent forth sounds, not very

musical indeed, but such as might be so regarded by the lover of the marvellous; especially in those days, when the superstitious devotee came, at sunrise, to witness, what he believed to be a miraculous display of Apollo's power.

On our second visit, when riding over this magnificent plain, as we approached these gigantic statues in the early morn, the rising sun was shining gloriously upon them, as it shone three thousand years ago; but there were no crowds of curious worshippers, nor any concealed priest to make the Memnon vocal with sweet music, as of old.

It is the opinion of Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, that the dromos, or paved approach to the temple of Amunoph III., which was lined by these colossi, and numerous others of a similar kind and size, was the Royal Street in the Libyan suburb of Thebes, running from that temple to the river; and, by means of a ferry, connecting it with the great Temple of Luxor, built by the same monarch on the opposite, or Arabian side.

Jan. 31. The usual landing place for all the boats which visit Thebes is Luxor, on the east bank of the river; that being the most convenient point, in every respect. Here our boat was moored, during our stay, in company with several other boats of American, English, and French travellers.

On the second day after our arrival, at an early hour, we again crossed the river to the Libyan side, to revisit the Memnonium, the colossi, and other objects which we had not time to examine sufficiently the day preceding; and to see whatever else remained to be seen, on the western bank of the Nile.

The most considerable ruins, which we now visited for the first time, and which were quite equal to any that we had before seen, were those of Medeenet Haboo; consisting of extensive remains of three edifices, erected by different Pharaohs, yet all so united as to form one grand harmonious whole. The original temple was built by Thothmes II., B. C. 1505, in the time of Moses, about fourteen years before the Exodus of the Israelites. His successor, Thothmes III., the Pharaoh in whose reign that deliverance took place, enlarged and completed this part of the edifice, B. C. 1495; and Remeses III., B. C. 1235, built a magnificent palace and temple, and united them to the former structures by a dromos, walls, and towers.

It would be tedious, and uninteresting, to describe in detail the lofty pyramidal towers, the massive doorways of red granite, the areas, halls, columns, and decorations, of this great temple palace, splendid in its desolation; lying half buried beneath the sands of the desert, and the rubbish which has been accumulating within its courts for two thousand years. I will simply mention, that in one of the

areas, which is a hundred and ten by a hundred and thirty-five feet, there are still standing seven large square pillars on one side, and eight circular columns, with bell-formed capitals, on the other; and that a second court, whose dimensions are one hundred and twenty-three feet by one hundred and thirty-three, and its height, from the pavement to the cornice, forty feet, appears to be filled with columns, any one of which, if taken to America, would be the wonder and ornament of a museum. The columns of an elegant corridor, on the north side of this court, are twenty three feet in circumference. All these buildings are of sandstone and granite; some from the neighbouring mountains, and some from the quarries of Syene.

An idea may be formed of the imposing effect of these massive walls, gateways, columns, and towers, when it is borne in mind that they are entirely covered with paintings and sculptures, mostly representing religious ceremonies, or battle scenes, commemorative of the conqueror who reared them. This remark will apply to almost all the ruins of Thebes.

A few hundred yards southwest of this temple palace of Remeses is a small Ptolemaic temple, which contains some curious hieroglyphics, interesting to the antiquary and the historian. At a still greater distance, are the ruins of another small tem-



ple of more modern date; but we found nothing in them particularly worthy of remark.

To the east of the valley of the tombs of the Queens, which is about half a mile behind Medeenet Haboo, is a small temple built by Ptolemy Philopater, B. C. 221, "called Dayr el Medeeneh, from having been the abode of the early Christians." It is in good preservation, and its walls are adorned with many curious and interesting hieroglyphical sculptures and inscriptions. On a wall of one of the chambers is a judgment scene, where Osiris is seated on his throne, and when the souls of the deceased are ushered into his presence, their good deeds are weighed in a balance, against the ostrich feather, the symbol of Justice or Truth.

Our day's excursion closed with a visit to this temple, of comparatively modern date, being only a little more than two thousand years old; and we returned again by the Memnonium, and the Colossi of the plain, pausing anew to admire and wonder, and then crossed to our boat at Luxor.

February 1. The whole of this day was devoted to the ruins on the east side of the river, those of Luxor and Karnak; which are by far the most wonderful of all the ruins of Thebes, and in comparison of which, those especially of Karnak, the others sink almost into insignificance. They have been



often described by ancient and modern travellers; but all description fails to give an adequate idea of their enormous extent, their vast magnitude, and their surpassing grandeur. Champollion said, that they appeared to him to have been constructed for beings of a hundred feet stature.

Several years ago there was a panorama of Thebes exhibited in Philadelphia, together with Catherwood's panorama of Jerusalem, which gave as good an idea, as any pictorial representation could give, of these stupendous ruins. Some of my readers may remember that panorama, which was shortly after destroyed by fire.

I have said, that there were four principal temples in ancient Thebes,—the Diospolis, or city of Jupiter, as it was also called,—the chief of which, the great Temple of Karnak, contained the shrine of Jupiter Amon; the No Amon of Scripture. On the west side of the river, were the Memnonium, or Reme-seum, and the temple palace, at the village of Medeenet Haboo; immediately opposite to these, on the east side, stood the temples, now called, from the villages which occupy their sites, Luxor and Karnak.

These four temples may be supposed to occupy the four corners of a square, each of whose sides is two miles in length, and through the centre of which flows the Nile, about a mile wide, and running from south to north. At the Temple of Kar-

nak, which was much the largest and most magnificent of the whole, was kept, as I have said, the shrine of their chief deity, the Theban Jupiter.

Each temple had a paved dromos, or avenue, in front of its principal entrance, by which it was approached, through a long line of gigantic sculptures on either side; and all the four temples were connected with each other, by royal avenues of sphinxes, or statues, of colossal size. In all great pagan ceremonies, when the shrine of Jupiter was carried in procession, it was taken from its sacred chamber in Karnak, down the dromos of sphinxes, about a mile in length, to the river; thence across the ferry, and up a similar dromos, to the Memnonium; thence up to Medeenet Haboo, and from there, through a dromos of colossal statues, like the vocal Memnon and its fellow, to the Nile, and across to Luxor; then through another royal road, lined with sphinxes, to Karnak, the place of departure; where it was again deposited in the most sacred part of the temple.

The whole circuit was about nine miles; and traces of the avenues, through which the procession would pass, from one temple to another, may still be discerned, in the statues and sphinxes which remain, more or less perfect; and in the broken and mutilated sculptures which lie scattered along the route.

I have been thus minute in this description, in order that the reader may have a more distinct idea

of the position, and general appearance, of these vast ruins. For the chronology and details which follow, I am principally indebted to Wilkinson's elaborate work on ancient Egypt.

The grand Temple Palace of Luxor was begun by Amunoph III., B. C. 1430, the same who built the temple in front of which stood the vocal Memnon. He erected the original sanctuary, with its chambers, and the large colonnade and pylon in front; but the most imposing portions of the building were added by Remeses the Great, B. C. 1355. These two Pharaohs seem to have done more than any other kings of Egypt, in the construction of palaces and temples, for the adornment of their capital.

In front of the main entrance to this temple stands the most perfect and beautiful obelisk in the world; a single block of red granite of Syene, exquisitely polished, eight feet square at the base, and eighty feet high. The four sides are covered with hieroglyphics, deeply cut, in some instances to the depth of more than two inches, and admirably executed. We could not discover a single flaw or blemish in any part; the whole looked bright, smooth, and perfect, as if just from the hands of the polisher. There were originally two of these obelisks, gracing the grand entrance to the temple; but one of them was presented several years ago, by Mohammed Ali, to the King of France, and is now

the chief ornament of the Place de la Concorde in Paris. But, while the one at Luxor, in the mild dry atmosphere of Egypt, has remained unchanged for twenty-two centuries, that at Paris already begins to show the influence of a less favourable climate.

Behind the obelisk, and by the sides of the gateway, which is flanked by two pyramidal towers, are two sitting colossal statues of black granite, of Remeses the Great, partially buried in the sand. Passing between these, through the pylon, you enter an area one hundred and ninety by one hundred and seventy feet, surrounded by a double row of large columns, which are much hidden by the hovels of the Arabs, who have built a portion of their village within the courts of the temple.

In examining these ruins, you oftentimes have to make your way among men, women, and children, donkeys, dogs, and goats, who all live together in one common habitation of filth and wretchedness. A mud hovel, plastered against an elaborately wrought column, or stuck, like a swallow's nest, on the side of the temple wall, covering hieroglyphics which record the conquests, perhaps, of the great Sesostris, are contrasts of littleness and grandeur, which continually remind you of the vanity of earthly things. What does the Arab care, who built the stone structure which forms one side of his mud dwelling? And what is it to Sesostris now, that the clay covers the



record of his greatest achievements? A wiser than Sesostris, and one who lived three hundred years after him, has said, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

From the area above mentioned, you pass through a grand colonnade, one hundred and seventy feet long, the columns of which are thirty feet in circumference, and enter a second "area of one hundred and fifty-five feet by one hundred and sixty-seven, surrounded by a peristyle of twelve columns in length by the same in breadth, terminating in a covered portico of thirty-two columns;" the portico being fifty-seven feet by one hundred and eleven. Behind this are chambers extending the whole breadth of the building, the centre one opening into a hall which leads to the inner sanctuary. "Behind the sanctuary are two other sets of apartments, the larger ones supported by columns, and ornamented with rich sculpture, much of which appears to have been gilded."

But all these ruins, and all that we had yet seen on either side of the river, stupendous as most of them are, had not prepared our minds for ruins so vastly superior as those of the great Temple of Karnak. All that we had heard, or read, or imagined, of these, fell short of the reality; and we could fully understand why travellers are earnestly advised, by all means, to visit these the last. The



total length of the grand temple, from the front propyla to the rear wall, is about twelve hundred feet, and its width about four hundred.

The height of the grand hall, from the pavement to the roof, is eighty feet, and, including various additions made by successive Pharaohs, the entire circuit of the temple buildings is one mile and a half. Some of the stones are forty feet in length. The grand hall measures one hundred and seventy feet by three hundred and twenty-nine, supported by one hundred and thirty-four massive columns; twelve of which, in the centre of the hall, are sixty two feet high, without the plinth, and thirty-four and a half feet in circumference; the remaining one hundred and twenty-two columns are each forty-two feet high and twenty-seven and a half feet in circumference.

These are but a portion of the columns which adorn and support the numerous apartments. In every direction are the remains of avenues of sphinxes, by which the temple was approached from various points; that from Luxor to Karnak, once a royal street, being the largest. Hundreds of sphinxes, of immense size, some of granite, and others of sandstone, may still be seen, much mutilated, and nearly buried in the sand.

In a court beyond the great hall are two obelisks of red granite, each of a single block; one is stand-

ing in its original position, the other has been thrown down and broken. In the next court are two other Syenite obelisks of great beauty and amazing size, one of which has fallen; the standing one measures ninety-two feet in height, and is eight feet square at the base.

But it is not so much the grandeur of these buildings, as their antiquity, which fills the mind with admiration and awe. They seem almost to connect the present generation with that which first peopled the earth after the flood. When the original foundations of this great pagan temple were laid does not appear; but there is a beautiful portion of the inner sanctuary, built of red granite, behind which are a number of prostrate polygonal columns, bearing the name of Osirtasen I., B. C. 1740; or, according to the opinion of Wilkinson, as expressed in the last edition of his work, this Pharaoh reigned B. C. 2080; which would make this part of the Temple of Karnak nearly four thousand years old. Assuming, however, the first date to be the correct one, it gives to this temple an antiquity of more than a hundred years over that of every other building in Thebes. Osirtasen I., who built this sanctuary, and set up these columns, was the Pharaoh who exalted Joseph to be second in the kingdom, and made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

“Subsequently to his reign were added the small

chambers of Amunoph I., B. C. 1550; the obelisks of Thothmes I., B. C. 1522; the great obelisks, and the rooms near the sanctuary of Thothmes II., B. C. 1505; and the succeeding monarch Thothmes III., B. C. 1495, made considerable additions to the buildings and sculptures."

These Pharaohs were contemporary with Moses; and it was under the last named, Thothmes III., that the wonderful miracles were wrought which accomplished the deliverance of the Israelites, and ended in the overthrow of their enemies in the Red Sea. The most magnificent portions of the temple, as it now stands, were built by Amunoph III., B. C. 1430; Osiris I., B. C. 1380; and by his son, Remeses the Great, the supposed Sesostris, B. C. 1355; "who completed the sculptures on the southwest side of the grand hall, and on the exterior of the walls of circuit. He also built the area in front, with massive propyla, preceded by granite colossi, and an avenue of sphinxes. Succeeding monarchs continued to display their piety, to gratify their own vanity, or to court the good-will of the priesthood, by making additions to the buildings erected by their predecessors; and the several isolated monuments, becoming attached to the principal pile, formed at length one immense whole."

Among the most interesting sculptures to be found on the walls of this temple, there is one in

which Sheshonk I., the Shishak of the Scriptures,\* recorded the names of the towns and districts, which he made captive in his expedition against Jerusalem, B. C. 975. A column, still standing in one of the courts, bears the name of Psammitechus I., the Tirhakah of the Scriptures,† B. C. 664.

We have now finished our examination of the ruins of ancient Thebes; ruins the most stupendous that the world has ever seen, and which seem to have been providentially preserved, to bear testimony to the truth of Scripture history, and to the fulfilment of prophecy. They are the ruins of temples dedicated to false gods; some of them to deified men, others to idols of wood and stone, to birds and beasts, and creeping things, the loathsome objects of Egyptian worship. The worshippers have passed away, the altars are thrown down, the sanctuaries are desolate; but the ruins remain a monument of human pride, vain glory, and idolatry; sins which provoked the Most High to visit Egypt with his severest chastisements, and to make her, as we see her now, and as she has been for long centuries, "the basest of the kingdoms."‡

\* 2 Chron. xii. 2 to 7.

† 2 Kings xix. 9.

‡ Ezekiel xxix. 15.

## CHAPTER V.

### VOYAGE DOWN THE NILE.

AT five o'clock in the afternoon we started on our return down the Nile; and with its swift current to help us on, our progress was as rapid as we could wish. The day following we arrived at Keneh, on the eastern side, forty-eight miles below Thebes, where we remained during the night, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of Dendera, on the opposite bank.

Early on the morning of the 3d, we crossed the Nile, and, with a number of Arab guides and attendants, proceeded on donkeys to the ruins, which lie just on the edge of the Libyan Desert, about two or three miles from where we started, but not so distant from the river. The great Temple of Dendera is an extensive and beautiful ruin. It has been truly said, that "from its superior state of preservation it deserves a distinguished rank among the most interesting monuments of Egypt." The original building was erected by the Ptolemies; but the



magnificent portico was added, and the sculpture finished, in the reign of Tiberius. This portico is supported by twenty-four massive columns; these, together with the cornice, are elaborately wrought, and covered with ornaments. On the ceiling is the large and beautiful zodiac, which, when discovered, about half a century ago, excited the admiration and wonder of scientific men, and led to much learned controversy as to its origin. Some supposed that it was constructed in the time of the Pharaohs, and others that it dated back to antediluvian times. This remarkable zodiac is now ascertained to have no claims to such antiquity; but to be of the more moderate age of eighteen hundred years; which in Egypt may be called youthful. The small planisphere which once adorned the ceiling of one of the lateral chambers, and appears to be of an earlier date than the zodiac, is now in Paris.

The total dimensions of this temple are two hundred and eighty feet by one hundred and fifty; its roof is entire, and every part is in admirable preservation. Immediately in front, at a distance of about three hundred feet, is a large stone gateway bearing the names of Domitian and Trajan. The dromos extended from this to the temple. Many names of the Roman emperors are found here; and among them those of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. The names of earliest date are those of

Cleopatra and her son, Ptolemy Cæsarion, whose full length likenesses are sculptured on the exterior of the western wall. The portrait of the queen is but a rude specimen of art, at a period when Egyptian sculpture had long been on the decline; but if it fails to do justice to Cleopatra's beauty, it is nevertheless, as has been said, "interesting from being the contemporary representation of so celebrated a person; and, however badly executed, probably bears some sort of general resemblance to the original."

Within the temple, behind the portico, are a hall, supported by six columns; two central chambers; an isolated sanctuary, with a passage entirely around it; seventeen smaller rooms; and a staircase leading to the roof; from which you have a magnificent view of the valley of the Nile, and the adjoining desert.

A short distance westward, behind the great temple, which was dedicated to the goddess Athor, is a smaller temple of Isis, which also has a stone pylon of large dimensions, and well preserved. A few hundred paces to the north is another building, with several chambers, and numerous columns, surrounded by a spacious enclosure of brick, the entrances to which are through the pylons of Athor and Isis. A quarter of a mile east of the latter is a third stone pylon, similar to the others, bearing the name of Antoninus Pius. "Over the face of the gateway is a singular representation of the sun, with its sacred

emblem, the hawk, supported by Isis and Nephthys." It is the entrance to an extensive inclosure; and as the "sister goddesses" on the pylon were commonly introduced on funeral monuments, this is supposed to have been used as a burial-place.

Having spent an interesting half day in exploring the ruins of Dendera, we returned to our boat, and early in the afternoon were again floating down the Nile. The next morning, we saw a number of huge crocodiles, probably from fifteen to twenty feet in length, sunning themselves on a sandbar, and had an opportunity of examining them at our leisure, as they were not at first disturbed by our approach. When we came near, some of them, more timid than the rest, crawled into the water; and a gun being fired from our boat, the others suddenly disappeared.

On the 5th, we passed the Gebel Shekh Hereedee, with other similar ranges of hills, whose sandstone cliffs, six or eight hundred feet in height, were towering above us during a greater part of the day; although our progress, with a fair wind, was fifty miles. We had the usual Sunday service on board, with the same "two or three gathered together."

On the 6th, the wind being ahead, and blowing violently, we lay by at the village Ryina a great part of the day. Here are extensive groves of the *sont*, or *acacia Nilotica*, from which I gathered a small quantity of gum Arabic. A number of Arab

men and women came to us with dates and butter for sale. The dates were excellent; the sight of the butter was enough for a Philadelphian, so none of us tasted it. One of our party bought some trinkets worn by a young Arab woman, which she cheerfully sold for a few piastres.

We arrived at Osioot on the 7th, and immediately went to pay our respects to Abdallah Bey, the governor, and to thank him for his kindness in lending us his small boat. We found him engaged in superintending the erection of his new palace, a little out of town, and were courteously received by him in a kiosk, or summer-house, in the middle of the garden. He seated us by a cool fountain, which was playing in the centre of the room, ordered pipes and coffee, and entered into quite an animated conversation. He desired us to keep his boat until we reached Cairo, and refused to receive any pecuniary compensation. The next day, we had a fine run of fifty-four miles; saw myriads of large birds on the edges of the cliffs, near the water, and passed two huge wolves on the bank, who did not regard our approach until a gun from the boat alarmed them, and sent them in rapid flight towards the mountain.

We reached Beni Hassan at seven o'clock in the evening; and as the moon was shining brightly, making the night almost as clear as the day, we resolved to visit immediately the celebrated grottoes,



or temple-tombs, which are near, and thus prevent any delay in our downward voyage. These catacombs are more ancient than those of Thebes; and though inferior in some respects, they are nevertheless very curious on account of the illustrations which they afford of Egyptian customs.

With Hassanein for our guide, and eight of our Arab crew for attendants, we walked about two miles over a rough path, and up the steep side of the limestone mountain in which these tombs are excavated. With our lighted torches, we explored six or eight of the largest and most interesting of them, one of which has inscribed over it the name of Osirtasen I., B. C. 1740, the Pharaoh who was contemporary with Joseph. For extent and magnificence, they will not compare with the Theban tombs of the kings, although they can claim a greater antiquity. There is about them, however, a solemn grandeur, which was heightened by visiting them at night, while the moon, by whose light we could distinctly see to read, shone full upon the massive portals of these repositories of the dead, lighting up the whole mountain-side with its bright, but sober beams.

An indescribable feeling of awe came over me, as I thought of the buried dead; while we, strangers from a far-off land, on this wild mountain at night, with none but rude Arabs for our companions, were going in and out among the tombs of those who



lived four thousand years ago. It may be that we were treading on the dust of Pharaohs, who had ruled over a mighty empire, eighteen hundred years before the Christian era, and thirty-three centuries before the discovery of the New World. How is the mind lost in wonder at the thought!

There is great similarity in these catacombs, though the northern grottoes differ from the southern in the style of architecture, and the form of their columns. Generally, each tomb consists of one large room, forty or fifty feet square, supported by fluted columns, about seventeen feet in height and fifteen in circumference, all hewed out of the solid rock in the side of the mountain; all covered with hieroglyphics, beautifully painted and sculptured. It is the hieroglyphics, which it is impossible here to describe, that are the chief objects of interest in these tombs. There are deep pits, in each chamber, for receiving the dead.

After several hours spent in examining them, we returned to our boat and proceeded on our downward voyage, floating gently with the current, under one of the most brilliant skies I ever beheld. Indeed, the climate of Egypt, at this season, is perfect; and nothing can excel the splendour of the sunset, and the glory of the firmament at night; especially when, as now, the moon is at her full.

Feb. 11. Our good ship, the "Keystone," reached Boolak in safety on the morning of the 11th, at two o'clock, and soon after we were at our old rooms at Sheppard's Hotel, in Cairo. A large package of letters from our friends in the United States was awaiting us, containing the joyful intelligence of health and happiness among them; and informing us of but few changes by death, during our absence.

One of these letters may be instanced as a proof of the facilities which modern science has afforded in the usual transmission of news. It was dated the 10th of January, at Philadelphia; the day we left Cairo for Upper Egypt. We, with our utmost diligence, had ascended the Nile to Thebes, about five hundred miles, in twenty days, had stopped there and at two or three other points on the river no longer than was necessary to see the ruins, and were back at Cairo after an absence of thirty-two days. In the mean time, that letter had crossed the Atlantic; and, either by the Straits of Gibraltar, through the entire length of the Mediterranean, or across the continent of Europe, and thence to Africa, had anticipated our arrival in Cairo by several days. We had travelled one thousand miles; that little messenger, in a shorter time, had travelled more than five thousand.

While on our upward voyage, we occasionally saw an Arab running rapidly on foot, and asked what it

meant; our dragoman told us it was the postman bearing despatches to or from Cairo. A messenger on foot will run a given number of miles, until he comes to another messenger, ready to receive his despatches, and hasten with them to a third, and so on until they reach their destination. This is the usual mode of conveying intelligence in the East. As I saw these rapid runners, one moment near, the next out of sight, never to be seen again, I thought of the Prophet's expression, "My days are swifter than a post, they flee away, they see no good;"\* a striking illustration of the rapidity with which years pass by us, leaving no trace of their progress.

At Cairo we were detained five days, while Hasanein was making preparations for our journey through Syria. We were very sorry to be obliged to separate from our excellent friends, Mr. Gilpin and his lady, who had been with us in our interesting tour through Egypt, and had contributed greatly to our happiness; but our route lay across the desert, and theirs was by steamer from Alexandria.

It was our good fortune, however, to find an agreeable travelling companion in Mr. Wm. C. Goodhue, of New York, who had been much with us in Italy and Egypt, and who now proposed to join us in our tour through the Holy Land.

\* Job ix. 25.

Our contract with Hassanein was similar to that which we made with him for our voyage up the Nile, and which he had fulfilled to our entire satisfaction. He agreed to take us by a designated route, in a given time, and for a specified sum, from Cairo to Beyrout; he making all necessary provisions, and paying all expenses of every kind, that might accrue on the journey. The contract was drawn up in legal form, written out in Arabic and English, and signed and sealed in presence of the American vice-consul. Having experienced the advantage of such a contract, which cannot be too specifically made and authenticated, I would recommend every traveller to be very particular in this respect; and to be especially careful, that the agreement is witnessed by the authorized representative of his country, or, what is equally safe, by the English consul. A little precaution of this kind may save him much trouble; but his first and chief care should be to obtain a reliable and competent dragoman, a native Arab if possible; one who has had much experience in conducting parties through the route contemplated, and who produces satisfactory evidence of his qualifications.

We were very fortunate in this respect; our dragoman, having been so employed for twenty-five years, was a Bedouin Arab, resident in Cairo, where all who knew him testified to his worth; and as most of the parties whom he had conducted were



Americans, or of the English nobility and gentry, he was able to speak English with considerable fluency. He had, besides, an erect, athletic form, an intelligent countenance, and the manners of a gentleman. It was a great advantage to have such a man for attendant and interpreter, whenever we had occasion to visit the rulers of the land. While I write, memory brings before me many pleasant scenes where Hassanein exhibited his courtly bearing, and my heart yearns to see him once more.

While preparations were being made for our journey, our time passed pleasantly in Cairo.

The day after our arrival, being Sunday, we enjoyed the privilege of attending the English Church service in the mission chapel, of which the Rev. Mr. Lieder has charge. He preached a sound, practical sermon, from the text, "My son, give me thy heart." There were probably fifty or sixty persons present, of whom the greater part were English and American travellers. There are at this time no less than fifteen American ladies and gentlemen at Sheppard's, and four, whom we know, at another hotel. Most of them have just returned from Upper Egypt, and are preparing for the tour of Palestine.

The day preceding that which was fixed for our departure, a little son of Hassanein, four years old, died, which occasioned some further delay. The detention afforded us an opportunity of visiting two



of the principal palaces, which we had not seen. We engaged Komeh, formerly a servant of Dr. Robinson, as our valet de place for the day, and rode out of the city about four miles, through a noble avenue of acacias and sycamores, extending the whole distance from Cairo to Mohammed Ali's palace at Schoobra, which is now occupied by his son Hamet Pasha. The ride is delightful, over a wide, smooth road, slightly elevated above the plain, and under the broad thick shadow of those gigantic trees. The interior of the palace is said to possess but little interest; we however did not see it, as the Pasha's Hareem are there, and, at such times, no visitors are admitted, during the Pasha's absence.

A line from the American Vice Consul, a native of Cairo, obtained for us free access to the gardens and grounds, which are extensive, and tastefully laid out, with abundance of roses, and geraniums; and contain hundreds of orange and lemon-trees laden with fruit. The keeper, for a trifling gratuity, supplied us with fruits and flowers. We brought away two large bouquets, and some delicious oranges.

In the middle of the garden is a gorgeous kiosk, enclosed with richly stained glass, ornamented with designs of landscapes, flowers, and birds, most admirably executed. It stands upon a mound sufficiently elevated to command a view of the whole garden, the Nile, and the country around. The

floor is of oriental alabaster, with a tasteful fountain rising in the centre, around which the Pasha and his wives may sit and realize the repose and luxury of the Arabian Tales. In another part of the garden is a basin of water, probably a hundred feet in diameter, lined with white marble, and surrounded by a colonnade of the same material. Numerous fountains of the finest statuary marble, play into this reservoir. This is called the great fountain kiosk, and is the chief attraction of the garden. The colonnade opens into saloons, billiard rooms, and other apartments, furnished and adorned in Oriental taste, but for the most part ornamented by Parisian artists.

In the houses of the nobility which we have visited, we see a great fondness for French furniture, especially for mirrors and chandeliers.

Returning to Cairo, we accepted an invitation from the American Vice Consul, to join a party of ladies and gentlemen, in a visit to the present Viceroy Abbas Pasha's city palace. It is a large building, with no pretensions to architectural taste, but containing many magnificent apartments, some with marble fountains of great beauty, the walls lined with mirrors, and the lofty ceilings covered with gilding. In the principal saloon were costly chairs and sofas, large chandeliers, and numerous immense mirrors of French manufacture. Still, with all its

European adornments, it could not be mistaken for anything else than the palace of an Eastern sovereign.

Having been conducted through all the apartments, and permitted to examine every article of furniture at our leisure, we were invited to take seats, either on chairs and sofas, or on the divan. We chose the latter, which is an elevation about two feet high and four wide, extending the whole width of the room. Our party, eleven in all, five of whom were ladies, were soon seated, Turkish fashion, on the divan, when coffee was brought by the servants of the palace; and we were afterwards treated to sherbet served in large covered china cups, each guest being furnished with a richly embroidered napkin. Pipes were also offered, but respectfully declined. We sat immediately in front of a curiously wrought white marble fountain; it was not however playing at the time, the water probably being shut off when the Pasha and his family are not here.

Neither of the palaces which we visited to-day will compare in extent or elegance with many which we saw in France and Italy. Both of them are destitute of paintings and sculpture, and of all those gems of art which abound in the palaces of Europe; yet they are elegant in their way, and give a good idea of oriental luxury and splendour.

We visited several of the bazaars, and bought a few articles to take home with us as presents to our friends. We also purchased some things, which we were told would be indispensable to our comfort across the desert, and in Syria; such as veils to protect our eyes and faces from the sand, turbans to shield our heads from the direct rays of the sun, and umbrellas to keep off the rain; but we never had occasion to use them. The only really useful article that we added to our wardrobe in Cairo was a capotè, or Greek overcoat, with a hood, which was exceedingly serviceable in cold and rain.

Our dragoman, in compliance with his contract, made ample provision for our comfort and convenience, while under his care. He had purchased one large new canvass tent, lined with muslin, three portable iron bedsteads, three new mattresses, and a sufficient quantity of bed-furniture, a small table, camp-stools, a carpet to spread over the floor of the tent, a liberal supply of food and fruits, coffee, tea, sugar, etc., and a chest, containing china and glass for the table. He had, in fact, every article necessary to make three travellers as comfortable as they could have been in an ordinary hotel; and much more independent. A small tent served for our dragoman and his assistants, where our baggage was deposited, and our meals were prepared. Solyman, the cook, whose culinary powers had been fully



tested in our Nile journey, and Hassan, our amiable, kind waiter, brother to Hassanein, were engaged to go with us. Nine camels from El-Arish, with their drivers, completed our retinue.

The afternoon before our departure, the tents were pitched for the night in the public garden in front of our hotel, with the Arabs and camels around them. We had hoped to take an early start; but as usual, there was no little delay, and much loud talking and scolding among the drivers, before they could settle it between themselves how each camel should be loaded. We selected three of the most promising, light, well-built dromedaries, for ourselves. After some hours spent in packing and unpacking, and changing loads from one animal to another, it was finally arranged what each camel should carry. It was by no means so easy a matter to determine, as might at first seem; for everything that we should need in the desert must be taken with us; tents, camp-equipage, barrels of water, cooking utensils, fuel, and food for the men and camels.

A large company of spectators, including a number of our friends, came out to see us mount, and to bid us good-by. The mounting a camel for the first time is rather a troublesome affair, and generally occasions no little merriment to the by-standers; but we found it less difficult than we expected, and



I am not aware that our awkwardness excited any considerable mirth. The camel kneels to receive his burden ; but before you are fairly on his back, he begins to rise, with several awkward movements, which threaten to unseat you. He first rises half way upon his hind legs, with a jerk that threatens to pitch you over his head, and, in the next movement, rises entirely upon his forefeet, with a violence that, unless on your guard, would throw you over his tail ; while a third motion, with his hind legs, lifts you so suddenly on the top of his hump, some seven feet from the ground, as to make it doubtful whether you are to be precipitated over his head or tail. The same awkwardness attends the dismounting, from the manner in which the camel kneels. One very soon, however, becomes accustomed to these movements, and, after a few trials, can mount and dismount with the greatest ease.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ARABIAN DESERT. CAIRO TO JERUSALEM.

AT twenty minutes past twelve, Feb. 16th, all things being ready, our dragoman gave the signal; and bidding farewell to Cairo, we took up our line of march, single file, for Syria, passing out at the Hadji gate, through which the caravan of pilgrims annually depart for Mecca. A high wind, almost a gale, raised quite a sand storm in the desert; but it was in our backs, and therefore not so annoying as it otherwise would have been.

In three hours and ten minutes, we reached Matarieh, near the ancient Heliopolis, and in sight of the obelisk, where we were to encamp for the night. It was only half past three o'clock; but this was the best halting-place that could be found for our first day's journey. It had also this advantage, that if we had left anything behind, it could be easily recovered. The wind had died away, and there was a prospect of a calm and pleasant night. After waiting a few minutes to witness the process of unloading the camels, pitching the tents, and arranging the furni-

ture, we took a walk of about a mile, to visit again the ancient ruins; to stand once more beneath that interesting monument, in front of the temple of the sun, where, I doubt not, Joseph had stood; and to gaze on an object, on which his eyes must often have rested.

We sat an hour or two at the foot of that obelisk, calling up to memory the eventful scenes which had occurred here and around us, in this land of Goshen. On returning to our encampment, we found, to our agreeable surprise, that two English gentlemen, brothers, who had left Cairo an hour or two after us, and who were taking the same route through the desert, had pitched their tents near to ours. An excellent dinner was ready for us, and our appetites were such that we could do full justice to it.

Feb. 17. Our tent, beds, and other accommodations, were every way as comfortable as we could desire; and we arose at an early hour, quite refreshed with our night's rest. While we were breakfasting, the camels were loaded; and, to save time, our tent was taken down as we sat at our meal; so that nothing remained but to fold up the table, pack away the few dishes, and we were again mounted for the day's journey. Our English friends started at the same time; but as they had purchased in Cairo two fine Arabian horses, to carry them through the desert,

they frequently rode on ahead, or made digressions from the path; returning from time to time to their train of camels, which formed with ours one caravan.

We had been told that camel-riding is very fatiguing; and I believe most travellers consider it so; but we found it quite otherwise. Of course, the rider's comfort, whether on horse or camel, depends upon the animal's gait. If it be a hard trotting horse, or a rough moving camel, it must be wearisome to ride him. But with a light, active dromedary, which differs from the common camel as a fine saddle horse differs from a hack, I know of no more agreeable travelling than we found on the desert. Its boundless horizon, its pure, dry, exhilarating air, never failed to elevate our spirits with a feeling of health and freedom.

The gait of the camel is slow, seldom more than three miles an hour, but ours was so easy that we could have read without difficulty, had we desired to do so; and I frequently observed my friend reclining upon the broad, soft coverings, which form the saddle, composing himself to sleep.

We started from Matarieh at eight o'clock, and in two hours and three-quarters reached Khamka, a considerable village, where Mohammed Ali established a military school. Two hours and forty-five minutes more brought us to Merieeh; the next hour, to Shommel; and, in one hour and three-quarters

more, we passed El Shuliah, and pitched our tents for the night a little beyond, on a sandy mound, near a small running brook; having been on our camels eight hours and a quarter.

We were now at what was probably the extreme eastern border of the land of Goshen; its northern boundary being at or near Cairo. Our first two days' journey, therefore, had been through that interesting land; and, it may be, over the same route that Joseph and Mary travelled with the infant Saviour, on their flight into Egypt. We know, indeed, that we are going from the land where our Divine Redeemer once lived in his infancy, to the land where he humbled himself to be born of a virgin, and which was the scene of his miracles, sufferings, and triumph.

Feb. 18. The operation of breaking up our encampment, taking down and folding the tents, and loading about twenty camels, belonging to our two parties, was even more exciting than yesterday; there being some little rivalry between our drago-men, as to who should first be ready; in which feeling we participated. We were on our march at seven o'clock, and in two hours and a half reached Belbeis, a considerable town, which was occupied by Napoleon in his Egyptian campaign; and is also celebrated as being the first place taken from the



Saracens, in the crusade of the twelfth century. Here we were detained an hour in procuring provender for the camels; and several large sacks of beans were added to our former stock, that there might be no lack of food for them, in their long journey through the desert; for this was the last place where such a supply could be obtained.

Our road from this lay over a tract of sandy waste, realizing more fully our ideas of the Arabian desert, than anything we had yet seen. When we were fairly out upon it, so that nothing could be seen, far or near, but sand and sky, we noticed at a distance what appeared to be several beautiful lakes, with islands in them, and asked Hassanein what they were. He said the Arabs called it "Bakrilita wal," "the river that deceives and leads astray;" an appropriate term for the mirage of the desert.

In seven hours from Belbeis we arrived at Ras el Wady, "Head of the valley," or limit of cultivation; a small town, near which we encamped, on a sandy hillock, and close by what was doubtless the remains of one of the ancient canals. We had considerable difficulty in getting our camels across some deep miry places at the entrance of Ras el Wady; several of them sinking beneath their burden, which had to be removed before they could be extricated. Our men manifested a good deal of patience and skill in this emergency; but it was seven o'clock before they all

came in and our tents were pitched. It was a fatiguing day of twelve hours, from the time we started, to the time when we were settled for the night.

Feb. 19. This being Sunday, we remained encamped, and held service, at the request of our English fellow-travellers, in their tent.

In the afternoon, while standing at the door of our tent, I saw a traveller, with half a dozen camels and their drivers, approaching from the north. It proved to be an American gentleman, whom we had met in Switzerland, and afterwards in Italy. His appearance was so changed by his tarboosh and long beard, that I did not at first recognize him. Since we parted at Rome, he had, in company with two or three other Americans, visited Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria. At Nablous, the party met with some trouble from hostile Bedouins, which deterred his companions from proceeding further in Palestine; he, however, continued on to Jerusalem, and thence through the desert, under the guidance of a Syrian dragoman. He experienced no molestation after leaving Nablous; and he quite cheered us by his account of the ease and security with which he had travelled.

The weather was just warm enough, with a gentle breeze, to be agreeable. Near our tents was a body of water flowing through the canal, from which

persons were taking fish in considerable numbers with nets. Numerous large birds of prey were flying around, sharing the spoils with the fishermen.

Feb. 20. After a ride of nine and a quarter hours, we pitched our tents at 5 P. M., in a very comfortable spot, near an ancient well of somewhat brackish water, and among a few dwarf palm-trees and bushes. The place is called Aboo Sweir. The well is strongly walled around, and the water rises to within eleven feet of the surface; its entire depth I could not ascertain.

We have now bid adieu to all signs of cultivation; nor do we expect to see any, for a number of days to come. There has been, thus far, considerable variety in the appearance of the desert. Sometimes, for several miles, you ride over coarse gravel, very firmly packed, forming a smooth, hard road, abounding in beautiful pebbles of every variety of colour; then you travel for hours over fine yielding sand; sometimes it is perfectly level, and at others quite undulating, the hillocks covered with stunted bushes. Now and then bright little flowers were springing up in the sand, literally to "waste their fragrance on the desert air."

Feb. 21. We rode nine hours to day, passing a number of salt pools, around which the salt lay in

considerable quantity. Our encampment was under the shelter of some sand-hills, which protected us from the wind, that soon began to blow, accompanied by a slight shower of rain; the first that we have seen since we landed in Egypt, a period of nearly two months.

As we proceed, we realize more and more that we are in a vast desert, far away from the abodes of civilized man. The Red Sea lies off on our right, from eighty to a hundred miles distant; and the Mediterranean is about forty or fifty miles on our left. Each day increases our enjoyment of desert travel; we have better sleeping accommodations, better food, are better served, and are more comfortable every way, than we were in most of the hotels on the continent; and camel riding is vastly preferable to a diligence.

Feb. 22. The stars were shining brightly when we arose this morning; but as two hours are usually occupied in getting everything ready, it was past seven o'clock when we started. The desert soon presented as great inequalities of surface as are to be found in any of the sea-board parts of New England; the wide waste being elevated into hills, or depressed into valleys, with occasionally a scattered growth of scrubby bushes. Some of our party saw several gazelles to-day; and numerous tracks of



these, and of jackals, were seen upon the sand which had been moistened by the rain of the preceding night. We passed two or three green spots of palm-trees, and, after a long ride of ten hours and a half, encamped at Gatieh, once a considerable town, and a military post in the time of the crusades. During Napoleon's campaign, it was deemed of some importance; but the French, in their retreat, destroyed it, and not a building now remains. A few ruins mark the spot of its former site.

Here are many date-trees, and a well, apparently of great antiquity, and yielding a bountiful supply of tolerably good water. The well, near to which we pitched our tents, is of brick, about ten feet across, and twelve feet deep to the surface of the water. It is a favourite spot of the wandering Bedouins; a company of whom were feeding their flocks on the stunted bushes which grow around. They brought us milk and eggs; and their women exhibited very neatly made baskets for sale. Their appearance and manners reminded us of our North American Indians.

Feb. 23. Our men filled their water skins at the well, although the supply in the barrels, kept for our own use, still holds out; but we are told that we shall find no more that is drinkable until we reach El Arish, a distance of three days. There has been more of hill and valley to-day, and a greater quan-



tity of bushes, where large herds of young camels were feeding on the tender shoots. We saw also flocks of sheep and goats, tended by Arab women. Although there is not the least appearance of soil, yet the multitude of bright little flowers which spring up everywhere in the sand is truly surprising.

It is the first bursting forth of spring, when the desert rejoices and blossoms for a brief space. In a few weeks, Hassanein tells me, all will have passed away; and the sand will be heated as in a furnace; scorching and withering everything. At three o'clock, we passed a company of Bedouins, encamped near a spring; they were on their way to Cairo to enter the Pasha's army.

Feb. 24. The day was clear and cool, and the air so bracing, that although we were on our camels nine hours and a half, without dismounting, we felt very little fatigue, on reaching our halting-place for the night. About mid-day we came in sight of the Mediterranean, which lay a few miles distant, on our left, and continued to have a fine view of it for several hours. A long range of lofty mountains could be seen far off on our right. Herds of camels, and flocks of sheep and goats, browsing upon the bushes, were frequent; the camels, usually tended by men, the flocks, by women or children; the encampment of their tribe being probably near by.

The wandering Bedouins pitch their tents wherever they can find food for their flocks and herds.

We crossed several salt plains in the course of the day, which appeared to have been once the bottoms of lakes; one of them, nearly two miles long, had some shallow pools of water, around which large quantities of salt were deposited. Hassanein gathered some for culinary purposes, which was very clear and pure. Two mounted Bedouins whom we met, just from Syria, gave us the gratifying intelligence that there is now no quarantine to be performed at Gaza, the Sultan having abolished it throughout his dominions. This will expedite our journey several days, and relieve us from one of the greatest annoyances to which travellers in Egypt and the Holy Land have hitherto been subjected.

Feb. 25th. This was our longest day's journey in the desert; and, as much of it was over moving sand, which yielded to the pressure of the camel's broad foot, it was very fatiguing for them. One of the poor animals gave out at noon, and we were obliged to leave him behind. This is so common an occurrence, that the route of caravans may almost be traced by the skeletons of camels which have perished in the desert. The moment they fall down to die, the vultures are upon them, and soon devour the carcass, leaving only the bones to whiten in the sun.

After a ride of eleven hours we reached El-Arish, just at evening; our camels so wearied, that it was with difficulty we could urge them forward for the last few miles. We ourselves were glad to find a spot where we might pitch our tents; for we had risen at five o'clock, while the stars were yet shining, and had been upon our camels from seven o'clock in the morning, till six in the evening; moving forward with that unvarying, measured walk, of two and a half miles an hour; never more than three. The weather, however, was delightful; there was always something new to attract our attention, and we felt that a good night's rest, which we were sure to have in our tents, would compensate for the fatigues of the day.

We met two parties of Bedouins, whom we passed with the usual friendly salutations. At no time have we seen so many beautiful wild flowers, and of such brilliant colours, as we have seen to-day; brought suddenly forth by the heat of the sun upon the sand. In some places the hillocks were covered with them; so that it might be said literally that "the desert blossomed as the rose." This was our tenth day from Cairo; and for the last six days we had seen no signs of cultivation; no spot indeed that could be cultivated, nor any habitation of man, until we arrived at El Arish; which is the frontier town of Egypt, adjoining Syria. It stands a mile, or more,

from the sea, without any harbour, and surrounded by desert more hopelessly desolate than any we have passed before. Yet it has ever been a military post, and a place of considerable importance, from its position as a border town. Napoleon is said to have regarded it as one of "the keys of Egypt;" Alexandria being the other. It was held by the Christians in the time of the Crusades, and King Baldwin died within its walls. It stands on a considerable eminence, protected by a square castle and fortress, built by the French, in which a small garrison is still kept. No situation can be more dreary than this; for, as far as the eye can reach, nothing but sea and sand are visible. The sand, for miles around, is piled up in large heaps, like so many snow drifts. The least wind sets it in motion; and, when the wind is high, the whole is driven about, forming new hills, and valleys, and chasms. I could easily comprehend, on seeing these movable masses, how whole caravans are sometimes suddenly overwhelmed, and buried up, by the sand storms of the desert.

Feb. 26th. We had pitched our tents under the shelter of an ancient stone wall, a few hundred yards from the town, and, as it was the Lord's Day, we "rested according to the commandment." One of our English friends joined us in the morning ser-



vice ; but his brother was too unwell to be present. Before noon the wind began to blow, and so filled the air with fine sand, that we could not see to the distance of thirty yards.

Towards evening the wind died away, when Mr. Goodhue and William ventured to take a walk in the direction of the sea, which was about a mile distant, whose waves, as they dashed upon the beach, had been heard through the day. They had left us but a short time, when the wind began to rise, and with it a black cloud in the west, which obscured the setting sun. Night came suddenly on, without any twilight; an hour or two passed, we were in great anxiety, and Hassanein and some of the men were preparing to go in search of the wanderers, when they made their appearance, just in time to escape the rain that came pouring down. Their joy was as great as ours, to find themselves once more under the shelter of our tent, and in safety. They had walked in the direction of the sea for half an hour, following the sound of its waves, and had climbed many sand-hills without getting sight of it, when they determined to return; but they were so blinded by the driving sand, that they became bewildered, and wandered on, without any landmark to guide them. At one time, they saw what they supposed to be the fortress of El Arish, but after toiling on towards it for a considerable time, it



proved to be only a lofty mound. At another time, they discerned lights in the distance; but on approaching them, they discovered, in time to avoid them, that they came from an encampment of Bedouins. They afterwards climbed a hill, and saw other lights, which proved to be those of the town; these they followed, and came fortunately to our tents on their way.

Feb. 27th. The wind blew so violently all night, with thunder and rain, that we felt some apprehension lest our tent should be blown over, and we be exposed to the pelting storm; but providentially all kept fast, and we passed the night in safety.

We were up at five o'clock; a beautifully bright morning had succeeded the storm, and we were in hopes of making a good day's march; but there were some vexatious delays, in consequence of a dispute among our camel drivers. Another camel must be procured to take the place of that which we had lost day before yesterday, and we did not get off until nine o'clock. Our passports also had to be examined, and we went to the castle for that purpose, intending at the same time to pay our respects to the Governor of El Arish. His secretary conducted us to the citadel, and seated us on a divan in the Governor's room. By our side sat the Governor's son, a lad fifteen or sixteen years of age, reading the

Koran. Pipes and coffee were brought, and every attention shown to us; but the Governor was so long in making his appearance, that we ventured to retire without seeing him, as we were anxious to be on our journey. Our English friends remained at El Arish, one of them being too unwell to travel. It was with regret that we parted from such agreeable companions; but we hope to meet them at Jerusalem, if not before.

A company of six men, mounted on camels, on their way to relieve guard at a small military outpost, near which we were to encamp for the night, accompanied us from El Arish. After a ride of seven hours and a half we reached our halting place, and pitched our tent near some palm-trees on a plat of grass between green hills on one side, and barren, sandy hillocks, stretching out to the sea, on the other.

A few hundred yards before us, on a gentle rise of ground, were the huts of the military post just named, and the tomb of a santon, or saint. It was a real oasis, more fertile than any spot we had seen for the last eight days. It is the boundary between Egypt and Philistia. In the course of the afternoon, we had passed several small fields of barley in the ear, and looking well for such scanty soil. When near the end of our ride, another camel gave out, and we were obliged to leave him on the road. Thus it is with this patient animal; as soon as he

falls sick or lame, he is no longer worth anything to his master, and he is left to die where he ceases to be useful.

Feb. 28. Three hours and a half after leaving our encampment, we passed two stone pillars, standing on a mound, within twenty feet of each other; their appearance is remarkable, as there are no other indications of there having been a town or temple here.

They each consist of a block of dark, smoothly polished granite, about fifteen feet high, and two feet in diameter. We had no means of ascertaining their origin, as no mention was made of them in our guide books; but William remembered to have seen them laid down in a map which our friend, Mr. Gilpin, had with him in our voyage up the Nile.

An Arab tradition says that they were placed here to mark the boundary between two continents. We assented to this tradition; and, as we stood on the meridian line between these columns, were willing to believe that we could place one foot in Asia, while the other was in Africa. In two hours after, we arrived at Khan Younes, "Inn of Jonas," the frontier town of Palestine. Although it was only one o'clock, and we were anxious to push on to Gaza, yet the clouds looked so threatening, that our dragoman recommended us to stop; and a Bedouin's

advice in such cases is not to be slighted. It was fortunate that we had reached so favourable a place to encamp; for before night the wind blew strong and cold, and the rain came down as if "poured out of buckets;" and so it continued, with little intermission, for the next two days, compelling us to remain in our tents.

We were thankful indeed that the desert was now fairly passed, and that for the twelve days of our journey from Cairo to Khan Younes, we had been favoured with fine weather. Our tents were pitched a little one side of the town, on the edge of a Turkish burial-ground, and under the shelter of a hedge of prickly pears, so large and thick that they completely shielded us from the wind. Many of the plants were fifteen or twenty feet high, with stems more than a foot in diameter. Our canvass walls protected us effectually from the rain; and what, with occasional glimpses of sunshine, and frequent visits from the villagers, and the novel ceremonies of two Moslem funerals near our tents, the time passed pleasantly.

Many fierce-looking Bedouins, with their long guns, and with swords and pistols in their belts, came to take pipes and coffee with Hassanein; and the Sheik of the town also honoured us with a visit. His object seemed to be a little backsheesh in the form of sugar; and when Hassanein gave



him a pound of our double refined, he went away pleased, and chuckling like a child who has received a liberal gift of candy.

Khan Younes is a considerable town. Its houses are of clay, low, and mean-looking; but it is surrounded by fields of grain, and good pasturage for flocks; and there are numerous enclosures of fruit-trees now in blossom, surrounded by hedges of prickly pear. Its castle, said to be of the time of the crusades, and near it the dome and minaret of a mosque, rising among a grove of palm-trees, present a picturesque appearance; after a long journey on the desert, it is particularly refreshing to look upon these signs of civilization. The Arabs brought us some watermelons, which had a fair appearance, but not much flavour, as they were of last year's growth, and had been preserved in sand. We prefer the oranges and dates, and plums of Damascus, of which our dragoman laid in a liberal supply before leaving Cairo. The kindness and attention of the villagers, if not entirely disinterested, is very gratifying; and a small backsheesh sends them away contented and happy.

The third day of our encampment at Khan Younes, just at evening, a party of Americans, consisting of two ladies and six gentlemen, whom we left at Cairo, came up in sorrowful plight, drenched with the rain in which they had been travelling for



the last two days. The storm had passed away before their arrival; the setting sun was shining out, and, when their tents were pitched by the side of ours, we made quite a respectable encampment, with our twenty-five camels and numerous attendants. It is not often that the inhabitants of Khan Younes are blessed with such a sight; and they made the most of it. The whole village came out to take a look at us, just as villagers in our own country would go out to see a party of Indians in their wigwams; nor do I think that the Arabs manifested more anxiety to see us, than we to see them.

March 3. Leaving our American friends behind, to enjoy what William calls "the slim hospitalities of the Inn of Jonas," we started early, and in four hours and a half crossed a wady, or valley, which is generally dry, but was now filled with a stream so swollen by the late rains, that we had considerable difficulty in fording it. This is supposed to be the Sihor\* of Scripture, the ancient river of Egypt, once the boundary between that country and Philistia, from which the name of Palestine is derived. As we passed Wady Gaza, and descended to the ford,

\* Joshua xiii. 3. Jer. ii. 18.

the ruins of an ancient bridge were to be seen on our left. The country was quite level, and the fields bright with innumerable flowers.

At two o'clock we reached Gaza, famous in Scripture history as one of the chief cities of the Philistines; memorable in the days of Joshua and Samson; and more recently, in the crusades. But its ancient glory has departed. It is a walled town, having one large mosque, and several smaller ones. Its houses are low, the streets narrow, roughly paved, and very dirty; nor did we see anything attractive in the bazaars. The country around, however, is very beautiful; and from the commanding height on which Gaza stands, we looked over a richer landscape than any we had seen since entering Egypt. Large fields of wheat, and extensive olive yards, beneath whose aged boughs was spread the soft green turf, covered the plain.

As we approached the town, some officers came out from the quarantine station, looking as if they were sorry not to be able to detain us. No doubt it was a surprise and grief to them; for we were the first travellers, who, since the Sultan had abolished the quarantine, enjoyed the privilege of passing without detention. We sent our camels round the foot of the hill, while we ascended to take a look at Gaza. On passing out, we saw near the gate, three large fallen columns, which reminded us of those

pillars upon which Samson leaned,\* when he overthrew the Temple of Dagon, and buried himself, with the lords of the Philistines and thousands of the Gazites, beneath its ruins.

Two hours beyond this we reached the little village of Betlahiah, where we encamped for the night. As usual, the whole population, men, women, and children, came out to see us; examining our dress, tents, and furniture, with inquisitive curiosity. The chief object of attraction with the men was Mr. Goodhue's double-barrelled gun, with its percussion locks. The Arabs well understand the superiority of the English gun over those of their own manufacture. They have a special dread of a revolver; the sight of one, in the hands of a Frank, is enough to inspire awe and respect for the owner.

March 4. We started at seven o'clock, expecting to reach Ramleh before sunset; but the recent rains had made the road so slippery that it was tedious for the camels; and oftentimes in fording the streams one or more of them fell, which occasioned considerable inconvenience and delay. As we left the place of our encampment, the sun had just risen; the birds, among them, the lark, were carolling forth their morning lays; and a profusion of gay wild

\* Judges xvi. 23, 34.

flowers, tulips, ranunculuses, and anemones, carpeted the fields. This is the season when all Syria is covered with flowers. Olives and figs are among the chief productions of the country; and large groves of these every where proclaim its fertility.

About a mile from Betlahiah we passed, on our left, the little town of Askelon, occupying the site of that once powerful city of the Philistines; and, on our right, we had a fine view of the mountains near Hebron; the valley of Eshkol lying between us and them. At two o'clock we arrived at Esdud, the Ashdod of the Old Testament, the Azotus\* of the New. It was here that the Philistines, when they conquered Israel, placed the Ark of the Lord in the house of Dagon;† and from hence, after the destruction of their Idol, it was sent to Ekron. Our route was probably the same that the Ethiopian nobleman, the treasurer of Candace, travelled on his journey to and from Jerusalem; and it was doubtless between Gaza and Azotus, that he was baptized by Philip.‡ The next town we passed was Deir Esnayeed; and at six o'clock we were at Yibneh, or Jabneh,§ one of the strong cities of Philistia, taken by Uzziah, king of Judah. Passing near its walls, we came, in one hour more, to the little village of

\* Acts viii. 40.

† 1st Sam. v. 1, 4.

‡ Acts viii. 26, 40.

§ 2d Chron. xxvi. 6.

Kibeiba. We had intended pushing on to Ramleh; but it was growing dark, our camels were wearied with a twelve hours' journey, and so were we; for it was the longest time we had ridden in a single day. We were, therefore, glad to let them rest, and to rest ourselves until morning.

A ride of two hours and a half, the next day, brought us at nine o'clock to Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea; where we encamped, just outside the town, near to some magnificent olive-trees. It was a charming spot to spend a quiet Sunday in; and we felt it a privilege on this day of days, when our Lord rose from the grave, to be near where Joseph of Arimathea dwelt; of whom honourable mention is made by all four of the Evangelists, as one who with pious solemnity laid our Saviour's body "in his own new tomb."\* We had now traversed the whole length of the land of the Philistines, and passed near to, or over, the sites of their five royal cities, Gaza, Askelon, Ashdod, Gath, and Ekron; a land still abounding, as of old, in wheat and barley, olives and figs.

Our dragoman brought us a quantity of the largest and most delicious oranges we had ever seen. They grew at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, nine miles distant. Two miles to the north of Ramleh lies Lydda, "nigh

\* Matthew xxvii. 57-60.



to Joppa,"\* where Peter preached, and healed a man sick of the palsy.

This was our eighteenth day from Cairo; during which time we had rested five days, including the two in which we were detained by rain, and had travelled thirteen. Here we were to leave our camels, and take horses and mules to Jerusalem; camels being unfitted for the mountains of Judea. From our tent we could see the stars and stripes, a sight always pleasant to an American, floating over the residence of our vice consul at Ramleh. Towards night, we ascended the hill on which the city stands, and walked through its streets and bazaars, with Hassanein for our guide.

We had scarcely entered the gate, when we were agreeably surprised at meeting a friend and fellow traveller, the Rev. Mr. Sampson, an Episcopal clergyman from near Coleraine, Ireland, whom we left in Malta, and who was on his way, with his brother, an officer in the British army, to Jerusalem. He joined us in our walk to an ancient stone tower, and other ruins, just outside the town, said to be portions of an old church. They form a quadrangle, resembling the ruined cloister of some large abbey. Beneath these are extensive excavations, supported by lofty arches and columns,

\* Acts ix. 32-38.

which were evidently constructed as reservoirs for water. At the mouth of one of these are the marks of well ropes worn an inch or two into the solid stone. The ascent to the tower is by a winding staircase of one hundred and twenty-five stone steps. From the summit you have a view, which, for beauty and extent, is rarely equalled. The eye takes in a large portion of the vast vale of Sharon, lying immediately beneath and around you; on whose fertile fields were once pastured the royal herds of Israel;\* and whose bright and fragrant flowers are referred to in that beautiful similitude, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys."† On the west, we could see the long line of the deep blue Mediterranean, and the port of Jaffa; the mountains of Judah formed the eastern boundary of the plain; the little town of Lydda, scarcely two miles off, seemed to be nestling beneath the shadow of the trees; numerous villages, surrounded by orchards of olives and figs, dotted the landscape; and the green growing grain proclaimed the fertility of the soil. The sky was without a cloud, and the setting sun threw a soft, mild light over mountain, valley, and sea, which seemed to hallow the scene; and we could not but lift up our hearts in gratitude to the great Creator of them all, for his numberless mercies

\* 1 Chron. xxvii. 29.

† Solomon's Song ii. 1.

to us, through our long journeyings, and especially for the blessings of this our first Sunday in the Holy Land.

We looked into the Latin Convent, a large and comfortable establishment, where our Irish friends had taken up their quarters, and where all travellers, who seek it, are sure to find hospitable entertainment. We, however, always preferred our tents, to any accommodations that could be given within the walls of a building. The American party of ladies and gentlemen, whom we left at Khan Younes, overtook us just at night, and encamped near by.

March 6. We rose at an early hour, elated with the hope of soon having our eyes gladdened with a sight of the Holy City, and anxious to move forward; yet we had to submit to a tedious delay in making preparations for our new mode of travelling. It was with feelings of sadness that we bade adieu to the Arabs who came with us from Cairo, and with many regrets we parted from our patient camels, who had borne us so safely and comfortably over the desert. They returned to El Arish, and we, mounting our horses, attended by Hassanein, set our faces towards Jerusalem. Hassan and Solyman, with another party of Bedouins, had charge of the mules and baggage. The first two hours' ride was across the

vale of Sharon, through fields of grain, and rich pastures, bright with innumerable flowers, just opening to the morning sun.

At ten o'clock we passed, a short distance on our left, the little "village called Emmaus;"\* the same, it is believed, to which the two disciples were going on the morning of the resurrection, when they were joined by our risen Redeemer, who made himself known to them there "in breaking of bread."

We now entered upon the rough, rocky, and desolate region, which extends from the plain of Sharon to the valley of the Jordan. It was all up hill and down, over narrow, precipitous, and rugged paths, reminding us of the ascent of Mount Washington; many of the mountain passes being quite as difficult as that. But all the difficulties and fatigues of the way were forgotten, in the delightful consciousness that we were soon to look upon Mount Zion, and that this day "our feet should stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." Rugged and dreary as this portion of Judea now is, there are existing evidences of its former fertility, and of the careful culture bestowed upon it, in the ruined terraces which cover the hills, and the rich soil that has been washed down into the deep valleys. We can conceive that this, by the divine blessing on human industry, might have

\* Luke xxiv. 13-35.



been the glory of all lands; although we see it wasted and barren, for the iniquities of the people that dwelt therein.

After leaving Emmaus we passed several small towns, one of which was Kirjath-jearim,\* a chief city of the Gibeonites, who made the crafty league with Joshua. From the mountain tops we occasionally had an extensive view; but for the most part the horizon was limited by other lofty hills. At one point the view, on looking back, was truly magnificent; we were upon one of the highest peaks; around us was a sea of hills; beyond lay the vale of Sharon; Ramleh, with its tower, and mosques, and minarets, rising from its centre; and on the furthest verge of the horizon, a long line of the ocean. We should, at any other time, have stopped to gaze on such a scene, but our thoughts were on Jerusalem, and we pressed forward.

Our road was over that which was once the great highway of Judea; by which was transported the merchandise which came to Jaffa, the sea-port of Jerusalem; and over which were carried the materials, the timber of Lebanon, and the stones, which Hiram king of Tyre prepared for the building of Solomon's Temple.† It was a road once thronged with busy men; but how solitary now! Seldom did any sight

\* Josh. ix. 17.

† 1 Kings v.



or sound remind us that we were in a country inhabited. Now and then we heard the voice of an Arab, tending his flock on the hill-side; or we met one, mounted and equipped with pistols and spear, riding rapidly on his sleek courser to his mountain fastnesses. The few pedestrians whom we met, saluted us, not as heretofore, as Howadji, or merchants, the common name by which travellers are called in the East; but, more respectfully, as Hadji, or pilgrims. The Mussulman is honoured with the title of Hadji, when he has visited the tomb of the prophet at Mecca, or the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem; and the Christian is recognized as a Hadji, when he has visited the Holy Places in and around the Holy City.

The only considerable party that we met on this day's ride, was the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, with his staff, and a military guard, on their way to Jaffa, to escort from thence the newly appointed Pasha. They were well mounted, and made quite a gay appearance, with their bright Oriental dresses, their sleek high spirited horses, and rich caparisons.

As we drew near to the end of our pilgrimage, there was quite an excitement in our little party; each one being anxious to get the first view of the Holy City, and spurring his horse forward to every hill-top, or turn in the path, which promised such a pleasure. At three and a half o'clock, on ascending

a slight eminence, we came suddenly in sight of its sacred walls, distant about two or three miles, and in half an hour more we entered by the Jaffa or Bethlehem gate, and took up our abode in the Casa Nuova, a large and commodious house built by the Latin Convent, for the accommodation of travellers, who have their own servants, and bring their own provisions with them.

## CHAPTER VII.

### JERUSALEM.

THE first view of Jerusalem made an impression upon my mind never to be effaced, while memory lasts; and almost daily since has the Holy City come up before me, with the same distinctness, and with as strong emotions, as at that time. The afternoon was bright and clear; the declining sun shone upon its massive walls, and domes, and towers; the hills stood around Jerusalem in all their grandeur; the Mount of Olives, the loftiest and most conspicuous among them, seemed to rise up as their chief guardian, looking down upon Moriah and Zion with watchful care. Oh, what a feeling of joy, and gratitude, and love, pervaded my inmost heart as I gazed upon the scene! With what sincerity could I then exclaim, "How blessed are our eyes" to see this glorious sight. The brightest day-dream of my early life, the cherished wish of my heart for many long years, was fully realized by a sight of "Jerusalem, the city of the great King," and of "Mount

Zion, the joy of the whole earth." In my imagination it so appeared to me now. The glowing description of "the sweet singer of Israel" came to my recollection with a beauty and force never before felt;—"Her foundations are upon the holy hills; the Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob."\* "The hill of Zion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth; upon the north side lieth the city of the Great King. God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge." "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following."† These descriptions seemed to be realized in the outward aspect of Jerusalem; Zion appeared the "perfection of beauty."‡

But we had only to enter it, and the vision was dissipated; narrow, dirty, ill paved streets, dilapidated buildings, squalid poverty, a wretched population, are all that at first meet the eye. You wander about, and wonder if this is the reality, or is it all a dream. Can this be Jerusalem, the Holy City, the Zion of the living God? Was here his tabernacle? Did here he manifest his glory? Was this his chosen seat? Did kings and princes bring their treasures here, to

\* Ps. lxxxvii. 1.

† Ps. xlviii. 2, 3, 12, 13.

‡ Ps. l. 2.

enrich and to beautify it? Alas, then, "how is the gold become dim, and how has the most fine gold changed!" Wherever the eye rests, you are reminded of the lamentation of the prophet, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies. Judah is gone into captivity, because of affliction, and because of great servitude; she dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest; all her persecutors overtook her between the straits. The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts; all her gates are desolate; her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness. Her adversaries are the chief, her enemies prosper; for the Lord hath afflicted her for the multitude of her transgressions; her children are gone into captivity before the enemy. And from the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed; her princes are become like harts that find no pasture; and they are gone without strength before the pursuer. Jerusalem remembered in the days of her affliction, and of her miseries, all her pleasant things that she had in the days of old, when her people fell into the hand



of the enemy, and none did help her; the adversaries saw her and did mock at her sabbaths. Jerusalem hath grievously sinned; therefore she is removed; all that honoured her, despise her." "The adversary hath spread out his hand upon all her pleasant things; for she hath seen that the heathen entered into her sanctuary, whom thou didst command that they should not enter into thy congregation. All her people sigh, they seek bread; they have given their pleasant things for meat to relieve the soul; see, O Lord, and consider; for I am become vile. Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."\* "What thing shall I liken to thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? What shall I equal to thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Zion? for thy breach is great like the sea; who can heal thee? All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city that men call The Perfection of beauty, The Joy of the whole earth?"†

More than twenty-four centuries ago this was prophecy; it is now history; a narration of events and facts which have taken place, of predictions

\* Lam. i.

† Lament. ii. 13 to 15.

fulfilled and yet fulfilling, since "The Lord of Glory," whom the Jews, by wicked hands, crucified and slew,—beheld the city and wept over it, saying, "If thou hadst known, even thou at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes."\* The desolation then foretold has been fearfully accomplished; Jerusalem has ever since been "Trodden down of the Gentiles," and all her glory is departed. But the time will come, it may be distant, but it is sure, when she shall arise, and shake herself from the dust, put on her beautiful garments, and again become a praise in the earth. She shall once more hear and obey that Heavenly voice, which her prophets uttered, "Awake, awake, stand up, O Jerusalem, which hast drunk at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury; thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out."† "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city; for henceforth there shall no more come unto thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust; arise and sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion."‡ Great and glorious will be that event, when the dispersed among the Jews shall

\* Luke xix. 41, 42.

† Is. li. 17.

‡ Is. lii. 1, 2.

be gathered home, "The fulness of the Gentiles be come in, and so all Israel shall be saved."\* "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."†

We spent a portion of our first evening in Jerusalem at the house of Bishop Gobat, and called on the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, the Rector of the English Church, and on Mr. Finn, the British Consul, to all of whom we had letters; and whose kindness and attention to us, during our brief stay, I take this opportunity of gratefully recording. To Dr. Barclay and his family also, American residents in Jerusalem, we were indebted for many kind services. They have been two or three years in Palestine, and are quite familiar with its sacred localities. From the terrace of their house is one of the best views that can be had of the city, the Mosque of Omar, the Mount of Olives, and, in the far distance, the mountains of Moab. This magnificent view we repeatedly enjoyed in our visits to their house; and we have since had the pleasure of seeing it transferred to canvass in the accurate panorama which the Doctor has recently exhibited in Philadelphia.

\* Rom. xi. 25, 26.

† Isai. xxxv. 10.

March 7th. Our intention was, the morning after our arrival, to take a general survey of the city and its environs, and make ourselves familiar with its streets and most interesting localities, so that we could afterwards find our own way from place to place, without the aid of a guide. The day was unpropitious, being cloudy and cold, with occasional showers; but our time was precious, and we resolved to make the most of it. Accordingly, having secured the services of "Old Thomas," an experienced and well-known guide, familiar with every spot in and about the city, and every tradition connected with it, we began our first perambulation.

Leaving our convent home, in the northwestern part of the city, a very short walk brought us to the Church of the Resurrection, or, as it is more commonly called, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; a large mass of irregular buildings covering an area of about three hundred feet square, and embracing under the several roofs, what are supposed to be the site of Calvary, the place of the Crucifixion, and the garden in which was Joseph's own new tomb, wherein our Saviour was laid; with numerous other localities, such as the stone of anointing, the stone upon which the angel sat, and the place where St. John and the holy women stood, at the time of the Crucifixion. From this church we passed through the longest street in Jerusalem,



known as the Via Dolorosa; being, as is supposed, that by which our Saviour was conducted, bearing his cross, from Pilate's judgment hall to Calvary. On our way we looked in at the little Church of the Flagellation, marking the spot where Christ is said to have been scourged; then passing the Governor's house, adjoining the temple area, and Herod's palace, we came to the arch of the Ecce Homo, where Pilate is said to have brought our Saviour forth, "wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe," when he said to the people, "Behold the man!"\* A short distance from this are the ruins of the ancient church of St. John; and, a little beyond, near the city wall, and to the right of St. Stephen's gate, is a large reservoir, which was evidently constructed to supply the city with water; but it is now dry, and partially filled with rubbish. This, since the time of Constantine, at least fifteen hundred years, has been known as the pool of Bethesda; the scene of that beautiful miracle, the cure of the impotent man, recorded in St. John's Gospel.† The area of this empty pool, or reservoir, is three hundred and sixty feet in length, by one hundred and thirty in breadth, and seventy-five feet deep, according to Dr. Robinson.

We went out St. Stephen's gate, and kept close along by the eastern and southern wall, on the brow

\* John xix. 5.

† John v. 1, 9.



of the mountain, overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat, through which runs the Kidron. The ridge of hills beyond embraces Mount Olivet, Mount of Offence, and Mount of Evil Counsel. On our left, high up on Olivet, were the place of the Ascension, and that where the Saviour wept over the city. Deep down in the valley could be seen the Garden of Gethsemane, the tombs of St. James, Zachariah, and Jehoshaphat, and the pillar of Absalom. Further on are the King's gardens, the pool of Siloam, the well of En Rogel, or Joab's well, and at the point where the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom unite, is Aceldama, the field of blood; and, beyond this, the upper and lower pools of Gihon. Our walk took us through the Turkish burial ground; and, passing the Golden gate, now closed up, the gate of Siloam, and Zion gate, we entered by the Jaffa, or Bethlehem gate, which is flanked by the tower of David, but a few steps from our convent. Thus ended our first "walk about Zion."

The general aspect of the country immediately around Jerusalem is not so desolate as I had expected to see it. There are many thrifty olive-trees on the side and summit of Mount Olivet, and gardens of vegetables, with patches of grain, on the slopes of the hills on which the city stands, and along the valley of the Kidron. Enough remains to remind one of the ancient fertility of the soil, and to awaken

painful recollections of the time when costly dwellings, and the palaces of kings, covered that part of Zion which is now "ploughed as a field;"\* so literally has the prophecy of its ruin been fulfilled.

The first two or three days after our arrival, the weather continued cold, with rain and snow, rendering it dreary enough out of doors, and cheerless within; for there was neither stove nor fireplace in our room, and we had no other means of warming it but with a pan of charcoal. When we arose on the morning of the fourth day, we were surprised to see the streets and buildings, and the hills around, white with snow; covering them to the depth of four inches. But this proved to be the last of the cold and rainy season. It cleared off delightfully in the afternoon, the snow disappeared as rapidly as it came, under the influence of a bright sun; and, from that time, the weather, with one or two exceptions, continued pleasant during our whole tour in Palestine.

The place of all others, within the walls of Jerusalem, to which the footsteps of the pilgrim are naturally first turned, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, under whose roof are the supposed sites of the cross and the tomb. This large building, or rather collection of buildings, covering an area of

\* Jer. xxvi. 18. Mic. iii. 12.

more than two acres, is occupied by Armenians, Greeks, Latins, Copts, and Syrians, each sect having a separate chapel of its own; but all claiming a common right to perform religious ceremonies in the Basilica of Constantine, the church which that emperor erected, in the early part of the fourth century, to protect the sepulchre.

The church which his mother the Empress Helena built, was, it is said, over the place where the true cross was found; but must not be confounded with the chapel that covers Calvary, which is in another place, and of a much later date. These, with several other structures, are so grouped together as to constitute the one building, which now bears the name of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

It is not my intention to attempt a particular description of this church, as it would hardly be intelligible without a ground-plan. The entrance is through a square court, paved with marble, and once supported by marble columns, portions of the bases of which still remain. A Turk sits within, by the side of the door, as a police officer, to preserve order among the numerous visitors and worshippers. On entering, you turn a little to the left, and proceeding a few yards, find yourself beneath a lofty dome of the Basilica. In the centre stands a small shrine or chapel, elaborately wrought of marble and alabaster, and hung around with gold and silver

lamps, which are kept perpetually burning; this is the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre. You remove a curtain, which covers the entrance to a vestibule ten or twelve feet square; immediately before you is a narrow passage-way, six feet long, which you can pass through by stooping very low, and you are then in the tomb itself. This is a space of about six by seven feet, one side of which is occupied by what appears to be a white marble sarcophagus, that is shown to you as "the place where the Lord lay." The whole, however, is so encased in oriental alabaster, and decorated with paintings and gilding, that it has no appearance of a "tomb hewn out in the rock." But that here, or near this spot, was once Joseph of Arimathea's own new tomb, in which, with pious solemnity, the body of our blessed Lord was laid, I have very little doubt. About fifty yards from this, you ascend by a flight of stone steps to another chapel, which covers the supposed place where the cross stood. Beneath the floor is shown a large rent in the natural rock, which forms the foundation of the house, said to have been made by an earthquake at the time of the crucifixion.

Many other traditional spots are pointed out in this locality; but, whether true or not, are comparatively unimportant. That this is Calvary, and that the spot so designated, or one very near it, is the site of the cross on which the Lamb of God was crucified, I have as lit-



tle doubt as that, "nigh to this place," was the scene of his burial and his glorious resurrection. For more than fifteen centuries, uninterrupted tradition has pointed to these sacred spots, as the scenes of the crucifixion and the resurrection; and during that long period of time, the whole Christian world has received the tradition as unquestionably true. It is only of late years that it has been called in question, and many books of controversy have been written, on the localities of the holy places, by men of distinguished ability and piety, holding very opposite views on the subject. Into this controversy I have no disposition to enter; for it is not suited to my taste, nor, if it were, would it be profitable to my readers. I think I have sufficiently examined both sides of the question, to be able to come to a tolerably just conclusion in my own mind, as to the identity of those places which are deemed most sacred. But I look upon each and every traditionary locality, as altogether unimportant, compared with the one great acknowledged fact, that this is JERUSALEM, the HOLY CITY, standing upon the mountains of ZION and MORIAH; that near it are MOUNT OLIVET and GETHSEMANE, BETHANY and BETHLEHEM, and other places where the blessed Redeemer's feet have trod; where he lived and laboured, suffered and died, and triumphed, "for us men, and for our salvation." It is of no moment to me, whether this or that event



took place exactly here, or exactly there, so long as I can know and feel, that the small circle of horizon, which bounds my vision, embraces the central spot of the earth; that within it were enacted the greatest events which have taken place since the foundation of the world; and that from it went forth the glorious light which is to enlighten the world. All this is enough for me to know; and yet, I am disposed thankfully to receive any tradition for sacred localities, which has all antiquity in its favour, and no reasonable argument, to my mind, against it. My own views and feelings on this whole subject are so well expressed by a late English writer, that I take the liberty of quoting his remarks. Speaking of the uncertainty which "hangs over spots intimately connected with the great events of the Christian religion," he says, "But the doubts which envelope the lesser things, do not extend to the greater; they attach to the 'Holy Places,' but not to the 'Holy Land.'"

"The clouds, which cover the special localities, are only specks in the clear light which invests the general geography of Palestine. Not only are the sites of Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem, absolutely indisputable, but there is hardly a town or village of note mentioned in the Old and New Testament, which cannot still be identified with a certainty which often extends to the very spots which are

signalized in the history. If Sixtus V. had succeeded in his project of carrying off the Holy Sepulchre, the essential interest of Jerusalem would have suffered as little as that of Bethlehem by the alleged transference of the manger to Sta. Maria Maggiore, or as that of Nazareth, were we to share the belief that its holy house were standing far away on the Hill of Loretto. The very notion of the transference being thought desirable or possible, is a proof of the slight connection existing in the minds of those who entertain it, between the sanctuaries themselves and the enduring charm which must always attach to the real scenes of great events. It shows the difference (which is often confounded) between the local superstition of touching and handling,—of making topography a matter of religion,—and that reasonable and religious instinct which leads us to investigate the natural features of historical scenes, sacred or secular, as one of the best helps to judging of the events of which they were the stage. These 'Holy Places' have indeed a history of their own, which, whatever be their origin, must always give them a position amongst the celebrated spots which have influenced the fortunes of the globe. The convent of Bethlehem can never lose the associations of Jerome, nor can the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ever cease to be bound up with the recollections of the crusaders, or with the tears and prayers of

thousands of pilgrims, which, of themselves, amidst whatever fanaticism and ignorance, almost consecrate the walls within which they are offered. But these reminiscences, and the instruction which they convey, bear the same relation to those awakened by the original and still living geography of Palestine, as the latter course of ecclesiastical history bears to its divine source. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in this as in other aspects, is a type of the history of the church itself; and the contrast thus suggested is more consoling than melancholy. Alike in sacred topography and in sacred history, there is a wide and free atmosphere of truth above, a firm ground of reality beneath, which no doubts, controversies, or scandals, concerning this or that particular spot, this or that particular opinion or sect, can affect or disturb. The churches of the Holy Sepulchre, or of the Holy House, may be closed against us; but we have still the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee; the sky, the flowers, the trees, the fields, which suggested the parables,—the holy hills, which cannot be moved, but stand fast forever.”\*

With these sentiments, I fully coincide; and therefore I enter into no argument to prove or disprove a generally received tradition of any of the holy places; but simply give my own impressions, and

\* London Quart. Rev., vol. xciii. p. 461.

the reflections which arose in my mind at the time of visiting them.

In our second walk outside the city walls, we had young Mr. Barclay for our guide and companion. Leaving the city by the Jaffa gate, we descended by a precipitous path to the lower pool of Gihon, and then proceeded a short distance further down the valley to En Rogel, or Joab's well. Both these places were scenes of interesting events, at one and the same time, in David's reign. His son Adonijah, by the advice of Joab, that he might secure the crown to himself, "prepared him chariots and horsemen, and fifty men to run before him. And he slew sheep, and oxen, and fat cattle by the stone of Zohemoth, which is by En Rogel, and called all his brethren, the king's sons, and all the men of Judah, the king's servants." When David heard of this unnatural rebellion, he commanded his attendants, saying, "Take with you the servants of your Lord, and cause Solomon my son to ride upon mine own mule, and bring him down to Gihon; and let Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anoint him there king over Israel; and blow ye with the trumpet, and say, God save King Solomon."\* The blasts of the trumpet, and the shoutings of the people of Gihon, were heard by the

\* 1 Kings i. 9, 33, 34.



rebels at En Rogel, and occasioned their immediate dispersion, and the flight of their leader.

The position of the two places corresponds with the Scripture narrative. The well, a large stone structure, said to be very deep, was at the time we saw it nearly full, and sent forth a plentiful supply of water. At this point the valley of Gihon and the valley of Hinnom, down which we had passed, unite with the valley of Jehoshaphat, or Kidron. Following the footpath up this latter valley, which lies deep down between the mountains on which the city stands, and those on its southern and eastern border, we passed the King's gardens, as they are called, where were once the gardens of David and Solomon; and the tree of Isaiah, said to mark the spot where the prophet was sawn asunder. A short distance beyond, we came to the pool of Siloam, which is associated in the mind of every Christian with that memorable miracle in which our Saviour "anointed the eyes of the blind man with clay, and said unto him, Go wash in the pool of Siloam, which is, by interpretation, Sent. He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing."\* This pool is a large stone reservoir, supplied by an underground stream flowing from a fountain, called also the fountain, or pool, of Siloam, which is further up

\* John, ix. 6, 7.



the valley and on the slope of Mount Zion. On your right, at the lower pool, and almost overhanging it, is the dilapidated village of Siloam, clinging to the rocks high up on the side of the mount of Offence. The upper pool, called also the well of the Virgin, is much the more important of the two. You descend to it by a broad flight of thirty steps cut out of the rock, and worn smooth by use. The water rises into a deep basin, from which it is dipped up and carried away in bottles of skin or earthen jars. We drank of that pure stream, where it flows "fast by the oracle of God," and probably has continued to flow, as now, from the days of David, and "David's greater Son." Of these waters, kings, and priests, and prophets, and apostles, drank; and here, it may be, our Redeemer quenched his thirst, when, for our sakes, he was subject to man's infirmities.

This fountain was held in such high estimation by the Jews, that when the city was rebuilt by Nehemiah, after the captivity, it was deemed a matter worthy of special record that Shallum not only repaired the "gate of the fountain," but he also "built the wall of the pool of Siloah, by the king's garden."\*

Advancing up the valley, we soon came to a group of four remarkable structures, known as the

\* Nehem. iii. 15.

tombs of Zachariah, St. James, Absalom, and Jehoshaphat. These sepulchral monuments are hewed out of the solid rock. Those which bear the names of Jehoshaphat and St. James are excavations in the ledge; the former is subterranean, only the entrance being visible; the latter, consists of three rooms, with a front overlooking the valley, and ornamented with several columns. The tombs of Zachariah and Absalom are each about twenty feet square, at the base, and from thirty to forty feet in height. Whether any one of these was the sepulchre of the person whose name it bears, may be doubtful; but it is interesting to look on monuments which a long tradition has associated with such persons. The Scriptures tell us that the body of David's rebellious son was cast into a pit, in the wood where he was slain, "and a very great heap of stones was laid upon him;" but in the next verse it is said, "Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's place."\* May not this structure in the valley of Jehoshaphat be the pillar referred to? It has indeed served to "keep his name in remembrance;" for neither Turk nor

\* 2 Sam. xviii. 17, 18.

Jew passes it, without casting a stone at it, to testify their abhorrence of his unnatural sin. The monument is much battered, and the ground is covered for many yards around with these stones. Stoning to death was the punishment prescribed by the law for rebellion against parents.\* The Jews' cemetery is on the side of the Mount of Olives, near these tombs, and immediately opposite the site of their ancient temple. It is a sacred spot, where every Jew desires that his body may rest until the resurrection day, and many come from distant lands, that they may have the privilege of being buried here. The graves extend over a large part of the hill-side, and each is covered with a plain flat stone, generally without inscription or ornament.

About three hundred paces further up the valley, on the slope of Mount Olivet, we came to the garden of Gethsemane, where our blessed Saviour "oft-times resorted with his disciples."† I hardly need say, that this was to me the most interesting spot in all the Holy Land; for I cannot conceive that it should be otherwise to any Christian traveller. Here the hand of man has done little, for the reason that it could do little, to mar the natural simplicity and loveliness of the place. You see at once that, in the Saviour's time, from its entire seclusion, it might

\* Deut. xxi. 20, 21.

† John xviii. 2.

well have been a chosen spot for retirement from the noise and bustle of the city, for friendly intercourse, holy meditation, and private or social prayer. No works of art disfigure this, as they disfigure most of the other sacred places in and around Jerusalem. The garden is in possession of the Latin Convent, who, in order to preserve it, have built around it a plain stone wall. Within the enclosure are eight immense olive-trees, which, from their size and appearance, are thought to be nearly, if not quite, a thousand years old; and it is not improbable that they sprang from the roots of trees which were here in the days of our Saviour. Neither on the mountains of Judea, nor in any other part of Syria, did we see trees of such magnitude as these, or of such apparent antiquity. They are of nearly equal size; and, had there been no sacred associations connected with them, I should have gazed upon their twisted, gnarled trunks, and giant forms, with wonder and admiration. One of them, which appeared to be somewhat the largest, measured twenty-four feet in circumference at the distance of four feet from the ground. Whatever opinion may be formed as to this being the site of the garden of Gethsemane, I think all travellers will agree with a recent writer, that "The eight aged olive-trees, now indeed less striking, in the modern garden enclosure than when they stood free and unprotected on the rough hill-

side, will remain, so long as their already protracted life is spared, the most venerable of their race on the surface of the earth; of all the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem, the most affecting, and, excepting the everlasting hills themselves, most nearly carrying back the thoughts to the events which they commemorate.”\*

Beneath the shadow of these trees, a few plants and flowers are cultivated, and among them, most appropriately, the passion-vine and the wall-flower. Such is the present appearance of Gethsemane; once the favourite resort of our blessed Redeemer and his apostles, while in the active exercise of his public ministry; and the scene of his last and most fearful trial, when all the powers of darkness were permitted to assault him, and to inflict on him sufferings even greater than those of the cross. For his *body*, it has been truly said, was crucified on Calvary; but his *soul*, which became “exceeding sorrowful even unto death,”† was crucified in Gethsemane. “He endured the torments of men only, on the cross, but of devils in the garden.” Such was his agony, that “his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.”‡

Here it was that the traitor came with a multitude

\* Lond. Quart. Rev. vol. xciii. p. 448.

† Matt. xxvi. 38.

‡ Luke xxii. 44.



to betray his master; and here "the band and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus, and bound him, and led him away," to be tried, condemned, and crucified. Gethsemane is the spot, of all others, where one should go by himself to meditate on these things; and, in the solitude of its shade, "commune with his own heart and be still."

Crossing the Kidron, and climbing the steep side of Moriah by a winding path, we entered St. Stephen's gate, and returned through the Via Dolorosa to the Convent.

March 10. The weather was unusually cold for the season; ice having formed in the night half an inch in thickness; but the morning was bright and clear, and we began our walk at an early hour, intending to accomplish as much as possible during the day. Preceded by the janizary of the American vice-consul, and attended by our own dragoman, we went first to the governor's house, which occupies, it is supposed, the very ground on which Pilate's Judgment Hall once stood, and forms a part of the wall surrounding the Mosques of Omar and Achsah. From the terrace, an elevation of some fifty or sixty feet, you have the best view that can be obtained of the whole temple area; for neither Jew nor Christian is permitted to enter the enclosure, on penalty of death.

The space within the walls is fifteen hundred feet in length, by one thousand in breadth, or about one mile in circuit; and probably embraces all that formerly constituted the courts of Solomon's temple. Of God's "holy and beautiful house," where his chosen people worshipped, not one stone remains; but you know that you are looking down upon its ancient site, the scene of some of the most wonderful events in the world's history; events in which all nations of men, through all time, past, present, and future, have an equal interest. You feel that you are standing near, if not upon the very spot, where HE, the Lord of that temple, who became man for us, was for our sakes buffeted and scourged, and sentenced to an ignominious death. You have the evidence before you, how fearfully that sin of the fathers, in crucifying the Lord of glory, has been visited on their children. "The heathen have come into Christ's inheritance, his holy temple they have defiled, and made Jerusalem an heap of stones."\* Near the centre of the area, upon an elevated platform of marble, rises the mosque of Omar with its gorgeous dome and minarets; but it is not so imposing in its appearance as the mosque of Mohammed Ali at Cairo. Beyond it, on the south, covering, as is supposed, the site of the Holy of Holies, is the

\* Ps. lxxix. 1.

mosque of Achsah. Marble pavements, with numerous small shrines and fountains, also of marble, surround these; and many tall cypress-trees adorn the courts. I do not know that we could have had a more satisfactory view of the whole, if we had been permitted to enter the gates.

On the outside of this wall, at the southwest corner, where the foundations are built up from the valley of the Tyropoeon to a level with the area, are some immense stones near the ground, which are thought to belong to the substructure of the ancient temple. The wall here rises to a very great height, probably eighty or a hundred feet, and immediately above is the mosque of Achsah, occupying, as I have said, the supposed site of the Holy of Holies. The Jews have purchased the melancholy privilege of assembling every Friday morning on this spot, to mourn over the desolations of Zion, and to bathe these "goodly stones" with their tears; it is therefore called the "Jews' wailing place." We were there a little before their usual time of meeting, but we found a number of men and women already assembled, some sitting on the ground, uttering plaintive cries, accompanied with a motion of the body expressive of the deepest grief; others were kissing the stones, and pressing their foreheads against them, uttering at the same time loud lamentations for their city and temple, and prayers for

their restoration. No one can witness these outward demonstrations of distress, without being affected almost to tears; nor without the conviction that much of it is real heartfelt sorrow; and no Christian can look upon these descendants of Abraham, without a fervent prayer, that "the blindness in part, which is happened to Israel,"\* may be speedily removed; that, in fulfilment of his own precious promise, God would "appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" and that they should "build the old wastes, raise up the former desolations, and repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations."†

Near the wailing place, and forming a portion of the same wall, are what appeared to be the remains of an ancient arch, which Dr. Robinson supposes, with great probability, is a portion of the bridge erected by Solomon across the Tyropoeon valley, to connect the palace of David, on Mt. Zion, with the temple on Mt. Moriah. The principal stone in this arch measures twenty four and a half feet in length, and more than five feet in thickness. These remains bear evidence of greater antiquity than any

\* Rom. xi. 25.

† Isia. lxi. 3, 4.

other portion of the temple walls, which we had an opportunity of seeing.

Passing from here through the Jews' quarter, the most wretched and filthy portion of the city, we went out at the gate nearest to the pool of Siloam, known in Scripture as "the gate of the fountain;"\* and continued up the valley of Jehoshaphat until we came to the tombs of the kings, which are on the north of the city, about half a mile from the Damascus gate. They consist of large sepulchral chambers excavated in the rocky ledge. The principal one has an elaborately wrought portal; but the rooms are not so extensive, nor so highly finished, as those which we saw at Thebes. I believe the general opinion is, that these could not have been places of sepulture for any of the kings of Israel; but that they are of a much more recent date.

Returning towards the city, we passed, a few hundred feet from it, a large grotto in the rock, said to be the cave where the prophet Jeremiah dwelt, and where he wrote his book of Lamentations. It is a sacred place to the Moslems; and it is only within a few years that admission has been allowed to Christians. The door to it was now closed, and we could find no person to open it for us. At the Damascus gate, we ascended by a flight of stairs to the top of

\* Nehem. iii. 15.



the wall, and continued around the battlements for nearly a mile, until we reached the Bethlehem gate ; thus having made, in our walk of eight hours, the entire circuit of the city.

We entered the citadel, or castle of David, which flanks this gate, and from one of the towers, known as that of Hippius, we had a commanding view of the whole city, and the hills and valleys around. We lingered long to enjoy this view ; and then returned to our lodgings, to go over in memory the exciting scenes of the day.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### BETHLEHEM AND MOUNT OLIVET.

MARCH 11. We had made our arrangements for visiting Bethlehem, and were not to be deterred by the threatening aspect of the clouds, for our time was limited. It was Saturday, the next day must be spent in the Holy City, and Monday was fixed upon to begin our excursion to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Bethlehem is only six miles south of Jerusalem, and can easily be reached in an hour and a half. In spite of the rain therefore, which began to fall, and promised to continue through the day, we mounted our horses, rode out the Jaffa gate, descended Mt. Zion by a precipitous path along the valley of the Gihon, leaving the lower pool on our right, and crossed the valley of Hinnom. Our road then lay for a mile or two along the eastern edge of the plain of Rephaim, or "the valley of the giants ;\* memorable for the wars of David with the Philis-

\* Joshua xv. 8.

tines, who made this their chief battle-ground, and who were here twice defeated by the youthful monarch with great slaughter.\* Leaving this valley, we entered a hilly country of great fertility, abounding in groves of olive and fig-trees, fields of wheat and barley, and rich pasture lands for flocks.

In a little more than one hour from Jerusalem, and within a mile and a half of Bethlehem, is seen on the right, not far from the road, a small white stone structure, like a chapel, such as is often seen in the East over the grave of a santon, or saint; this is known as Rachel's tomb. Tradition has marked this as the spot where Jacob's best beloved wife, the mother of Joseph, was buried; and it is in connection with this event, that we find the name of Bethlehem first mentioned in Scripture. In Jacob's journey from Bethel, southward, with his family, and flocks and herds, when near to Ephrath, Rachel died in giving birth to Benjamin, "and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."† Jacob, at the time of his decease, in his last interview with Joseph, thus alludes to her death and burial; "As for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet

\* 2 Sam. iv. 18, 25.

† Genesis xxxv. 19, 20.

there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath ; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath ; the same is Bethlehem."\* Can we doubt that such a spot, within the territory of Judah and Benjamin, on the great highway between their two principal cities, so marked by a monumental pillar, set up by the patriarch's own hand, would be held sacred by the Jew in all after ages ? Though the original monument may have long since perished, and others, which pious hands erected, have fallen into decay and been again renewed, the exact locality of Rachel's grave has in all probability been thus preserved.

Bethlehem is a strong walled town of some three or four thousand inhabitants, mostly Christians ; the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, having each a convent here. The houses are better built, and the streets are cleaner and better paved, than those which are generally met with in Palestine. Its appearance is imposing, as you approach it from the north. The three convents and the church of the Nativity, crowning the summit of the hill, look like one vast citadel. The country around still bears traces of its former fertility, which was probably the occasion of its name ; Bethlehem, signifying *the house of bread*, and Ephrath, *the fruitful*. A steep

\* Genesis xlviii. 7.

and zigzag path leads up to the northern gate, by which we entered; and, passing through the main street, we were soon at the Franciscan Convent, which, externally, has more the appearance of a strong fortress, than of a religious house. Its position on a rocky precipice, its high and massive stone walls, its single portal, the low, narrow gate of iron, through which only one person can enter at a time, and then only by bending almost double, show that it was intended for protection, and, in perilous times, could offer stout resistance to any invader.

The Superior of the convent, to whom we had commendatory letters as Hadji, from the head of our convent at Jerusalem, received and entertained us with every mark of kindness and hospitality. Adjoining the convent, and within the same enclosure, is the church of St. Catharine, erected by the Empress Helena over the place of the Nativity; its nave is said to be a part of the original church, and the oldest Christian structure in Palestine. Its architecture is bold and impressive; the roof is of cedar of Lebanon, dark with age, springing into lofty arches, and supported by twenty-eight marble columns. Underneath the floor of this church are three small chapels, marking the place of the Nativity, the manger, and that where the wise men presented their offerings to the Infant Saviour. Here also are the tombs of Eusebius and St. Jerome; and



near them the cave, which the latter chose as his residence, that he might be near the birthplace of our Lord. In this cave he lived an anchorite for thirty or forty years, and accomplished that great work, the translation of the Scriptures into the Latin tongue, now known as the Vulgate.

The chapel of the Nativity is overlaid with marble and alabaster, like that of the Holy Sepulchre, and hung around with costly lamps, the gifts of various sovereigns. The glare of light from these ever-burning lamps, reflected from the polished marble and gilded ornaments, and revealing tawdry pictures of saints, produced in my own mind mingled emotions of pity and sorrow. One cannot but grieve to think that a spot, so revered, should be so marred by man's mistaken piety and zeal, as to leave nothing to remind one that here once stood the stable, where the Saviour was born, and the manger in which he was cradled. Yet that this is the place, so honoured above all honour, there can be, I think, no reasonable doubt. My opinion is, that the stable stood here, and that the inn, where Joseph and Mary could find no room, was over it. We frequently saw houses where the lower story was for stables, and the upper for a dwelling.

I was glad to get into the open air, and from the terrace of the convent look out upon the beautiful prospect which spread around. The fertile fields

needed only a better culture to render Bethlehem literally now, as it was once, a *house of bread*; to make her valleys "stand so thick with corn that they should laugh and sing." From this terrace we could discern one beautifully green field, in a secluded valley among the hills, called "the field of the shepherds;" for here, traditions say, shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks by night, when "the glory of the Lord shone round about them," and angels proclaimed to them "glad tidings of great joy." But whether the traditions of the sacred localities, which we had been examining, were true or not, was a matter of but little moment to us, compared with the fact, that we were in a city nearly four thousand years old; and, next to Jerusalem, with all its hallowed associations, the most interesting city on this our globe.

We knew that we were in Bethlehem Judah, where the patriarch Jacob had been; where Boaz, "that mighty man of wealth,"\* the grandfather of Jesse, dwelt; where David, the son of Jesse, was born. We knew that we were in Bethlehem Ephraim, foretold by Micah the prophet, as the place out of which was to come the "Ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."† In a word, we knew that we were in "the

\* Ruth ii. 1.

† Mic. v. 2.

city of David," and that here, Oh, wonderful condescension and love! was born, for us, and for all mankind, "a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

As we stood upon the site of his nativity, and looked abroad upon the fields and valleys, we knew that in some one of them, the watchful shepherds saw the glorious light, and heard the heavenly song. The hills and the valleys, the brooks, the fountains, and the fields, are the same now that they were when Ruth gleaned here, in the field of her rich kinsman; the same as when David kept his father's sheep; the same as when, eighteen centuries ago, rejoicing angels proclaimed to wondering shepherds a Saviour's birth. What these were then they are now; Bethlehem is Bethlehem still; and we felt it our highest privilege to walk and meditate among such consecrated scenes, where kings and patriarchs, prophets and apostles, had lived and laboured. It was a delightful thought, that we were in that city, which, though, in one sense, "little among the thousands of Judah," was, in another sense, immeasurably the greatest. It was the birthplace of Christianity. Here the "Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings;" and from this central point has radiated the light to lighten the world.

March 12. It was Sunday, and we went in the early morning to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,

where we witnessed some ceremonies, unintelligible to us, performed around the shrine, by a procession of Armenian priests, with the Patriarch at their head ; a noble-looking man, wearing a golden mitre, and bearing in his hand a large gold cross. His robes were of yellow silk damask, while those of the priests were also of silk, of bright and varied colours. The procession, with numerous banners, marched several times around the shrine of the sepulchre, chanting the service ; and continued their chant, while the Patriarch entered, for a few minutes, the chapel of the tomb ; they then marched in the same order to their place of worship.

At ten o'clock, we attended service in the beautiful stone church, which the English have erected on Mt. Zion. The bishop read the ante-communion service ; and the rector preached a plain practical sermon, on the subject of our Lord's temptation, which was the gospel for the day, the first Sunday in Lent. The second lesson, according to the English ritual, was the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke ; the history of our blessed Lord's trial, condemnation, mockery, scourging, crucifixion, and burial. I need not say, that in the midst of those scenes where these awful events occurred, I listened to that inspired record of my Redeemer's sufferings, as I never listened before.



When the service was over, we went out to the Mount of Olives, and sat down upon the spot where our Saviour "beheld the city and wept over it;" a most fitting place to meditate upon what we had heard, and what our Lord had here foretold, would be the consequence of Jerusalem's rejection of him.

As there was to be no afternoon service, we passed the remainder of the day on the mount, which is hallowed by as many sacred associations, as any other spot in the Holy Land, not excepting Calvary. Both Calvary and Olivet were the scenes of our Divine Redeemer's greatest sufferings, and most glorious triumphs; sufferings and triumphs, which were alike necessary to the full accomplishment of man's salvation. On Calvary he "endured the cross, despising the shame;" on Calvary his lifeless body was consigned to the tomb; and on Calvary he proclaimed himself the Lord of life, by his "mighty resurrection." But in the garden on Olivet it was, that his soul became "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" and in that awful agony, "his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground;"\* and from thence, betrayed by his "own familiar friend," "he was led as a lamb to the slaughter." From Olivet he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the assembled multitudes proclaimed him their King Messiah; and on

\* Luke xxii. 44.



Olivet he displayed his last and most signal triumph, when, in presence of his wondering disciples, he "ascended up on high," a victorious conqueror, "leading captivity captive;" taking possession of his mediatorial kingdom, and resuming the glory which he had with the Father "before the world was."\*

If my readers will go forth with me, on this Sabbath day's journey, we will commune together by the way, concerning persons, places, and events, equally dear to us all; and it shall be my endeavour to give them as distinct an idea as I can, of the present appearance of the sacred localities which lie along our path.

Passing down the Via Dolorosa to St. Stephen's gate, on the east, as soon as we are outside of the city walls, we find ourselves on the brow of Mount Moriah, near to the temple area; and before us, in full view, rises Mount Olivet; not green with growing grain, nor covered with forest trees, nor bright with cheerful cottages, like many of our own beautiful hills; but, for the most part, rocky, brown, and barren; yet with groves of olive and fig-trees scattered over its sides, with here and there a tomb, or a mosque, or an ancient ruin, marking some peculiarly hallowed spot. From this point the eye takes in at one view, several miles of this noble mountain range, from the base, which lies deep down in the valley

\* John xvii. 5.

before you, to the summit, which rises high above the other hills. A very few steps, not more than fifty from the city gate, will bring us to the edge of the descent; and, following the steep and difficult path down the side of Moriah, a hundred and fifty paces more bring us to the bottom of the slope, and we are now in the valley of Jehoshaphat, which is here not more than a hundred yards wide.

Crossing the Kidron by a stone bridge, where no brook at present flows, the winter torrents being dried up, we come immediately to Gethsemane. Our path lies along by the garden wall to its northeastern corner, and then goes winding up to the highest part of the mountain, and onward to Bethany. Few foot-paths around the Holy City possess so many sacred associations as this.

We know that it has been hallowed by the footsteps of holy men of old, and by our blessed Redeemer himself. Whenever he retired to the Mount of Olives, and whenever he visited his friends in Bethany, it was probably along this pathway that he walked. More than a thousand years before our Saviour's time, this path across the Kidron and up Mount Olivet, was the scene of one of the most affecting events recorded in the Old Testament. In the history of David's flight from Absalom, we read that "all the country wept with a loud voice, and all the people passed over; the king also himself passed

over the brook Kidron, and all the people passed over toward the way of the wilderness. And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up.”\* What a season of humiliation was this for the illustrious King of Israel, when driven from his capital by the cruel conspiracy of his own best-beloved son! What significant signs of grief were these, in prince and people, fleeing barefooted, with their heads covered, and weeping as they went! How forcibly does this history bring to our mind that night of darkness, and sorrow, and perfidy, and betrayal, when a greater king of Israel, even David’s Lord and ours, went forth from his own city, with his weeping disciples, over this same path, to Olivet and Gethsemane; where he became “exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;” and that, because his “own familiar friend, whom he trusted, who did eat of his bread, had lifted up his heel against him.”†

About half way up the mountain, following the path towards Bethany, we come to the spot which tradition points out, with every probability of truth, as that where our compassionate Redeemer shed

\* 2 Sam. xv. 23-30.

† Ps. xli. 9.

tears of sorrow over Jerusalem, on the day when he entered it in triumph, amid the shouts and songs of the multitude, who hailed him as their King Messiah. "And when they came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethphage and Bethany, at the Mount of Olives, he sendeth forth two of his disciples, and saith unto them, Go your way into the village over against you; and as soon as ye be entered into it ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him, and bring him. And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him; and he sat upon him."\* "And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest!" "And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen; saying, Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest." "And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this

\* Mark xi. 1, 2, 7.



thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.”\*

From the spot where this lamentation and this prophecy are said to have been uttered, the whole city is spread out as a map before you; it seems as if every building in it was distinctly visible. The area of the ancient temple is directly opposite, and you look down upon the Mosques of Omar and Achsah, where the temple of Solomon once stood; near to it, adjoining the walls, you see the tower of the governor's house, the site of Pilate's Judgment Hall, and, beyond these, the lofty dome of the Church of the Resurrection, covering Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. It requires but little effort of the imagination, to represent Jerusalem to the mind, as it appeared when Jesus “beheld the city, and wept over it.” The visible monuments of his sufferings and triumphs are before us, bearing their silent testimony to the great things which he has done for

\* Matt. xxi. 8, 9. Luke xix. 37, 38, 41—44.



us, and pressing home to our hearts the solemn inquiry, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

We continue our ascent of the mountain, until we reach its highest point, from which we have a commanding view all around; a view, for extent and beauty, aside from its historical and scriptural interest, rarely equalled. On the west and northwest, you look down upon the city; and beyond it, the eye takes in a portion of the plain of Elah, and a vast extent of the hill-country of Judea, with the sites of Mizpeh, Gibeon, Ramah, Gibeah, and Anathoth; towards the east is the northern portion of the Dead Sea, appearing, from the purity of the atmosphere, almost at your feet, although many miles distant; with the valley of the Jordan, through which the river is seen to wind, and the range of the mountains of Moab stretching along in an unbroken line upon the horizon. Southward you look towards the plain of Mamre, or Hebron.

On this summit, a small Christian church, now in possession of the Armenians, marks the supposed site of the ascension. It is situated in the court of a mosque, from the minaret of which you enjoy the best view that the summit affords. Whether this is actually the site of the ascension or not, we know that it was somewhere on Olivet, and somewhere near Bethany.

St. Luke tells us in his Gospel, that our Lord led his disciples "out as far as to Bethany;" that is, according to some commentators, to the district belonging to the village of that name; "and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy."\* The same evangelist, on another occasion, describing the ascension, adds, "Then returned they unto Jerusalem, from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a Sabbath day's journey."†

Here then it was, or near to this, that our Divine Redeemer held his last interview with his disciples; here he gave them his parting counsel, and lifted up his hands and blessed them; and then, "while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." And while they are still gazing upward, with wonder and with awe, angelic messengers, ministering spirits sent to comfort them, proclaim the solemn but consoling truth, "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."‡

And it may be, that his next appearance on earth, will be on this same spot. There is a

\* Luke xxiv. 50, 52.

† Acts i. 12.

‡ Acts i. 9, 11.

remarkable prophecy of Zechariah, which seems to intimate that Mount Olivet will be hereafter the scene of some great miracle, connected with his second coming. Yet, as we cannot be too cautious in interpreting unfulfilled prophecy, I would not venture an interpretation of this. The prophet says, "His feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east; and the mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south."\* As there are to be fearful commotions, and earthquakes in divers places, and it is said that he "will gather all nations into the valley of Jehoshaphat,"† may it not be, that the rending of Mount Olivet will be one of those signs and wonders, which are to precede and attend the second coming of the Son of Man? But whether his next appearance "in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory," be here, or elsewhere, of this we are assured, that he "will so come in like manner, as he ascended into heaven," and that he will manifest himself to an assembled world; "every eye shall see him."

\* Zech. xiv. 4.

† Joel ii. 2; 12.

But the setting sun is lengthening the shadows upon the mountains, and we hasten our return to the city ; for at nightfall the gates are shut, and no person is allowed to enter, except by special permission.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE JORDAN AND DEAD SEA.

MARCH 13. Our dragoman, with his usual promptness and fidelity, had made all necessary preparations for our excursion to the Jordan and Dead Sea. Our horses and sumpter mules were ready at an early hour, and we proceeded with our tents and luggage to the outside of St. Stephen's gate, where other parties were to join us, together with the Sheik of the district, and a number of his own tribe of Bedouins, who were to be our escort. It is quite necessary to have a guard, under the command of the Arab chief, who rules over the district between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, to protect you from robbers; and with such a precaution you are quite safe. The Sheik claims the right of escorting all travellers through his own territory, for which he receives a large backsheesh; and if he is denied this privilege, you run the risk of being plundered by his own tribe.

Our whole company consisted of thirteen travel-



lers, nine of whom were English, one French, and three Americans; and thirteen Arabs. Our Sheik, with his Bedouin guard, in their graceful costume, well mounted, and armed with pistols, sabres, and spears, made quite a formidable appearance. After waiting a considerable time, outside the city walls, for those of the party who were to meet us there, we went on ahead with Hassanein, for the purpose of seeing Bethany, which lay on our route; leaving the others to follow, and overtake us a little beyond.

Bethany is situated in a secluded spot, surrounded by olive, fig, and pomegranate-trees, upon the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, fifteen furlongs, nearly two miles, from Jerusalem. Twenty or thirty dilapidated huts, inhabited by a few poor Arabs, now constitute the village. But what a crowd of delightful associations does the sight of that humble village, in that quiet dell, awaken! Here is the spot where our Lord's dearest friends, Lazarus and his sisters, dwelt; and where he often came to seek repose from his arduous labours, and to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse with those whom he loved.\* Here it was, that "a woman, having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, poured it on his head, as he sat at meat,"† a few days before

\* St. Matthew xxi. 17. Mark xi. 11.

† Matt. xxvi. 7.

his crucifixion. St. John tells us that it was Mary, the sister of Lazarus, who performed this pious act;\* and our Saviour says, that "she did it for his burial."†

Near to the village is a cave, hewed out of the rock, which tradition points out as the tomb of Lazarus. The entrance is a square door in the hill-side; a steep flight of thirty stone steps leads down into a room, ten feet square and twelve feet high, which is evidently an ancient sepulchre. I see no reason to doubt, that this is the place where our Divine Redeemer demonstrated his power over death, when "he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth! And he that was dead came forth;"‡ thus confirming the truth of that precious promise, which he then made, and which has ever since been the comfort and the hope of Christian mourners, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."§ A few flowers, beautiful emblems of the resurrection, were blooming over the mouth of the tomb. We gathered and preserved some of them, as memorials of this sacred spot.

Two miles beyond Bethany, we came to a large

\* John xii. 1, 7.

† Matt. xxvi. 12.

‡ Jno. xi. 43, 44.

§ Jno. xi. 25, 26.

flowing fountain, known as the "Fountain of the Apostles," from a tradition that here our Lord's disciples were wont to resort. It was a cool and refreshing place, and we rested for a while, until those of our company, with the Sheik and escort, whom we left behind at Jerusalem, joined us; as here the difficulties and dangers of the journey begin. From this, to the plains of Jericho, is as rough, dreary, and desolate a road, as can well be imagined; up steep mountain sides, rocky, bleak, and bare; and down through narrow defiles, overhung by lofty precipices, and infested by bands of robbers, as it was of old, when our Saviour uttered that beautiful parable, probably a true history, of "a certain man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed leaving him half dead."\* It is the same path which Jesus travelled, on his last journey from Jericho to Jerusalem, by the way of Bethany; when he made his triumphal entry into the Holy City, the week before his crucifixion.

Before reaching Jericho, we sent forward our servants and baggage,\* and turned aside, a mile or two out of our path, to visit the fountain of Elisha, as it is now called; and which, in the time of the Cru-

\* Luke x. 30.

sades, was appropriately named "the Diamond of the desert." It is of an extraordinary size, gushing out at the foot of a hill, into a basin, or reservoir, some forty or fifty feet across, and then flowing off in a brook sufficiently large to supply with water a populous city, as Jericho was in its most prosperous days. This brook soon divides into smaller streams, which make their way towards the Jordan, fertilizing the plain for many miles. It is not, however, the size and beauty of the fountain, or its cool and pleasant taste, that give it interest, so much as the miracle which was wrought upon its then bitter waters, nearly three thousand years ago. They flow now, probably, just as they flowed then, when the prophet "went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more dearth or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha, which he spake."\*

We followed the course of the principal stream, across the plain, about two miles, when we reached our tents, which were pitched near to the ruins of a large stone tower. The distance from Jerusalem is nineteen miles; and the descent is three thousand five hundred feet; Jerusalem being that much higher

\* 2 Kings ii. 21, 22.



than this valley. We were now upon that great "plain of Jordan," which, in the days of Abraham, "was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar."\* And we were on the supposed site of ancient Jericho; a city more famous in Jewish history than almost any other. It was the first great walled town taken by the Israelites, on their entrance into Canaan; when it was utterly overthrown and destroyed, and a curse pronounced against him who should rebuild it. "And Joshua adjured them at that time, saying, Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."† It was, however, rebuilt, five hundred years after, in the time of Ahab, by "Hiel the Bethelite," who was punished for his temerity, in the manner predicted; "he laid the foundation in Abiram his first born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun."‡ Jericho soon after became one of the sacred cities, celebrated for its school of the prophets;§ and, in our

\* Gen. xiii. 10.

† Jos. xi. 26.

‡ 1 Kings xvi. 34.

§ 2 Kings ii. 5.



Saviour's time, was, next to Jerusalem, the most important city in Palestine; and second only to the capital in size and magnificence. A miserable Arab village now occupies its traditionary site; and nothing of the ancient city remains, unless a ruinous square stone tower, or castle, be a part of it. This ruin, from its appearance, would seem to have but a doubtful claim to so great antiquity.

That Jericho must have stood, if not on this very spot, certainly near to it, there can be no doubt, from the position of the single fountain, which supplied the city in the days of Elisha. There is no other fountain in the neighbourhood but this; and consequently none which could have been the subject of the prophet's miracle. From our tent door we could look over the "plain of the valley of Jericho," here not less than twelve or fifteen miles in width; near us, on the west, were the barren and rocky mountains, through whose narrow defiles we had passed in coming "down from Jerusalem." On the east, seven miles distant, flowed the Jordan; and, about the same distance beyond, rose the mountains of Moab and Nebo; from one of whose summits, "over against Jericho," Moses looked down upon that fair and fertile plain, the richest portion of the promised land."\*

\* Deut. xxxiv. 1, 4,

The scene which was presented to our eyes in that soft twilight hour of evening, with the gentle murmuring of the brook which flowed near by, from the Prophet's Fountain, was calculated to produce impressions on the mind and heart not easily effaced; to awaken pleasant memories of holy persons and events, associated with our earliest years.

The ancient city of Jericho has passed away, and not one of those tall and graceful trees, which made it memorable as "the city of palm-trees," now remains. But the hills, and mountains, and plain, and that fair fountain, are unchanged. We can here sit and think of the city as it was in the time of Joshua, when the armies of Israel, and the priests bearing the ark, encompassed it seven days, and it was then given up to destruction;\* or, as in after years, when rebuilt with greater splendour, it became a nursery of holy men, and Elijah and Elisha were here. We can think how it was in the days of that Greater Prophet, who came to Jericho, and here abode at the house of Zaccheus, to whom he brought salvation; where also he delivered his last parable, that of the ten pounds;† and where he wrought the miracle upon blind Bartimeus.‡

The bright, warm day, which had afforded us so

\* Joshua vi.

† Luke xix. 1, 27.

‡ Mark x. 46.

much happiness, was succeeded by a clear and beautiful night. In the mild light of the moon, our encampment presented quite a romantic appearance, which we wished our friends at home could see. A number of Arab women from the village, came round our tents, and serenaded us with their songs. Their music was none of the sweetest, but it was well meant, and a small backsheesh sent them away quite satisfied.

The next morning we were up at a very early hour, and at six o'clock were on our way to the Jordan, which we reached in an hour and a half, at the point where all pilgrims resort; from the tradition, that this is the place where the waters were miraculously divided for the Israelites, under Joshua, to enter the Holy Land; that here, too, where the ark rested in the bed of the river, St. John was baptizing, when our Lord came and was baptized of him. Independent of such hallowed associations, it is a delightful spot; and the only one, probably, for many miles, where the river is easily approached, on account of its precipitous banks, and dense thickets of oleander, and other bushes. These form hiding-places for wolves and jackals. The late rains, and the melting of the snows in the mountains of Lebanon, had swollen the stream, here about fifty or sixty yards wide, and made it muddy and rapid. In colour, it resembled the Schuylkill, when it is most

turbid ; in taste it was cool and pleasant ; and when bottled, it soon became perfectly clear. We wished to bathe in it, and the weather was sufficiently warm ; but although accustomed to swim, and not easily intimidated, we thought the stream was too rapid to render bathing either safe or comfortable. One of our party, a young, athletic officer of the British army, did venture ; but it was impossible for him to make any headway against the current. He, however, crossed and recrossed, landing at a point considerably below that from which he started. We remained an hour or two at this place, endeavouring to review in memory some of the momentous events connected with it, which are recorded in Scripture history. Here "the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord," making "a way for the ransomed to pass over ;" and that mighty host, led on by Joshua, advanced into the land of promise, "right against Jericho." "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan."\*

More than five centuries after, a similar miracle was wrought for two of God's chosen servants, when

\* Josh. iii. 16, 17 ; iv. 7.



the prophets Elisha and Elijah went out from Jericho, and "stood by Jordan; and Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither; so that they two went over on dry ground."\* And again, when Elisha's master had been received into heaven, he "went back and stood by the bank of Jordan; and he took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters, and said, Where is the Lord God of Elijah? And when he also had smitten the waters they parted hither and thither; and Elijah went over."† In these waters, "Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria," by this same prophet's command, sought and found a cure of his leprosy; "he went down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God; and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."‡

But events infinitely more momentous took place, when John the Baptist, Messiah's forerunner, was here; and there "went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." And Jesus himself, that he might "fulfil all righteousness," came "from Galilee to Jordan, unto

\* 2 Kings ii. 48.

† 2 Kings vi. 13, 14.

‡ 2 Kings v. 1-14.



John, to be baptized of him.”\* And here, on the same occasion, miraculous testimony was given to our Lord’s divinity. “When he was baptized, he went up straightway out of the water, and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him; and lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” It is difficult to tear one’s self away from a spot hallowed by so many associations as this; but the day was advancing, and we had yet some miles to ride, and other objects of interest to visit, before we reached our place of destination for the night.

Leaving the fords of the Jordan, and striking directly across the plain, a ride of one hour brought us to the northern shore of the Dead Sea; which, at the time we saw it, presented nothing of that dark and gloomy appearance, that most travellers describe. The day indeed was uncommonly fine, and under a warm sunny sky of spring, it probably showed to the greatest advantage. Its waters were clear as the clearest crystal, smooth as the polished mirror, and of the brightest blue; but this is all its beauty. It has no green shores, nor vine-clad hills; no groves of olive, or fig, or pomegranate; it lies deep down, thirteen hundred feet lower than the

\* Matt. iii. 13, 17.

Mediterranean, among craggy mountains, and rocks of gray and yellow limestone, on which no trace of verdure is to be seen; not even a lichen, or a moss, or a single blade of grass. There are, however, some few plants and bushes near its shores.

It is well known that this great inland lake, called in Scripture the "Salt Sea," the "East Sea," and the "Sea of the Plain,"\* and, by the Arabs of the present day, "Bahr Lût," the sea of Lot, rolls its silent and solitary waves over the once beautiful vale of Siddim, where Lot dwelt, and where stood Sodom and Gomorrah, and the three other guilty cities of the plain. The country in many places bears evidence of volcanic action, and is often subject to earthquakes; indeed, the whole region wears an aspect of desolation, such as I have seen nowhere else; a monument of the terrible judgments with which the land was visited.

The Dead Sea is forty-four miles long, and twelve or fourteen miles wide, in its widest part. Its waters are so saturated with salts, as to be most nauseous to the taste, and very unpleasant to the skin. Those of our party who bathed in it, experienced disagreeable effects, for many hours afterwards, from the incrustation which it left behind. Its temperature was 73°; while that of the Jordan was only 60°; the ther-

\* Gen. xiv. 3. Ezek. xlvii. 18. 2 Kings xiv. 25.

mometer in the open air, at the same time, standing at 77°. We saw several birds flying over it; and some small fish, which had probably come down from the Jordan, were lying dead upon the shore. The aspect of the country, bordering on this sea, cannot be better described, than in the words of Moses, when predicting the desolation of Judea, for the sins of its people. "The whole land thereof is brimstone, and salt, and burning, that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein, like the overthrow of Sodom, and Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, which the Lord overthrew in his anger, and in his wrath."\*

We sat down upon its pebbly shore, in that wild solitude, which was once a fruitful plain, "well watered, even as the garden of the Lord," and gazed long and earnestly upon that deep sea, which is both "the grave and the monument" of cities buried there nearly four thousand years ago. Before we left, we took a bottle of the water, as we had done at the Jordan, to carry home with us, as interesting mementoes of our visit.

A ride of four and a half hours from this, over bleak and barren mountains, for the most part, though with some little vegetation in the valleys, as we receded from the sea, brought us to the place of

\* Deut. xxix. 23.

our encampment for the night, near to the convent of Mar Saba. The first two or three hours was almost one continual ascent; and, as we climbed the successive mountain ranges, we gained new views of the valley of the Jordan, and some fine prospects of the Dead Sea, in nearly its whole extent, with the mountains of Moab beyond. One never tires of looking upon the ever-varying scenery of Judea. And however bleak and barren the region may be, there is enough of sacred and historical interest, in all that he sees, and in every step he takes, to keep the spirits always buoyant. At least we found it so. There was not an hour, or a moment, while we were journeying, that it was possible to forget that we were in the Holy Land; and, remembering this, how could the journey be otherwise than delightful?

We found our tents, which had been sent on before us, pitched in a narrow valley at the foot of the mountain, on which the convent is built. Our dinner, which was ready for us, was hastily eaten, and we were again on horseback, climbing the zigzag path, up the steep mountain side, to the convent gate, the only point where the building can be approached. A loud knock from our dragoman soon brought one of the inmates to a loophole, far up in the lofty wall above us, to reconnoitre, and find out what we wanted. We had taken the necessary precaution, before leaving Jerusalem, to obtain a letter from the



Superior of the Greek convent there, to the head of the convent of St. Saba, which is in possession of the Greek church. A basket was let down from the small window in the wall, to receive this commendatory letter; and after waiting a few minutes to have it examined, the low, narrow iron door was unbarred, and we were admitted into this extraordinary building; the most wonderful structure, in some respects, in all the East.

It is built far down in a narrow defile of the mountains, on the side of steep rocky precipices, to which it seems to cling like an eagle's eyry. Unlike any other building that I have ever seen, the entrance is from above. On reaching the summit of the mountain, a massive stone wall rises before you, like a fortress, with the one iron gate just mentioned; and immediately on entering this, you descend a long broad flight of steps cut in the solid rock, to the ledges on which the convent building stands, overhanging the deep and fearful chasm below. Some of its tombs, and chapels, and cells, are hewn out of the hard rock. It is impossible to give an accurate and intelligible description of a building so constructed.

St. Saba, a man eminent for his sanctity, and for his influence in the Eastern Church, lived the life of an anchorite among these mountains, for forty years; and founded this convent, in the early part of the sixth



century. He died A. D. 532, at the advanced age of ninety-four,\* and was buried here. A small chapel, surmounted by a dome, and decorated with a few pictures, is erected over his tomb. The convent church is a substantial structure; and, like most Greek churches, is gorgeously decorated with paintings and gilding. The old primitive church, which was probably constructed more than thirteen centuries ago, is curious, from being evidently excavated in the mountain side.

We were received with great courtesy and kindness by the friars, who treated us to coffee and dried fruits, in their large room, which is appropriated to guests, and comfortably fitted up with carpets and divans. Here, some of our party chose to spend the night, while others, like ourselves, preferred sleeping in tents.

Our place of encampment was exceedingly well chosen, on a level grassy plain, enclosed by a perfect panorama of mountains, whose sides afforded pasturage for numerous flocks.

Near us, a wandering tribe of Bedouins had spread out their long, low, black tents, of camels' hair cloth, sixteen in all, forming quite a village; and with their wives and children, horses, donkeys, dogs, and goats, presenting a true picture of the habits of these descendants of Ishmael.

\* Biblical Res. ii. 27.

Our own white tents, of which there were no less than six or eight, formed a striking contrast to theirs. The moon shone so brightly down upon that valley, that we could see to read by its light with perfect ease; and, as I looked out upon the camp of the Bedouins, and on the tents of our several companies, each surrounded by our Arab guides and guards, with their horses and mules, all reposing in the clear moonlight, I could not but wish, that our friends at home could witness such a specimen as this of the romance of Eastern travelling.

At six o'clock the next morning, we started on our return to Jerusalem, which we reached in about two hours; following the path up the valley of Hinnom, stopping a short time at En Rogel, or Joab's well, and entering the city by the Jaffa gate.

After resting awhile at our convent, one of the Franciscan friars, Fra Salvatore, who had been very kind to us during our stay, went with us to their chapel on Calvary, to the church and tomb of the Virgin, by the side of Gethsemane, and into the garden; all of which places are in possession of the Latins.

A flight of steps leads down to a square area, in front of a low building, which forms the entrance to the tomb of the Virgin. This latter is a gothic chapel excavated in the rock of Olivet, and approached by another and larger flight of stairs,

also cut in the rock. A cave near by, called the Grotto of Gethsemane, is pointed out as the place where Jesus was withdrawn from his disciples, "about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed," at the time of his agony, and when "an angel appeared unto him from heaven, strengthening him."\* I need not repeat, that I attach very little importance to such traditions as these; but the cave is certainly worth visiting; and the so-called "Tomb of the Virgin Mary," though perhaps the least known, "is the most romantic sanctuary of any that is to be found in Palestine."

\* Luke xxii. 41, 43.

## CHAPTER X.

### JERUSALEM TO NAZARETH.

MARCH 16. The time had now arrived for our departure from the Holy City; and we made our preparations to leave at an early hour in the morning, so that we might, if possible, spend the night at Bethel. But, as usual, the Arabs were not ready in time with the horses and mules. There was great delay in arranging their loads, and it was eleven o'clock before all was settled to their satisfaction. Just as we were mounting our horses, a note was handed me, from the Bishop of Jerusalem, inviting me to attend a missionary meeting, to be held at his house that evening. This increased my regret, that I could not remain one day longer. But all things being ready, we deemed it best to push on as far as we could, that afternoon; although it began to rain slightly, and continued a little showery through the day. We bade an affectionate farewell to Fra Salvatore, and to our other kind friends in the convent, whose hospitality we shall never forget. They had

done all in their power to make our stay in Jerusalem agreeable, and at our departure, the Superior of the convent gave each of us certificates that, as true pilgrims, we had visited the most sacred localities, and were now entitled to the honourable title of Hadji.

Our route was north, over the mountains of Judah; and after half an hour's ride, we had reached the summit of the first range, from which we had a lovely view of the city, the Mount of Olives, and "the hills which stand about Jerusalem." It was our last look upon those sacred places; and we turned to pursue our way, with sorrow in our hearts, that we should never visit them again; but with deepest gratitude, that we had once enjoyed so great a privilege.

In about two hours more, we passed near to En Rain, the Ramah of Scripture, where Samuel was born, and where he died and was buried.\* A little to the south of it was Gibeon, "the great city," in the time of Joshua, and the scene of one of the most wonderful miracles recorded in the Old Testament. It was here that Joshua "said, in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon

\* 1 Sam. i. 19; xxv. 1.



stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.”\*

Leaving Gibeah of Saul upon our right, we reached, at half past two o'clock, the ancient Beeroth,† now called El Beer, the Well; a considerable village, which derives its name from a large fountain of clear, cool, and delicious water, at the foot of the hill on which the town is built. Tradition says, that this is the place where Joseph and Mary, with their company, were resting, when they missed “the child Jesus;” and not finding him here, “turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.”‡ Whether this tradition be true or not, there can be little doubt that, as this well is on the direct road from Nazareth, the Holy Family often rested here, when they “went up to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.”

It was our intention to reach Bethel, not more than four miles further north, but the road was muddy, and there was a prospect of more rain. We therefore concluded to remain at Beeroth, and take shelter in an Arab house, rather than pitch our tents upon the damp ground. We had fixed ourselves, as we thought, very comfortably for the night, in the

\* Joshua x. 2-13. † Josh. xviii. 25. ‡ Luke ii. 40-46.

first place that offered, when Hassanein came to say, that he had found a larger and more commodious house, in another part of the village; and we accordingly changed our quarters. The building was of stone; the ground floor being a stable. Over this was a single room, elevated about six feet, and large enough to hold our three camp beds, and afford sufficient space besides for the Arab family. The women and children had, for their sleeping apartment, a deep recess in a corner of the room, in front of which was a woollen screen.

The access to this room was by three or four irregular stone steps, up which we climbed, as into a hay loft, with the aid of our hands. A single opening in the outer wall, about a foot square, served to admit a little light and air, and afforded an escape for the smoke. Our men, horses, and mules, were immediately under us. There was no partition between the stable and the dwelling, other than the floor. The fronts of both were open, without wall or screen, and there was a common entrance for men and animals. Some of the Arabs sat by the broad stone hearth, nursing a sick child, and kept up a bright fire of brushwood, the greater part of the night. But we were too wearied to be disturbed by them, or by the noise of the animals below; and with our own clean comfortable beds, we had an excellent night's rest. It was the first time, since leaving Cairo, that we had slept out of our tent, if

we except our stay in Jerusalem, when the Latin Convent was our home.

In all probability, the khan, or inn, to which Joseph and Mary went in Bêthlehem, was a building similarly constructed to this; the upper apartments being designed for travellers, and the lower for their asses and camels. On their arrival, the upper rooms were already filled with persons who had come to "the taxing;" and the parents of our Lord were obliged to take such accommodations as they could find on the ground floor, among the beasts of the stall. Hence it is said, that when the blessed Virgin "brought forth her first born son, she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."\*

At eight o'clock the next morning, we were again on our journey, and in one hour reached Beitin, the ancient Bethel, celebrated in Scripture history, as the place near to which Abraham pitched his tent, when he came from Haran;† where Jacob had his vision of angels; when the God of his fathers, Abraham and Isaac, appeared unto him, and promised that all that land should be his inheritance, and that in him and his seed, should "all the families of the earth be blessed."‡ Here, eight hundred years after, the wicked Jeroboam set up one of his golden calves,

\* Luke ii. 7.    † Gen. xii. 8.    ‡ Gen. xxviii. 10-19.

and made it the centre of his gross idolatry. He sacrificed "unto the calves that he had made; and he placed in Bethel the priests of the high places which he had made."\* Here, too, after a lapse of nearly four centuries more, that remarkable prophecy was fulfilled by good king Josiah, when he broke down the idol altar in Bethel, and burnt men's bones upon it.†

Near to the present village, on the summit of a hill, are extensive ruins of some great buildings; in the walls of which are incorporated sculptured stones of a much older date, which probably belonged to the ancient city; and it may be, that among them, are still some portions of Jero-boam's idol temple. There is also, near by, a large square pool of masonry, similar to the pool of Bethesda, and apparently equal to it in size.

The day was as fine as we could have desired; and our ride, throughout, over lofty hills, and across fertile valleys, was very delightful. We passed several good-looking villages, but made no stop at any of them. Among the most beautiful, for situation, was Ain a Broot, three miles north of Bethel. It stands on the summit of a hill,—as indeed almost all the villages and towns in Syria do,—adjoining a narrow plain. In all the valleys, the Arab Fella-

\* 1 Kings xii. 29-32.

† Compare 1 Kings xiii. 1, 2, with 2 Kings xxiii. 15-17.



hin were busy turning the ground with the primitive wooden plough, of the rudest construction; but even in this peaceful occupation, each one carried a long gun slung over his shoulder, to protect him from the predatory Bedouins.

In about five hours after leaving Bethel, we entered the land of the Samaritans. As we descended the mountain ridge which separates Judea from Samaria, a charming valley lay before us; and at a little distance on our right, crowning a conical hill, and surrounded by this valley, was the village of Seiloon, the ancient Shiloh; where the tabernacle of the Lord was first set up, and where Joshua divided the land by lot unto the children of Israel.\* Here "the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord;" here was the appointed place of worship and sacrifice, for three centuries; until the sins of the nation provoked the Lord to deliver the ark of the covenant into the hands of their enemies. "Go ye now unto my place, which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel." "He forsook the tabernacle of Shiloh, even the tent that he had pitched among men. He delivered their power into captivity, and their beauty into the enemies' hand."† That small village, on the hill-top,

\* Josh. xviii. 1-10, and 1 Sam. iii. 1; iv. 3.

† Jer. vii. 12. Psalm lxxviii. 60, 61.



is all that remains to mark the place, once blessed, above all other places, with the immediate presence of Jehovah.

Just beyond Shiloh, in crossing a mountain ridge, we had a glimpse of the distant Mediterranean; and, in two hours more, we came to the town of Hawarreh, where is a fine spring and reservoir, around which a number of Bedouins were seated. Our path was near to the walls of this town, which appeared to be a place of considerable importance. In another two hours, we entered upon a valley, broader, richer, and much more beautiful, than any we had crossed to-day. It was the valley of Nablous. At the further end of it, towered those two celebrated mountains, Ebal and Gerizim; and, at their base, in a narrow plain, lay the large and well built town of Nablous; the Shechem, or Sichem, of the old Testament, and the Sychar of the New.

Few sacred localities possess greater historical interest, and none are more clearly identified, than those which are in and around this valley. When Abraham left his native land, and came to sojourn in Canaan, he erected here in Sichem, on "the plain of Moreh," his first altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him\* in this place, and promised that his posterity should inherit the land. On this plain, Jacob

\* Gen. xii. 6, 7.

“pitched his tent before the city,” and built an altar, and “bought a parcel of a field, where he had spread his tent, at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem’s father, for an hundred pieces of money,”\* and gave it to his son Joseph, for a burial place.

At the entrance of the narrow valley, between Gerizim and Ebal, as you approach the city of Sychar from the south, is a pile of roughly hewn stones, surrounding a deep well, with some broken columns lying near. This is Jacob’s Well; the place where our Saviour, wearied with his journey from Nazareth, sat down to rest; where he held that memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria, who came hither to draw water, and to whom Jesus revealed himself as the Messiah.† The water continues to flow as it did then, “and the well is deep.”

A few hundred yards distant, is a square stone structure, open at the top, and enclosing a kind of sarcophagus. This is known as Joseph’s tomb; and I see no reason to doubt the truth of the tradition, that the patriarch was buried here. The locality agrees, in all respects, with the Scriptural account of his burial. “The bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of sil-

\* Gen. xxiii. 18–20.

† John iv. 5–30.

ver ; and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph.”\*

The town is delightfully situated in a vale, not more than a quarter of a mile wide, between those two lofty mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, the former on the north, and the latter on the south ; memorable in Jewish history, as the appointed places for pronouncing the blessings and the curses on the Israelites. “Thou shalt put the blessing upon mount Gerizim, and the curse upon mount Ebal.” “And these shall stand upon mount Gerizim to bless the people, when ye are come over Jordan ; Simeon, and Levi, and Judah, and Issachar, and Joseph, and Benjamin. And these shall stand upon mount Ebal to curse ; Reuben, Gad, and Asher, and Zabulon, Dan, and Naphtali.” This command was literally fulfilled, when Joshua took possession of the promised land. He “built an altar unto the Lord God of Israel in mount Ebal ; and all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark, and on that side, before the priests the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger as he that was born among them ; half of them over against mount Gerizim, and half of them over against mount Ebal ; and afterward he read all the words of the law, the

\* Josh. xxiv. 32.

blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law.”\*

No place could have been more favourable, for such a gathering of the whole congregation of Israel, and for such a purpose, than these two mountains, and the valley between them; and sublime indeed must have been the spectacle, when their great leader Joshua marshalled here their assembled hosts, in the order of their tribes, and proclaimed to them the blessings of obedience, and the curses of disobedience, to the law of the Lord their God.

As we sat down on the side of Jacob's well, where our Divine Redeemer sat in converse with the Samaritan woman, how forcibly was that interview brought to our minds; and what an additional interest did the scenes around us impart to every word which he then uttered. Before us rose, apparently to the height of nearly a thousand feet, mount Ebal, where Joshua built his altar, and opposite to it, equal in height, was Gerizim, on whose summit stood the sacred place of the Samaritans; the sight of these reminding us of that expression of the woman, “Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.” But “Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, and

\* Deut, xi. 29; xxvii. 4, 5, 12, 13. Josh. viii. 30-35.



now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth;" not in that mountain only, nor yet in Jerusalem; but everywhere, throughout the whole world. And when she speaks of her belief in the Messias that should come, who is called Christ, who should reveal all things, how graciously does our blessed Lord reply, "I that speak unto thee am he;" thus giving the first revelation of himself to the Samaritans, the ancient, implacable enemies of the Jews, as the Saviour who was to abolish all distinction between Jew and Gentile.\*

Nor was our visit to the tomb of Joseph without associations of the deepest interest. Many were the thoughts that crowded into my mind as I entered it, and stood, probably, over the very spot where his dust reposes. I remembered his dying charge to his brethren in Egypt, "God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence;"† and how faithfully Moses fulfilled the command, two hundred years after the Patriarch's death. In that memorable night, when Israel left their house of bondage, "Moses took the bones of Joseph with him." These sacred remains were carefully preserved, and carried about by the Israelites, through their forty years wanderings in the wilderness; and when brought to the promised land, they were "carried over into

\* John iv. 1-26.

† Gen. i. 25-26.



Sichem" and laid, with pious solemnity, in his own sepulchre.\*

Nablous is a walled town, long and narrow, with lofty stone houses, better built than those which are generally found in Syria, and very narrow streets. We entered at the southwestern gate, and rode the whole length of the city, through the principal street, in which are the bazaars. The sidewalks are elevated some two or three feet, and are not more than two feet in width; leaving a path three feet wide, for mules or camels. A rapid brook of clear water runs through the whole length of the street; and, as we rode in it, the water rose half way to our horses' knees. We passed out at the northern gate, and encamped a short distance from the city, on a beautiful knoll, surrounded by olive-trees, in the vale of Sychar, between Gerizim and Ebal. It was quite night by the time our tents were pitched, and glad were we to rest, after the fatigue and excitement of the day.

A good night's repose prepared us for an early start the next morning. Leaving our luggage to take the direct road northward, we turned aside, towards the east, to visit Sebaste, the ancient Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel. A ride of three and a half hours, the first part of it through

\* Acts vii. 16.

the rich and well watered valley of Sychar, and the remainder over hills abounding in olive and fig-trees, brought us to the village of Sebaste, near to which are the ruins of Samaria. It overlooks a charming plain, and commands, I think, the finest prospect of cultivated hill and valley, that we have seen any where in the Holy Land.

The ruins of the ancient city, crowning the summit of a mountain, are exceedingly picturesque. It must have been a magnificent city in the days of Israel's prosperity; and afterward, in the time of the Romans, under Herod the Great, by whom it was rebuilt and fortified, and named Sebaste, in honour of Augustus. The principal remains are those of an ancient church, consecrated to St. John the Baptist, who is said to have been buried here. A part of the church is now a Turkish mosque. There are also portions of a gate of the old city, and numerous monolithic columns. Many of the columns are fallen, but the greater part are erect, though deprived of their capitals, and some of them much broken. They appear to have formed the colonnades of some great palace, or temple. We counted forty, each of a single stone, standing in one row, within the space of a few hundred feet; and there are probably more than a hundred similar columns, on the summit and sides of the hill.

There is perhaps no city of the Bible, excepting

Jerusalem, that was the scene of more thrilling events than Samaria, or more frequently the subject of divine prophecy. Only fifty years after the death of Solomon, and the revolt of the ten tribes, Omri, king of Israel, built Samaria, and made it the seat of his kingdom. "He bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria."\* His son and successor, the infamous Ahab, and the more infamous Jezebel his wife, rendered the city notorious for their idolatries, for the worship of Baal, and for their wholesale slaughter of the Lord's prophets. Here Elijah and Elisha dwelt, and boldly rebuked the vices of the nation. Ahab built an ivory palace here, and here he was buried.† Benhadad, king of Syria, besieged the city with an immense host, and he and the "thirty and two kings with him," were defeated with great slaughter.‡ A like miraculous deliverance was afforded, when Benhadad again "went up and besieged Samaria," until the most awful famine prevailed within its walls; so that "the tender and delicate women" ate their own offspring. Then it was, at the time of their sorest distress, Elisha predicted, "Thus saith the

\* 1 Kings xvi. 24.

† 1 Kings xxii. 37, 39.

‡ 1 Kings xx.

Lord, To-morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel in the gate of Samaria. And it came to pass as the man of God had spoken to the king." Here "Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria," came from Damascus, to be cured of his leprosy by Elisha the prophet.\*

Nor is the city without historical interest in the early ages of the Christian Church; for here, immediately after the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and the consequent dispersion of the disciples, the gospel was preached with signal success by Philip the Deacon. And "when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John," to confirm the new converts, and to bestow on them the Holy Ghost.† We lingered long among these venerable ruins, and around the church of the Baptist, and reluctantly left them to pursue our journey.

Our road continued through a rich hilly country, with numerous fertile valleys, abounding in springs and rivulets, and rich with growing grain, olives, vines, pomegranates, and fig trees; reminding one continually of that glowing description, given by Moses, of the promised land; "The Lord thy God

\* 2 Kings v; vi. 24-30; vii. 1-18.

† Acts viii. 5-17.



bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it.”\* The trees were of an extraordinary size; many of the fig-trees were apparently six feet in circumference, and the olive-trees much larger. We could easily understand that this was once a land of surpassing fruitfulness; as the prophet expresses it, “a land flowing with milk and honey, which is the glory of all lands.”† As we crossed the high mountain ranges, we occasionally caught a view of the dark blue Mediterranean, stretching far away on our left. We passed through several villages, whose inhabitants are notorious for their hostility to travellers; and at one of them, Jeba, or Gaba, we were pelted with stones, by the men and boys. One of our party received several bruises, in what he called “an inglorious flight.” Our gallant Hassanein spurred his Arab charger among the crowd, brandishing his pistol, and threatening to fire upon them, while we made a hasty retreat.

A few miles further on, we passed unmolested through Gabatieh, which has the worst repute of

\* Deut. viii. 7-9.

† Ezek. xx. 6-15.



any town in Syria, for assaulting Hadjis, whom they seem to think it fine fun to stone. I believe we were indebted for our escape here, to our dragoman's skill in dodging; for he had often been in the town, and was familiar with the crooks and by-ways, which would take us a little one side of the usual path. In this way, we avoided much observation, and no crowd was collected on our approach.

In half an hour more, we entered a narrow pass between the hills, which soon brought us to Jenin, probably En Gannim of the Scriptures,\* where we encamped on a beautiful green spot, just outside the walls of the town. An English gentleman, with two ladies, had pitched their tents on the same ground, near to us. The town is well built, and its lofty mosque and minaret, rising above the walls, and overhung with palm-trees, have quite a picturesque appearance. It is situated at the southern end of the great plain of Esdraelon, or valley of Jezreel;† and, from our tent, we have a fine view of the plain, and of the mountains which bound it beyond. On the northwest, about four or five miles distant, are to be seen the mountains of Gilboa, famous for that great battle between Israel and the Philistines, when Israel was defeated, and Saul and his three sons were slain.‡

\* Josh. xxi. 29.      † Judges vi. 33. Hosea i. 5.

‡ 1 Sam. xxviii. 4; xxxi. 1-8.

The sight of that mountain ridge, rising high above the plain, with its dark outline depicted on the deep blue sky, could not fail to bring to mind David's pathetic lamentation over Saul and Jonathan his son. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."\*

The next day was Sunday, and we remained in our tents, enjoying so favourable an opportunity of reading those portions of Scripture, which related to the scenes around us.

March 20. At eight o'clock we began our ride across the plain of Esdraelon, which is here about eighteen miles wide; and, at this season of early spring, with its fields of grass and grain, and innumerable wild flowers of richest hue, nothing can be

\* 2 Sam. i. 17-27.

more beautiful than the whole of this great valley. On either hand, you have the grandest mountain scenery; and each summit has its sacred associations, which rendered our ride to day as interesting as any in the Holy Land. Soon after leaving Jenin, we had a fine view of Gilboa on our right, and the long range of Carmel, stretching its lofty promontory into the Mediterranean, on our left; then appeared that most beautiful of mountains, the lesser Hermon; and next, noble Mount Tabor opened upon the right, rising up in solitary grandeur from the middle of the plain, looking like a giant claiming supreme dominion over it. In two hours and a half we came to Zenin, a small village situated on a hill, rising out of the plain by which it is entirely surrounded, and inhabited by Arab Fellahin. Like most of the Bedouins, in this part of Palestine, they are thieves and idlers. Many of them were seen sitting in the streets, and looking fiercely at us as we passed; but although Hassanein anticipated trouble from them, we met with none. We afterwards saw them mounted; and, from their movements, we could not doubt that they meditated an attack, and were only deterred by the apparent resistance which we could make.

This is the site of ancient Jezreel, celebrated as the city of Ahab and Jezebel; where Naboth the Jezreelite had his vineyard, which Ahab coveted,

“hard by the palace” of the king. It was the scene of that atrocious crime, the murder of Naboth, and the awful death which in consequence befell the murderess Jezebel.\* “The fountain of Jezreel”† still flows at the foot of the hill, as it did, probably, in the days of Saul and David, when the armies of the Israelites encamped around it, previous to that great battle with the Philistines, in which Saul and his sons were slain.

Crossing the valley of Jezreel, we came in half an hour to Solam, the Shunem of the Bible, where the prophet Elijah dwelt for a long time, in that “little chamber on the wall;” and where he restored to life the son of the hospitable Shunamite.‡ It is delightfully situated on the edge of the plain, at the foot of the lesser Hermon, which rises in beauty and grandeur behind it. Our road lay along the base of this mountain, close to the same great plain, and in half an hour more we passed near to Nain, also at the foot of Hermon, but on the opposite side from Shunem.

At a sudden turn in our path, we came in sight of this little Arab village of Nain, which bears the same name as the ancient city on whose site it stands; where was wrought that wonderful miracle, the

\* 1 Kings xxi. 2 Kings ix. 30–37. † 1 Sam. xxix. 1.

‡ 2 Kings iv. 8–37.



raising to life of the widow's son.\* The whole scene around me, with all the attendant circumstances, were in harmony with my feelings, at the recollection of the display of divine mercy and power, by Him who is "the resurrection and the life." The first bright flowers of early spring, beautiful emblems of the resurrection, covered all the plain. Birds, awakened to new life, poured forth their joyous songs. On our left was Carmel, on our right Tabor, and Hermon, and Gilboa; and before us the mountains of Galilee, types of eternity. The path by which we were travelling towards Nazareth, could be distinctly traced across the plain, and up the mountain side, until lost in the distance.

As we "came nigh to" Nain, every circumstance of the touching story of the widow's son seemed visibly before us. The long funeral procession, on the one hand, winding its way through the gate of the city, and down the valley; the hired mourners making loud lamentations; the widowed mother, the only real mourner, in silent grief, but with a broken heart, following to the grave her "only son;"—on the other hand, another procession is seen coming from an opposite course, slowly crossing the plain, by that path which lies before us.

The Saviour, with his apostles, is on his way

\* Luke vii. 11-17.



from Nazareth to Nain, "and many of his disciples, and much people are with him." As he approaches the city, he meets the funeral train; he whispers comfort to the mother, "Weep not;" he lays his hands upon the bier, and speaks those words of power, in a voice which shall one day awaken the dead, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother." The joy of the son at finding himself restored to life again; the happiness of the mother in once more embracing her child; her gratitude to her great deliverer; the wonder and astonishment, and salutary fear that "came on all;" the readiness with which they gave God the glory, "saying, that a great prophet is risen up among us, and that God hath visited his people;" all these incidents were forcibly recalled to memory. They had a reality in my mind, such as they never had before, often as I had read that interesting history. And the recollections of the day when I first saw Nain, are among the pleasantest of the many pleasant memories of the Holy Land.

As we passed Nain, we could see, about two miles distant from it, on our right, the village of Endor, which still retains its ancient name. Here Saul wickedly consulted with "a woman that had a familiar spirit," and was answered by the prophet Samuel, who came to him, a messenger from the grave, to

reprove him for his sins, and to foretell his ruin. "The Lord will deliver Israel with thee into the hands of the Philistines; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."\* At the time this prophecy was uttered, the armies of the Philistines were encamped in Shunem, and the hosts of Israel were on Mount Gilboa;† where, the day following, Saul and his three sons were slain.

In four and a half hours after our morning's start, we had crossed the plain of Esdraelon, having diverged from the usual route, to visit Jezreel and Shunem. We had now reached the northern limit of Samaria, and began the ascent of the mountain range which separates it from Galilee. We stopped a little way up the hill, and alighting from our horses, sat down to watch the approach of our baggage train, which was to come by the more direct path; but our mules, being heavily laden, and the plain wet and slippery, would travel much slower than we had done. We had not, however, waited long, before they came in sight; and we saw a party of suspicious looking Bedouins, hovering around them, well-mounted and armed with guns and spears, apparently bent on plunder. As our muleteers, headed by Solyman, came near to the foot of the hill, we saw that they were stopped by the Arabs,

\* 1 Sam. xxviii. 7-19.

† Ibid. 4.

and we now thought it best to show ourselves. Hassanein called out to our men to come on immediately, at the same time making a display of his firearms; when the Arabs, seeing that we belonged to that party, and were ready to come to their rescue, and not knowing how many more might follow, thought good to make a hasty retreat across the plain, and were soon out of sight.

The path up the mountain was steep and rugged; but we reached the summit in less than an hour, and stopped to rest our horses, a few minutes, at a fountain, which flowed into a reservoir of massive masonry. From this issued a brook of clear, sweet water, which ran murmuring down by the roadside. An easy and gradual descent from this fountain, brought us, in half an hour more, to a very lovely valley, some two or three miles long, and less than a mile in width. This is the vale of Nazareth, at the western extremity of which could be seen the city, crowning a hill, with precipitous hills behind, rising high above and overlooking it. Conspicuous among the other buildings of the town, were the Latin church and convent, and the domes and minarets of two large mosques.

We rode up the narrow valley, and passing immediately through the town, pitched our tents a few hundred yards beyond, in a magnificent grove of aged olive-trees, and near to the "Virgin's Fountain."

This is a noble spring, which affords an abundant supply of delicious water for all the inhabitants. Women were here in great numbers, filling their water pitchers, and bearing them on their heads, or upon their shoulders, to their homes. Not less than twenty or thirty of the women of Nazareth, some with their faces veiled, and each with an earthen pitcher or jar, might be seen standing around the fountain at one time. It was a picturesque sight, illustrating, in a striking manner, that primitive oriental custom, referred to in Scripture, of the maidens of a city coming out to draw water at the well. The custom is universal throughout the East; and the women, probably, wear the same costume that was worn more than three thousand years ago, and carry the water from the fountains in the same manner, as when "Rebekah came out of the city of Nahor, with her pitcher upon her shoulder," to "the well of water, at the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water."\* So it was in Abraham's time; so it was in the days of our Saviour, when there came a woman of Samaria out of the city of Sychar, to draw water from Jacob's well. And so it is now, at the well of Nazareth. The water is collected in a large stone reservoir, and flows thence into a marble trough, where the women

\* Gen. xxiv. 10-20.



fill their pitchers. The fountain, which supplies the reservoir, is a few yards distant, and is covered by a small church, built by the Greek Christians, who claim this as the place of the annunciation. The Latins, however, maintain that their church and convent, within the walls, are on the site of the house where the Virgin Mary dwelt, when the angel announced to her, that she, "the highly favoured of the Lord," the "blessed among women," should be the mother of the Messiah.\*

Our first visit in the city was to the Franciscan Convent, a large, well-built stone structure, where travellers, who desire it, can always find comfortable accommodation, and are hospitably entertained; but we preferred our canvass covering, to stone walls. "The church of the annunciation," as it is called, belonging to the convent, is built over two grottoes, or chambers, excavated in the rock, on which, it is said, stood the house of Mary. You descend, by a long flight of steps, to the first of these caves, which is fitted up as a chapel, with the usual Romish decorations. A broken stone column marks the spot where the angel stood. A few hundred yards from the convent, in another street, is shown the room, where it is said, Joseph worked at his trade, and

\* Luke i. 28.



where Jesus, while in subjection to his parents, laboured with him.

It is enough to name these traditions, to which I attach but very little importance. For what matters it, whether this was the carpenter's shop or not; or whether the angel appeared to the Blessed Virgin in her own house, as the Latins contend, or at the fountain, as the Greeks maintain? One or the other tradition must be false; and we need care very little whether either of them is true. We know this momentous fact, from the word of infallible truth itself, that "the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary."\* We know that this is the Nazareth, to which the angel came; the city of Joseph and Mary; the city where our divine Redeemer passed thirty years of his life on earth. My eyes look upon the same unchanging and lasting hills, which his eyes looked upon. I climb up their rugged sides, by paths which his blessed feet have trodden. I cross the fields of this fair valley, bright and fragrant with flowers, as they were when pressed by his steps, in the days of his childhood and youth. I drink from that flowing fountain, whose waters have often quenched his

\* Luke i. 26, 27.

thirst. I feel sure that the mountains, and hills, and fields, around me, are those which he knew and loved. And here, beneath the bright blue sky, on the hill-side, or under the shade of the olive grove, where numberless birds are singing their songs of praise, my mind is free to meditate on Him, who here condescended to live as one of us, from infancy to manhood; "increasing in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man;" a pattern of filial love and obedience; and, in every word and action of his life, "leaving us an example that we should follow his steps."

## CHAPTER XI.

### SEA OF GALILEE.

MARCH 21. We started at a very early hour, for an excursion to the Sea of Galilee, by the way of Mount Tabor. From the summit of the lofty range of hills on the east, which we first crossed, we had a charming view of the town and vale of Nazareth, looking, in that clear morning light, more beautiful, if possible, than when we first saw them. Our road lay through a fine country of hill and dale, abounding in groves of ancient oaks, and in luxuriant pastures, where the wandering Bedouins pitch their tents, and feed their flocks. In about two hours, we reached the foot of Mount Tabor, which rises, a vast solitary truncated cone, on the eastern side of the great plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, to the height of a thousand or twelve hundred feet. Opposite to it, some three or four miles distant, is the little Hermon; little only in comparison with that greater mountain, of the same name, in the north of Palestine. It is to these that the Psalmist probably refers, when

he says, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name;"\* though it may be, that the greater Hermon is alluded to in that passage. At the foot of Hermon could be distinctly seen the little villages of Endor and Nain.

Our ascent of Mount Tabor was on the north side, by a circuitous and very rugged path, among a thick growth of small trees, principally oaks. In many places the rocks were steep and slippery; but every step upward, as our path wound around the mountain, brought some new and interesting objects to view, which more than repaid us for the fatigue of the way. On the summit, which we reached in an hour, is a plain about a mile in circumference, and some massive remains of gateways and walls of the fortified city, which once stood here, called Atabyrion; or, as the Septuagint has it, Itaburion,† the ancient name of Tabor. Several large tanks, or wells, belonging to the old fortress, are still in good preservation. One of them is said to be sixty feet deep; and, when we saw it, was nearly full of water. The ruins of two churches of the transfiguration, built by Greeks and Latins, are also here; this being the "high mountain apart," where tradition says our Saviour went with three of his disciples, "and was

\* Ps. lxxxix. 12.

† Hosea v. 1.

transfigured before them.”\* The view from the summit is glorious beyond description; and believed to be one of the finest panoramic landscapes in the world. We had seen not more than two which we thought would compare with it; the one, from the castellated tower at Ramleh, Arimathea; and the other, from the top of the cathedral at Milan.

From the highest point of Tabor you see the whole extent of the bright green plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of nations, encircling the mountain, and stretching out to the Mediterranean, with the lofty range of Carmel jutting into the sea, on the west. On the south, are the mountains of Gilboa, and the little Hermon; on the east, the plain and the sea of Galilee, the Jordan and its valley, and the mountains of Bashan beyond. On the north, are the mountains of lower Galilee; and, far away in the northeast, the mountains of Anti Lebanon, with mount Hermon the greater, lifting its lofty head, covered with perpetual snow. This is the monarch of the mountains of Syria, as Mont Blanc is of the Alps; and quite as imposing in appearance. We lingered on the summit of Tabor for a full hour, to enjoy a view, whose equal we shall probably never see again; and to call to mind some of the many stirring events which had occurred here.

\* Matt. xvii. 1, 2.



On this mountain Barak assembled his "ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali and the children of Zebulun," to deliver Israel from the oppression of Jabin king of Canaan. And on the plain below, "Sisera gathered together all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron, and all the people that were with him, from Harosheth of the Gentiles, unto the river Kishon." "And Barak went down from mount Tabor, and ten thousand men after him. And the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his host, before Barak; so that Sisera lighted down off his chariot, and fled away on his feet. But Barak pursued after the chariots, and after the host, unto Harosheth of the Gentiles; and all the host of Sisera fell upon the edge of the sword; and there was not a man left."\* Six centuries after the defeat of Sisera, this plain is mentioned in the history of the war of the Assyrians, under Nabuchodonosor, as "the great plain of Esdrelom," or "Esdraelon."† Since that period, it has been the chosen place of encampment for multitudes of contending armies. Jews and Gentiles, Saracens and Christians, Persians and Egyptians, Turks and Arabs, "warriors out of every nation which is under heaven," as one well remarks, "have pitched their tents in the plain of Esdraelon, and have beheld the various

\* Judges iv. 12-16.

† Judith i. 8; iii. 9.

banners of their nations wet with the dews of Tabor and Hermon.”\* The mountain and the plain occupy a conspicuous place in the history of the Crusades, and the campaigns of Napoleon. But how do such scenes as these fade into insignificance, before that event, with which an uninterrupted tradition of fifteen centuries, has hallowed the top of Tabor; the transfiguration of our Divine Redeemer, the Prince of Peace! What are the glories of earthly kings, in their highest power, compared with that which our Saviour then displayed to the eyes of his wondering disciples, when “his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light?” And “there came a voice to him from the excellent glory,” the Shechinah that “overshadowed them,” saying, “This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.”†

We were nearly an hour descending the mountain; being obliged to pick our way cautiously down the steep and slippery path, to the plain of Galilee, over which our route now lay. No garden of flowers ever looked gayer than the fields of this extensive plain, covered as they were with scarlet ranunculuses, bright red tulips, and purple, white, and scarlet anemones. You see many acres of these,

\* Dr. E. D. Clark's Travels iv. 258.

† Matt. xvii. 1-5. 2 Peter i. 17.

growing thickly together, with their various colours intermixed, displaying their gorgeous petals to the sun, in one blaze of beauty. It was no doubt with such a scene before him, that our Saviour uttered those encouraging words to the timid and distrustful heart, "Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The mount of Beatitudes, where these words were spoken, overlooks a portion of this plain. The fields and the flowers of this part of Palestine had to me an indescribable charm; for they were continually reminding me of the presence and teaching of the blessed Jesus, who drew from them the themes of his instructive parables.

In about an hour and a half, from the foot of Tabor, we passed the ruins of two Saracenic forts, probably erected in the time of the Crusades. In two and a half hours more, we had crossed the plain, and, on reaching the summit of a gentle slope, we beheld a landscape, not only of natural beauty, but possessing more sacred associations, than almost any other in the Holy Land. Deep down in the valley before us, lay the bright blue sea of Galilee; the lake of Gennesaret, or Tiberias, as it is also called; calm and clear, looking like a large mirror in a frame of emerald; so placid were its waters, so green its

shores. Our eye took in its entire circumference, and a portion of the valley of Jordan above. Beyond, on the west, were the mountains of Bashan, and on the north, forty miles distant, could be seen the top of Hermon, covered with snow ; a glorious object, when the sun shines full upon it. The ancient city of Tiberias, still a considerable walled town, its walls and mosques and houses, however, much shattered by earthquakes, was a mile below us, and immediately on the shore. Descending by a steep and winding path, we pitched our tents not far from the city walls, and near to the pebbly beach ; where we could see the lake in its whole extent. It is twelve miles long, and six broad, in its widest part. Opposite to Tiberias, its width is not more than five miles. The Jordan flows through its centre, and its course is said to be distinctly marked by the current which it creates. Although so tranquil when we saw it, and looking as if it could never be disturbed, it is subject to sudden and violent storms of wind, which come furiously down through the deep ravines of the mountains, by which it is surrounded.

There is but little to interest one in the town ; the frequent and recent earthquakes having made the greater part of it a heap of ruins ; and there is neither trade, nor manufactures, nor enterprise, to restore it. Not a single boat now floats on these



waters ; and the whole appearance of Herod Agrippa's once populous and wealthy city, is that of hopeless desolation. But what a multitude of thoughts crowded upon my mind, as I sat in the door of my tent, on that clear still evening, and looked out upon the placid lake, reflecting the stars above from its glassy surface ! Here my blessed Redeemer had been, again and again, in the discharge of those offices of love, which brought him to our earth. Galilee was the chief scene of his ministry, his miracles, and his teaching. His apostles were "men of Galilee;" and on this lake they plied their humble trade. Here, Christ called Matthew from the receipt of custom ; and here he commanded Andrew, and Peter, and James, and John, to follow him, and become "fishers of men." Here he bade Simon "thrust out a little from the land," while he sat in the ship and taught the people on the shore. And he immediately after gave proof of his divinity, by the miraculous draught of fishes, which "filled both the ships, so that they began to sink."\* In the darkness of the night, he walked upon the stormy waves of Genesaret. And when the disciples cried out for fear, he spake to them words of comfort—"Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not afraid."† By his miraculous power

\* Matt. ix. 9 ; iv. 19-21. Luke v. 1-7.

† Matt. xiv. 25-30. Luke viii. 23. Matt. viii. 24. Mark iv.



he enabled Peter to come upon the boisterous sea and meet him. On another occasion, when with his disciples in the ship, "there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves, and they were in jeopardy. And he arose and rebuked the winds, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still; and there was a great calm." On its shores, four miles north of Tiberias, stood that favoured city Capernaum, where our Saviour dwelt so long, that it was known as his "own city;" where many of his mighty works were wrought.\* After his resurrection, "Jesus showed himself again to his disciples at the sea of Tiberias;" again manifested his glory, by a signal miracle; thrice made the affecting inquiry of Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" and gave to him the earnest, thrice repeated command, "Feed my lambs."†

When we retired to our bed, it was not to sleep; but to meditate on events such as these, which imparted so deep an interest to the scenes around us.

The next morning, while our men were striking the tents and loading the mules, we rode about two miles down towards the southern shore of the lake, to the hot mineral springs. The water issues from the foot of the hills, in large streams, at the temperature of 150° Fahrenheit; so hot that it was impossi-

\* Matt. iv. 13; ix. 1; xi. 23.

† John xxi. 1-17.

ble to hold the hand in it for a single moment, without pain. It is collected in large stone reservoirs, and then made of any desired temperature. The baths, built by Ibrahim Pasha for his own use, are covered by a substantial stone structure, and are now kept by Arabs for the public benefit. We found several persons bathing there at that early hour.

Returning to Tiberias, along the clean pebbly shore, we ascended the eastern hills, and took the path which leads to Nazareth, by the way of Cana. The first three or four miles was a continuous, but gradual ascent, affording us a constant view of the lake, and its bright green banks, encircled by an amphitheatre of hills. In one hour from the time we left its shores, we passed some large stones lying near our path, which are said to indicate the spot where our Saviour fed the five thousand. It was a gently sloping field, well suited to the display of Christ's almighty power. When we saw it, "there was much grass in the place;" and thousands might have reclined there, while each one could have been an eye witness of such a miracle as the Gospel records. About a mile from this we passed close to the foot of Jebel el Hattein, an isolated hill, rising gradually from the plain to a moderate height, and covered with verdure to its summit. Tradition points it out as that on which our Saviour delivered those instructions to his disciples, called his Sermon

on the mount; and it is therefore known as the mount of Beatitudes. Having no reason to doubt the truth of this tradition, which is, I believe, received by all the Christians of Palestine, I could not but regard with intense interest a spot so sacred. Was the sky as bright, and the mount as green, and the plain as beautiful, as they appeared now, when He, who spake as never man spake, uttered those words of Heavenly wisdom, which have ever since been the guide, the consolation, and the hope, of Christians every where?

A ride of three hours more, brought us to a place of scarcely less interest than that of the mount of Beatitudes. In the hill country, not more than five miles from Nazareth, we came to a small village called Keffer Kenna, consisting of a few huts and the ruins of an ancient church. This is thought to be the Cana of Galilee, where our Lord performed his first miracle, "and manifested forth his glory."\* The church is said to stand on the site of the house where the marriage was celebrated, at which the mother of Jesus was present, and Jesus and his disciples were invited guests. At the foot of the hill, and near to the village, is a spring of pure sweet water, which flows down the valley in quite a brook. If this is Cana, as there are strong reasons to be-

\* John i. 1-11.

lieve, then there can be no doubt, that from this fountain, the "six water pots of stone" were filled, which supplied "the good wine" for that marriage feast. Cana of Galilee was also the scene of our Lord's second miracle, the cure of the nobleman of Capernaum's son;\* and it was the birth place of Nathaniel,† that "Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile."‡

In six hours after leaving the sea of Galilee, we were again at Nazareth, and encamped in the same grove of olives, as before, near to the Virgin's Fountain. It is an extensive grove of magnificent trees; several which I measured were from eight to twelve feet in circumference, and were probably some centuries old. It was a privilege indeed, to have a few hours more, to range over the hills and fields of Nazareth; and to pass another night among scenes of such absorbing interest, as those ever must be, which are associated with the first thirty years of our Saviour's life. To me it was no small gratification, to pass the anniversary of my own birthday, on this hallowed spot.

\* John iv. 46.

† John xxi. 2

‡ John i. 47.

## CHAPTER XII.

### NAZARETH TO BEYROUT.

MARCH 23. We took our departure from Nazareth at half past six o'clock, by the road that leads to Mount Carmel, intending to pass the night there, in the Latin Convent. Earth, air, and sky, all contributed to render it one of the loveliest mornings of spring; the most favourable season for travelling in Palestine.

Ascending the lofty hills which bound the vale of Nazareth on the west, we had a magnificent view of the whole region of Galilee; then, taking our last look of the city and plain, which lay at our feet, we descended by an easy path to the valley of Zabulon, which we crossed in about two hours. We then came to a hilly country, covered with ancient forest trees, mostly oak, finer than any we had seen since leaving the noble parks of England. We had a charming ride, for nearly two hours, beneath their shade. When we reached the last range of these wooded hills, we looked down upon the great plain



of Megiddo, or the valley of Kishon, bounded by Carmel and the sea. Our course was directly across this plain; and in one hour we came to "that ancient river, the river Kishon," so memorable in "the song of Deborah and Barak,"\* for the defeat of Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army, with his chariots and his multitude; and not less memorable, for the slaughter of Baal's prophets, by Elijah's command, after the trial by sacrifice upon Carmel.† The stream is but a few yards wide, and easily forded at this season of the year. We rode along its banks for a short distance, then crossing it, we kept close under the base of the lofty mountain range of Carmel, which here rises abruptly from the plain, its rough, rocky sides covered with dwarf oaks and bushes.

Continuing on this wild and romantic path, for eight or ten miles, with the mountain towering immediately above us on the left, and the grand plain of Esdraelon on our right, we came within sight and sound of the Mediterranean; and, in half an hour more, entered the little town of Kaiffa, which lies close upon the sea. It appears to have been once strongly fortified, but its forts and walls are now in ruins. There being nothing here to detain us, we rode directly through; and when a mile beyond the

\* Judges iv. 7; v. 21.

† 1 Kings xviii. 40.

town, we entered a magnificent grove of old olive-trees, larger, even, than those at Nazareth; extending one mile further to the foot of the mountain.

A wide and smooth, but very steep path winds up to the convent, which is beautifully situated on the brow of the bold promontory, probably a thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is a spacious, lofty, and commodious building, erected on the site of the old convent, and is said to be the richest conventual establishment in Palestine. The hospitality of the Franciscan Friars, here, and the excellent entertainment they afford to strangers, are proverbial. We were received with the utmost kindness, and lodged in as comfortable a manner as we could desire. The rooms are large and airy; the beds a pattern of neatness, but rather hard; the meals, though abundant and well ordered, not quite so good as we had expected; but it was Lent, and the rules of the convent do not permit them to have meat in the house at that season. Nothing could surpass the attention of good "Fra Carlo," whom all modern travellers that visit Carmel, remember with gratitude. We found, on our arrival, the English party of two ladies and a gentleman, whom we saw at Tiberias, already at the convent. In an hour or two more, a party of five American friends, and soon after, another of three, came up; all of whom we had parted with at Jerusalem. There were now fourteen

guests, besides our servants, who were to be accommodated for the night; but there was ample room for all. Of these, eleven were Americans; a greater number, we were told, than had ever been there before, at one time.

The church is built over a cave, which tradition points out as the residence of Elijah the prophet. The view, especially from the roof of the convent, is certainly very magnificent; but by no means equal to that from the castle of St. Elmo, which overlooks the bay of Naples. You stand upon a lofty precipice, projecting far out into the sea, whose waves dash against the wall of rock below. You command a noble prospect seaward; the deep blue Mediterranean stretching north and west to the horizon. On your right is the beautiful crescent-shaped bay, with the city of St. Jean d'Acre at its northern point, standing out into the sea, about fifteen miles distant. Adjoining the bay, is the plain of Acre; and far in the northeast, the snowy range of Anti Lebanon, with that noblest of mountains, the greater Hermon. We spent several hours in admiring the views from different points of the promontory; but the chief charm arose from the consciousness, that this was Carmel; a mountain connected with so many sacred associations. "The excellency of Carmel"\* was a Scriptural proverb, which indicated its ancient fertil-

\* Isaiah xxxv. 2.

ity. But it was predicted by the prophet, that "the top of Carmel shall wither;"\* and Carmel now is but a sterile mountain; sharing in that general barrenness with which the whole land has been visited, for the sins of its inhabitants. Tradition points out, on the southern portion of the range, the place where Ahab assembled the people of Israel, "and the prophets of Baal, four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves, four hundred, which did eat at Jezebel's table;" when that signal trial was made by Elijah of all these false prophets; which resulted in their destruction, and vindicated the honour and majesty of the true God. Near to it is the mountain peak, to the top of which, it is said, Elijah went up with his servant, when "there arose a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand," which foreboded the coming rain, after the three years' drought.†

At an early hour the next morning, we took our leave of the kind hearted Fra Carlo and his brethren, and descending by the same path that we went up, retraced our road as far as Kaiffa. We then followed the shore of the bay, riding close to the water's edge; the surf oftentimes flowing around our horses' feet. It was a smooth, hard, sandy beach, over which we galloped for several miles. The shore was strewn with wrecks, some of them quite recent, and others

\* Amos i. 2.

† 1 Kings xvii. 1; xviii. 19, &c.



decayed, and nearly buried in the sand. We gathered some fine sponges, which had been cast up by the waves. In about one hour from Kaiffa, we crossed the mouth of the Kishon, not more than thirty yards wide, and two feet deep; in two hours more, we crossed the Belus, of about the same width and depth as the Kishon, at the point where it enters the sea. In half an hour more, we entered the celebrated city of St. Jean d'Acre, the ancient Ptolemais. Few places occupy a more conspicuous place in ancient and modern history than this. It is named, in the Old Testament, Accho;\* and was one of those strong Phœnician cities, whose inhabitants the Israelites could not drive out. In the time of Alexander the Great, it was called Aco; and was afterwards styled Ptolemais, in honour of Ptolemy Soter, king of Egypt, who ruled over this part of Syria. This is the name by which it is mentioned in the New Testament,† in the account of St. Paul's travels, who landed here, on his way to Jerusalem. It has been considered the key to Palestine, and is celebrated in the history of the Crusades, for the several sieges which it sustained, and especially for its siege and capture by Richard Cœur de Lion; after which it became the property of the Knights of St. John. It has since been made memorable in

\* Judges i. 31.

† Acts xxi. 7.



the wars of Napoleon. It has never recovered, and probably never will recover, under its present administration, from the bombardment which it sustained in 1840, when its walls and fortifications were almost entirely destroyed. The strong city has literally become "a ruinous heap;" and its broken battlements, and fallen houses, attest the horrors of war.

We rode through the principal bazaar, and around the ruins of the old fortifications; passed the two mosques, from which the muezzins were calling "the faithful" to prayers; and then continued our ride northward, pursuing a path which took us further inland.

In half an hour, we passed the remains of an ancient aqueduct, probably Roman, built to conduct water from the mountains to the city; a distance of several miles. Almonds, figs, and oranges, are cultivated in this part of Syria, to a very great extent. We passed numerous orchards of these trees to-day. The fig-tree is just putting forth its leaves; the almond-tree is in full blossom; the orange-trees are laden with ripe fruit, while the new flowers, on the same tree, perfume the air with their fragrance. I know of few more beautiful sights, in the vegetable world, than a large orange grove, with its glossy green leaves, its golden fruit, and its pure white blossoms. We rode into one of them, where

the trees were of an extraordinary size, and the branches were bending beneath their luscious load. The proprietor informed us that there were five thousand trees in that enclosure. We bought twenty of the largest and finest oranges I have ever seen, plucked fresh from the tree, for one piastre, about five cents of our money.

At four o'clock, eight hours after leaving Carmel, we reached a spot near to the village of Bussah, which lies further inland, and pitched our tent by a spring, near to an almond grove, and within five minutes' walk of the sea, whose waves came rolling in with a soothing sound, upon the sandy shore. A new khan has just been erected at this place; but our accommodations in the tent are far better than any Arab building can offer.

March 25. We left our place of encampment a little after six o'clock, our path running near the sea; sometimes along the beach, at other times over rugged promontories, rising abruptly from the water, in almost perpendicular precipices. In three hours, we came to the most remarkable of these mountain passes, the Promontorium Album, a lofty cliff of white limestone, jutting far out into the sea, whose waves dash and foam, within the deep caverns at its base. The road runs on the very edge of the precipice, some six or eight hundred feet above the sea.

A low stone parapet, over which a horse might easily leap, is the only protection from the yawning gulf on one side; and a wall of rock, which has been cut away to form the pass, rises high on the other. It is a fearful and dizzy height to look down from, especially on horseback. This pass is said to have been made by Alexander the Great, and is known as the "ladder of Tyre;" a most appropriate name; for the path which is mostly cut in steps, in the solid rock, is, in many places, so steep, that we could with difficulty keep our saddles.

On the very summit, there is a ruinous square tower, used as a khan, which commands a view quite equal to that from the convent on Carmel, and not unlike it. On the east and north, you see the plain and mountains of Phœnicia, and the snowy peaks of Lebanon; on the south, the city, bay, and plain of Acre, and the whole range of Carmel; and westward, far as the eye can reach, spreads out the broad Mediterranean. We found the descent of this pass on the north, much more steep and difficult than its ascent on the south. It was literally going down a flight of rough stone stairs, carved out of the mountain side. On reaching the bottom of the pass, we found ourselves on the great Phœnician plain, extending northward to Beyrout, and the mountains of Lebanon. Our path was through "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," where our Saviour healed the

daughter of "a woman of Canaan," "a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation."\*

When within half an hour of Tyre, we turned aside to see the remains of an ancient aqueduct, and three large pools of solid masonry, which are supposed, by some, to have been constructed by Hiram, king of Tyre, to supply the city. They are full of water, which continually overflows, and forms a clear rapid brook, that enters the sea not far distant. A ride of two more miles, along the sandy beach, where the waves rolled up around our horses' hoofs, brought us to Tsur, an Arab town, now occupying a portion of the promontory, once an island, on which Tyre was built. The causeway constructed by Alexander from the main to the island, when he besieged new Tyre, is covered with drifting sand, which has also buried up the ruins of the first city, that stood upon the shore.

We rode around the promontory, to get a view of the remains of the ancient harbour, once a "haven of ships," which commanded the commerce of the world. Broken columns of marble and granite lie half buried in the ground, and along the coast, where the waves break continually over them. Many of these columns can be seen at a little distance from the shore, beneath the clear blue waters; and there they have probably lain for ages.

\* Matt. xv. 21-28. Mark vii. 24-31.



At the southeast corner of the town, are extensive ruins of an ancient church, supposed to be that which was built by Paulinus, Bishop of Tyre, in the beginning of the fourth century. Eusebius, who was present at its consecration, describes it as "far the most noble in Phoenicia." A splendid column of highly polished red granite, similar to the obelisks of Luxor and Karnak, which lies amongst the ruins, was probably one of the principal ornaments of this once magnificent cathedral; which Eusebius tells us had "four inclined porticoes, with pillars rising on every side."\* That portion of the column which was visible to us, was about twenty-four feet in length, and twelve in circumference. The eastern wall is standing, and we passed under one of the arched doorways of the church, as we entered the town from the southeast. Tsur has probably some three thousand inhabitants, who are better looking, and apparently more thrifty, than the generality of those we met with in Arab towns. The bazaars looked well, and made a considerable display of merchandise. Three or four vessels, one of them a large French brig, were riding at anchor in the harbour, and a number of small boats were drawn up on the beach. What a contrast does it present to the time, when "Hiram, king of Tyre," made a

\* Eccles. Hist. B. x. pp. 416-418, Am. edit.



league with Solomon, and furnished him with "cedar and fir-trees," from the mountains of Lebanon, for building the temple at Jerusalem!\* Some fishing-nets were spread out to dry in the sun. The prophecies respecting ancient Tyre, "the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth,"† have been wonderfully accomplished. Those remarkable predictions by the prophet Ezekiel, recorded in the twenty-sixth and two following chapters, have become history. The walls of Tyre are "broken down;" her "pleasant houses are destroyed;" her "stones and her timber, and her dust are laid in the midst of the water;" "the noise of her songs" has ceased; "and the sound of her harps" is "no more heard." Tyre has been made "like the top of a rock, a place to spread nets upon." This was "the burden of Tyre;"‡ and fearfully has it been laid upon her, by the divine judgments, on account of her wickedness.§

Two hours north of Tyre, we came to Nahr-el-Kesimiyeh, the ancient Leontes; a rapid river, about sixty yards wide, across which was a substantial stone bridge of a single span. We crossed this bridge, and following the stream up a few rods, encamped in a very favourable spot on its banks,

\* 1 Kings v.

† Is. xxiii. 8.

‡ Is. xxiii. 1.

§ Joel iii. 4-8. Amos i. 9.

which are lined with oleanders, not yet in blossom. The plain here is perfectly level, and about two miles in width, from the sea to the mountains. The next day, being Sunday, we as usual remained at our place of encampment.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, Hassanein came to our tent, to say that a large number of mounted and armed Bedouins were approaching, from the opposite side of the river. They proved to be the chief Sheik, or Prince, of the mountain region, with some thirty or forty attendants, all elegantly dressed and mounted, and presenting a noble appearance, as they rode along by the foot of the mountain, single file; their bright guns and spears glittering in the sun. They crossed the bridge, and dismounted on the plain, not more than a hundred yards from our encampment. Very soon after, we were visited by some half dozen of the Sheik's officers, inviting us to come and take coffee and pipes with him; an invitation which we could not with propriety decline; nor would it, probably, have been prudent to do so. Escorted by the messengers, and with Hassanein for our interpreter, we made a pleasant visit to this Arab Prince, whose jurisdiction, we were told, extends over several hundred towns and villages. He received us courteously, asked many questions about our country and our travels, and seemed quite gratified with our

answers. His attendants, two of whom appeared to be his sons, were a fine looking body of men. One old man, a Persian, excited our admiration by his tall and erect figure, intelligent countenance, and gentlemanly bearing. We were also particularly struck with the appearance of another of the attendants, a Nubian, black as ebony, but with no marks of the negro. He was the finest specimen of a black man, that we had ever seen; and a great favourite, as we afterwards saw, with his master.

When we had finished our coffee, and were preparing to take leave, the Sheik called upon his men, who were seated on the ground around him, to show us something of their skill in horsemanship. Some eight or ten of them immediately jumped up as volunteers; among them, those whom we took to be his sons, and the Nubian. Mounting their horses, they rode out upon the plain, and exhibited extraordinary feats of agility, strength, and dexterity. Their horses, fleet as the wind, were under perfect control. They would charge towards each other so furiously, that it seemed as if they must be dashed together; then, turning suddenly, one party fled, while the other pursued; frequently throwing their spears far ahead, and catching them from the ground, as they passed. The most skilful of these riders was the Nubian, who would balance his long gun on his turban, with the breech projecting in front, so as readily

to grasp it with his hand, and, while his horse was at his utmost speed, he would seize the gun, turn half round in his saddle, fire at his pursuer, who in his turn fled. The Nubian, then wheeling his horse, would pursue the fugitive, re-load his gun, balance it on his head, and, when near enough, discharge it as before. This continued for half an hour; when they all came in to receive the approbation of their master, and our thanks for their kindness.

We stayed no longer than courtesy required; and then asked Hassanein to excuse us in the best way he could, for our seemingly abrupt departure. When we got to our tent, I asked Hassanein what apology he made for our leaving. He said he told the Sheik that "the gentlemen wished now to go and say their prayers." This is always a good excuse with a true Mussulman. When may we ever hope to hear, from a Christian, without fear of ridicule, such an apology for withdrawing, at suitable times, from worldly occupations or amusements?

Our kind Sheik took quite a fancy to my spectacles; but, as they were near-sighted glasses, they did not help his vision, and he asked if I had not a spy glass. I evaded his inquiry, in the best way I could, lest he should ask me to give him a very excellent one, which I happened to have in my tent. It was one which I valued too highly, and had found too useful in my



travels, to exchange it, even for an Arab horse, or gun. He and his party soon after left us, and proceeded eastward among the mountains. Just at night, the English gentleman and ladies, whom we had met several times before, and whom we last saw at Carmel, arrived, and pitched their tents near to ours. Such meetings of travellers are particularly pleasant in the East.

March 27. We were off at an early hour, and after a ride of three hours over the plain, near the sea, we turned aside, one mile, to the hills on our right, to visit Sarafend, the Sarepta of the New Testament, the Zarephath of the Old. In this city, Elijah the prophet dwelt, a whole year, by God's appointment, with a poor widow and her son ; all of whom were miraculously fed, during the famine, by the barrel of meal, which wasted not, and the cruse of oil, which failed not, "according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah."\* Here, too, he restored that widow's son to life. These miracles derive additional interest, from the use which our Lord makes of them, when teaching his own townsmen, in the Synagogue of Nazareth. "I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the

\* 1 Kings xvii. 9-16, 22.



land; but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow."\* The town stands high up on the side of a very steep hill, overlooking the Phœnician plain, and the Mediterranean Sea; about twelve or fifteen miles north of Tyre, and six or seven miles south of Sidon; hence it was called "a city of Sidon." A Turkish mosque now occupies the place of the Christian church, which was erected over the supposed site of the widow's house, where Elijah dwelt. And so it is in almost every part of the Holy Land; the crescent has supplanted the cross. Not Jerusalem only, but all Judea, "is trodden down of the Gentiles." And so it shall be, "until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."†

In two and a half hours from Sarepta, we reached Saida, the ancient Sidon, whose history is so intimately associated with that of Tyre. Like the latter town, it stands upon a peninsula; but it is much larger, and better built, than Tyre, and there are more remains of the harbour of the old city. On entering the gate, we found ourselves immediately among the bazaars, which are more extensive, and better filled with various articles of merchandise, than any we had seen since leaving Cairo. The Franks have here a large khan, surrounding a court,

\* Luke iv. 25, 26.

† Luke xxi. 24.

with a fine fountain in the centre. Many of the houses are substantial, and good looking; and there was more apparent prosperity, than in any other town which we have visited in Palestine. Much of its wealth consists in its extensive fruit gardens, of oranges, almonds, and figs. We bought very large, delicious oranges, fresh from the trees, for about three or four cents a dozen. There are also large mulberry groves in the vicinity, which feed great numbers of silk worms; so that raw silk is one of the staple articles of commerce. For several miles before reaching Sidon, we passed numerous fragments of columns, broken capitals, and remains of Mosaic pavements, indicating the sites of some of the old cities, which once spread over this plain. In the modern buildings of Saida, may be seen fragments of elaborately wrought marble, which probably belonged to some of the costly structures of ancient Sidon.

Sidon was the oldest and most powerful city of Phœnicia; and is supposed to have been founded more than two thousand years before Christ, by Sidon, the eldest son of Canaan.\* In the time of Joshua, B. C. 1450, it was called "Great Zidon;"† and was then pre-eminent in art, manufactures and commerce. Her prosperity led to an over-indulg-

\* Gen. x. 15-19.

† Josh. xi. 8.

ence in ease and luxury; so that, to live "quiet and secure," became a Scripture proverb for living carelessly, after the manner of the Sidonians.\* But she was subsequently "eclipsed by Tyre, at first her colony, and afterward her rival." In the days of Solomon, B. C. 1014, Sidon was dependent on Tyre. And when the king of Israel contracted with Hiram, king of Tyre, for hewing cedars in Lebanon, for the temple, he says, "I will give hire for thy servants, according to all that thou shalt appoint; for thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians."† But the divine prediction went forth against her, as against her sister Tyre; "Son of man, set thy face against Zidon, and prophecy against it, and say, Thus saith the Lord God, I am against thee, O Zidon; and I will be glorified in the midst of thee."‡ Nothing now remains of the former glory of either of these magnificent and powerful cities. But while we contemplate their utter overthrow, how are our higher privileges, and greater responsibilities, brought home to our hearts, by those words of warning, from the lips of our divine Redeemer, to all who live like them in ease and luxury, and think themselves secure! "If the mighty works which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon,

\* Judges xviii. 7. † 1 Kings v. 6. ‡ Ezek. xxviii. 21, 22.

they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.”\*

In half an hour after leaving Sidon, we came to Nahr el Auly, the ancient Bostremus, a wide, rapid river, which rises in the mountains of Lebanon, and is now much swollen by the melting snows. This is the northern boundary of the great Phœnician plain. The neighbourhood abounds in orchards of mulberries and figs, oranges and almonds, which grow here most luxuriantly. We ascended the river a considerable distance, until we came to a large khan, and a noble stone bridge of a single arch, now broken, the work it is said of the celebrated Fakredine, Emir of mount Lebanon, and built about two hundred years ago. We forded the river near the bridge, and then rode through a rough, rocky country, and along the sandy coast, until we came, at three o'clock, to the khan, “Neby Yûnas.” Here we pitched our tent, on a little shady knoll, within a hundred yards of the surf, which rolls up as majestically as on any beach on our own Atlantic coast. We saw a fisherman standing in the water casting his net, the common mode of fishing along this coast.

\* Matt. xi. 21, 22.



Near by is the Wely Neby Yûnas, or tomb of the prophet Jonas, so called, from a Mohammedan tradition, that this is the place where Jonah was thrown ashore by the whale. We have had no more delightful spot to encamp in, than this; and it was the last night in which we expected to sleep beneath a tent. The English party was again encamped near to us.

March 28. We were up at four o'clock, had breakfasted, and were in our saddles, ready for a start, nearly an hour before sunrise; so anxious were we to reach Beyrout, and get our letters from home. The first part of the way, we had the sea close at hand, on our left; and, for the whole distance on our right, were the glorious mountain ranges of Lebanon, and Anti Lebanon, towering to the skies; their snow-capped summits shining like silver in the bright morning sun. After a somewhat fatiguing ride of four hours, over rugged ridges, and through deep sand, and across several mountain streams, swollen by the melting snows, we came to a fertile plain, abounding in gardens and orchards of fruit and mulberry-trees, protected by hedges of prickly pears. We threaded our way among these enclosures, for three or four miles, which brought us, at ten o'clock, to Beyrout.

Having taken rooms and deposited our luggage at



Demetri's Hotel, a very well-kept house, we hastened to our Banker's, where we found letters for us, but none of a more recent date than January 29th, two months before. They were the first we had received since leaving Cairo; and although a little disappointed at finding none of a later date, we felt thankful to hear that our friends were well when these were written.

They, in their turn, will experience a like disappointment; for we find that a package of letters which we had forwarded here from Jerusalem, two weeks ago, for America, were still in the consul's hands, waiting for a steamer. Such is the uncertainty of the mails in this part of the world.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### BEYROUT TO SMYRNA.

OUR journey from Cairo to Beyrout, including ten days at Jerusalem and the neighbourhood, had been accomplished in forty days, without any untoward accident, or anything to mar its pleasure. We had slept thirty-one nights in our tent, and had found it so comfortable and pleasant, that we now reluctantly gave it up for even a first class hotel. Everything, it is true, had conspired to make our journey agreeable. We had been blessed with perfect health; and, with the exception of two or three days, had been favoured with the finest weather for travelling. It was most providential that we were delayed in our journey to Upper Egypt; for had we accomplished that, and begun our tour in Palestine one month earlier, as we at first intended, we should have been in the midst of the rainy season; and our whole tour would probably have been uncomfortable. It had been our intention to visit Damascus and Baalbec, from this place; but several reasons

induced us to give up this journey. The chief reason for foregoing such a pleasure, was want of time; as it would occasion a delay of sixteen days, which we could not well spare. We were told, too, that we should find the journey unusually difficult, on account of the deep snows in the mountain passes; more snow having fallen on Lebanon this year, than for several years before. Our friend, Mr. Goodhue, however, being less pressed for time, resolved to undertake it with Hassanein for his guide; and here, therefore, we parted company with them. Our journeys together have left, I trust, a pleasurable impression on all our minds, which will not soon be forgotten; certain I am, that, on my own mind, it is as enduring as life itself.

Beyrout, the probable Berothai of Scripture,\* the ancient Berytus, is charmingly situated on high ground, overlooking the bay, and "that goodly mountain," Lebanon, which Moses so earnestly desired to see.† The highest peak, called Jebel Sanin, rises to the height of ten thousand feet; its summit always white with snow. We had seen no such mountains as this whole range, for grandeur and sublimity, since leaving Switzerland. No wonder that "the glory of Lebanon" was so frequently

\* 2 Sam. viii. 8. Ezek. xlvii. 16.

† Deut. iii. 25.

the prophet's theme; and that from this they drew some of their sublimest imagery.\*

There are extensive remains of the foundations of the old Roman city, near the shore, and some are to be seen beneath the clear blue sea. The present city is well built, and has extensive bazaars, but the streets are narrow and dirty. The population is estimated at about fifteen thousand; and although the harbour is not good, yet it is considered quite equal to any in Syria, and has a larger commerce than any other. On the opposite side of the bay, about eight miles from Beyrout, tradition points out the spot where St. George attacked and slew the dragon.

March 29. We were glad to learn, on rising this morning, that the French steamer for Smyrna had arrived during the night, and would sail the next day. Having secured our passages, we spent the day in looking through the town, and around its delightful suburbs; and passed a pleasant evening with our consul and his family. He was most kind and attentive to us during our short stay, as he ever is to all his countrymen.

March 30. We went on board the Oronte at

\* Isaiah xxxv. 2; lx. 13. Jer. xxii. 6. Hos. xiv. 5, 6.

seven o'clock in the morning; Mr. Goodhue and Hassanein accompanying us, to see us off. We parted from both of them very reluctantly; yet we had the hope of seeing our fellow countryman, ere long, in our native land, and of renewing together the many pleasant recollections of our travels. But as we took leave of Hassanein, our faithful Arab dragoman, we felt that we should never meet again on this side the grave; and it was with a deeper sorrow, on that account, that we bade him farewell. His brother Hassan, and Solyman the cook, had also endeared themselves to us by their kind attention to our comfort. They had been with us three months, up the Nile, through the desert, and in Syria; and had performed their respective duties to our entire satisfaction.

At eight o'clock we weighed anchor, and steamed along the coast of Syria, under a bright sky, and over a calm sea, with the magnificent ranges of Lebanon dipping their feet in the waves, and raising their heads among the clouds. After so many weeks travelling on land, we thought that nothing, in the way of sailing, could be more delightful than this. Three young English army officers, who had been making the tour of Palestine, where they received orders to join their regiments, were our fellow-passengers from Beyrout. One of them, Mr. Fletcher, whom we met at Jerusalem, and who went with us



to the Jordan, was on his way to London. The other two, Tower and Booverie, expected to find their regiment at Gallipoli; where the allied armies were then concentrating their military and naval forces, for the mighty conflict which was to ensue.

At noon we anchored in the harbour of Tripoli, now called Tarabolus, and remained there through the rest of the day, to receive and discharge freight. This gave us a good opportunity to see the town; and a nice-looking thrifty town it is; pleasantly situated at the foot of the mountains, about a mile from the bay, surrounded by luxuriant fruit gardens, of orange, lemon, and pomegranate-trees. A small village, where goods are landed, stands at the point of the bay, on the site of the ancient town, which was taken and destroyed by the Sultan of Egypt, at the close of the thirteenth century, and was afterwards rebuilt, at a distance from the shore, as we see it now. On landing from our ship's boat, we stepped out upon some broken columns, apparently relics of the old city. We walked up to the town, and spent several hours in strolling about its streets and bazaars, admiring the beautiful articles exhibited for sale, especially those of silk and embroidery, all of which were manufactured here. In many of the shops, which, like those in Cairo, are open in front, and less than ten feet square, resembling large bow windows, you see men and women at work, mak-

ing silk purses, bags, belts, etc., and embroidering scarfs, shawls, and other articles of dress, with gold and silver cord. They appeared pleased to have us stop and look at their work; and would frequently put some unfinished article into our hands, that we might examine it more closely.

We have seen no such cheerful, bright-looking town, in Syria, as this. We entered a large khan, built in the form of a hollow square, with a stone fountain and reservoir in the centre; here they were selling, at auction, the effects of the lately deceased Greek consul. The streets, like all Eastern cities, are narrow; not more than five or six feet wide; but they are clean and well paved, and occasionally open into a spacious square. The houses are lofty and well built of stone; and what with the narrow streets, and the mat awnings, and the flowing fountains, the city was deliciously cool, while the heat, in the open country around, was oppressive. A Turk, gayly dressed, bearing on his back a water skin, with a brazen spout, and two highly polished brass cups in his hand, was crying "Sherbet, in the name of the Prophet," through the bazaars, and found not a few customers.

The women of Tripoli, Christian as well as Moham-medan, all go closely veiled. Their dress and veils are usually of white muslin; but being full and flowing, and reaching quite to the ground, they are troublesome to walk in, and render the wearers

exceedingly awkward in their movements. We returned to our ship late in the afternoon, and at eight o'clock were again on our voyage.

March 31. When we came on deck in the morning, we found our steamer at anchor in the harbour of Latakia, the ancient Laodicea, where we had arrived a few hours before. It is customary for the boats, on this line, to run during the night, from port to port, and to remain during the day, to receive and discharge freight or passengers. And since the repeal of the quarantine laws, the traveller is thus enabled to land frequently, and visit the places of interest on the route. The country around Latakia is quite picturesque, and very fertile; abounding in fruit gardens, and orchards, and producing, it is said, the finest tobacco in the world. The fig-trees and pomegranates are now shooting forth their first leaves, the almond-trees are in full blossom, and the orange and lemon-trees are laden with ripe fruit, and flowers. The town lies on an eminence some distance back from the port, is well built, and, next to Beyrout, is the most important commercial place on the coast. It being Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, most of the bazaars were closed. From the high hills in the rear, we had a fine view of the town, with its nine mosques, the beautiful country around, and the harbour and sea beyond.

We started again at six in the evening, and the next morning, at six o'clock, were in the spacious harbour of Scanderoon, or Alexandretta; a small place, with but few good houses, one or two warehouses, and only about five hundred inhabitants; occupying the site of the once populous city of ancient Alexandria. It is, however, at present a place of great importance, on account of its excellent anchorage, the best in Syria. Being the port of Aleppo, which is only two or three days distant, inland, it enjoys a very considerable traffic. It is also the port of Antioch; that memorable city, where Paul and Barnabas preached the Gospel, a "whole year;" and where "the disciples were first called Christians."\* Antioch is on the river Orontes, twenty miles from its mouth, and some eight or ten hours from the port of Alexandretta.

The gulf, or bay of Alexandretta, is sheltered by lofty and rugged mountains, now white with snow, rising abruptly from the shore, and looking wild and desolate; a fit haunt for the numerous robbers who infest this region. Fifteen or twenty sail of vessels were riding at anchor in the bay; and among them the French frigate *Serieuse*. We landed a large amount of freight, and took on board many tons of butter, packed in skins, such as the Arabs use for carrying

\* Acts xi. 26.



water. While lying here, we saw a caravan of camels start off for the interior, loaded with merchandise, and guarded by a numerous body of Arabs, armed with long spears and guns; this being considered at the present time, one of the most dangerous routes to travel, in all the East. An immense wild boar, which had just been killed in the mountains, was brought on board, and portions of it were served up at our table for several days. The head of this huge animal measured two feet three inches in length, from the skull to the end of the nose; and its tusks were frightful. The wild boar of Erymanthus could hardly have been more ferocious and formidable than this.

To-day we had quite an accession to the number of our passengers, in the Bey of Bagdad, his Hareem, and attendants. Other Turks and Arabs have also come from Aleppo, and are on their way to Smyrna and Constantinople. They occupy a large portion of the deck; the women having a place specially appropriated for them. We are now within sixty miles of Tarsous, supposed to be the Tarshish of Scripture, to which Jonah attempted to flee.\* On the shore of the bay, about half a mile south of us, are two columns, a part of the ruins of an ancient Christian church, said to mark the place

\* Jonah i. 3.



where the fish threw Jonah "upon the dry land." Whether the Christian tradition, which fixes it here, or the Mohammedan tradition, which places it at the Waly Neby Yûnas, be the correct one, I leave it for those to settle, who attach more importance than I do to this matter. We left Alexandretta at six o'clock P. M.

April 2. At seven o'clock in the morning, we were anchored in the harbour of Mersina, the port of Tarsous, in Cilicia; the Tarsus of Scripture, that "no mean city," where St. Paul was born.\* It was once the metropolis of Cilicia, the residence of a king, and the rival, in refinement and learning, of Athens and Alexandria; but is now a small decayed town, on the river Cydnus, twelve miles from the sea. We were now on the route of St. Paul's travels to and from Rome; and it was gratifying to know, that we were within so short a distance of the great apostle's birthplace. We remained in the harbour about four hours, which was not a sufficient time to allow us, either to visit Tarsous, or to go to some extensive ruins a few miles up the bay; supposed to be those of an ancient city. Numerous columns of these curious ruins, still standing, were distinctly to be seen, as we passed out the harbour.

\* Acts xxi. 29.

Another large increase to the number of our Oriental passengers was made here, by receiving on board the Pasha of Adana, his sons, their wives, and numerous retinue. Their hareems numbered thirty women, white and black, but so closely veiled, that it was impossible to tell which, excepting where the hand was accidentally displayed. All of these were to be accommodated on deck, excepting the Pasha, who had a berth in the cabin. With these four or five hareems, officers and servants, and the untold amount of baggage which they brought with them, our boat was so completely lumbered up, fore and aft, that there was but small space for walking. That, however, is what the Turk never cares for, so that he has room to spread his mat, take his coffee, and smoke his narghelia.

The Bey and Pasha were on their way to Constantinople; the latter, as we understood, to obtain from the Sultan the Pashalic of Aleppo, which was recently vacated by death. We might therefore expect to have them for our companions, for a number of days to come. We found them, indeed, very agreeable; and it added not a little to the interest of our voyage, to have persons of such distinction on board, with their families, and the officers of their household. It gave us a good opportunity to observe, more closely, Eastern habits and customs.

The father of the Pasha's favourite wife was with them; a fine looking, but feeble old man; and it was delightful to see the devotion of the daughter to the aged parent. She was continually consulting his comfort. He ate with her, and with the other women of the family; probably out of respect to his age and relationship; for in every other instance the men and the women took their meals separately.

On leaving Mersina, at half past eleven o'clock, we continued on until night, along the bold mountain coast of Cilicia; the scenery of which is perfectly magnificent; the mountains coming close down to the sea, and rising in rugged peaks; their sides and summits, at this season, covered with snow, and forming a beautiful contrast to the deep blue of the Mediterranean. Just at sunset we had a sight, on our left, of the large island of Cyprus, where Barnabas, the companion and fellow-labourer of St. Paul, was born; and where he had possessions of land, which he sold, "and brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet," that a distribution of it might be made among his more necessitous brethren.\*

In crossing the gulf of Attalia, or, as it is more commonly called, Satalia, and known in Scripture as the Sea of Pamphylia, the wind was high and the sea rough; but having passed that, it became smooth

\* Acts iv. 36, 37.

again, and we had much of the same bold mountain scenery, as on the day preceding. We passed, during the night, Myra and Patara, two cities of Lycia, mentioned by St. Luke as places at which St. Paul stopped in his travels. The first of these was where the apostle, when being carried a prisoner to Rome, was put on board the ship of Alexandria,\* in which he was wrecked. The other is a city at which he stopped on his way from Greece to Jerusalem, and where he again took a ship to Phœnicia,† landing at Tyre and Cæsarea.

April 4. At four o'clock in the morning, we came to anchor in the spacious and beautiful harbour of Rhodes, a strongly fortified city, situated at the northern point of the island of the same name. This island, the largest and most fruitful of the Sporades, is supposed to have a population of twenty-eight thousand, of whom about twenty thousand are Greeks, and seven thousand Turks. The city looks well from the sea; nor does its internal appearance disappoint one's expectations. For two centuries it was the strong-hold of the Knights of St. John; who, when driven from Palestine, captured this city from the Saracens, A. D. 1309, and were afterwards known as the Knights of

\* Acts xxvii. 5, 6.

† Acts xxi. 1, 2.



Rhodes. They retained it till 1525, when it was taken by the Turks, after an obstinate resistance, and a fearful slaughter. Those of the Knights who survived, removed to Malta. It has ever since been in possession of the Turks.

There are two harbours; the outer one, which is much the larger, was built by the Knights; it is flanked by a fine old tower. In the inner, and more ancient harbour, to which ships were sometimes taken for greater security, are pointed out the ruins of the foundations on which, it is said, the celebrated colossus stood, which was one of the seven wonders of the world. This brazen image, according to the ancient historians, was built B. C. 300. It was more than one hundred feet high, and bestrode the entrance of the harbour, so that ships passed beneath it. Only fifty-six years after its erection, it was broken and overthrown by an earthquake, and remained in that state for nearly nine centuries; when it was sold by the Saracens to a Jewish merchant, who loaded nine hundred camels with the brass.

We had a good opportunity for seeing this interesting old city, as our boat remained here nearly the whole day. Its fortifications are even now so strong, that the Turks deem them impregnable. The streets are clean and well paved. That which is known as the street of the Knights, remains the same as when they were driven from it; and is



remarkable for the quaint architecture and solidity of the buildings. They seem to have been constructed mainly for defence. The most interesting building in this street is the old Church of St. John, now a mosque. Externally there is nothing remarkable in its appearance; but there is a simplicity in its interior, which is very impressive. The pavement is covered with inscriptions and effigies, much mutilated; and the roof is sustained by numerous plain granite columns, each of a single stone. We went through the bazaars, but there seemed to be little activity there. We also visited the shipyards, where a few small vessels were being constructed. The city, as I have said, is remarkably neat, and the houses well built; but there is no stir nor bustle in the streets; no appearance anywhere of a crowd; and in most parts of it, one feels a sense of loneliness, as if in a deserted town.

We left Rhodes at three o'clock P. M.; and as we passed out of the harbour, and directed our course westward, into the Ægean Sea, we had a better view of the city, its triple walls, and towers and battlements, and the mountain range by which it is backed. A large number of windmills, on the adjoining beach, at the foot of the hills, added to the picturesque beauty of the scene.

The sea was rough until we came under the lee of the Asiatic shore, and coasted along among the

little islands of the *Ægean*. At nine o'clock we passed the city and island of Cos, or Coos, the birth-place of Apelles and Hippocrates; and mentioned in St. Paul's travels, in connection with Rhodes and Patara.\* It is now called Stanco. In an hour or two after, we passed Calimnos, celebrated for its sponge trade; almost all the male inhabitants being occupied, at certain seasons of the year, in diving for sponges. It is said that some of them are such expert divers, that they will descend to the depth of twenty-five fathoms.

April 5. We were on deck at a very early hour, just as the sun was rising out of the eastern waves, throwing his bright beams over the little isle of Patmos, and making the whole *Ægean* a sea of gold. It was a beautiful emblem of that far more glorious light, which beamed forth from the Sun of righteousness, on that hallowed isle, when Jesus revealed himself there to his beloved disciple, as the "root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."† We stood with our eyes fixed on that bright and beautiful island, so inexpressibly dear to every Christian heart, until it became but a speck upon the bosom of the sea. We soon passed close under the western end of Samos, mentioned in

\* Acts xxi. 1.

† Rev. i. 9; xxii. 16.

the voyages of St. Paul,\* and still retaining its ancient name. This part of the island is a bleak and barren mountain, its top covered with snow; the eastern and middle portions are represented as very fertile. The city of Samos, the birthplace of the philosopher Pythagoras, was situated opposite to Trogyllium,† another of St. Paul's landing-places, on the Ionian shore, from which it was separated by a narrow strait. A little south of this is Miletus, where St. Paul took his last leave of the elders of the church of Ephesus.

Leaving Samos on our right, and the smaller island of Nicaria on our left, we crossed the Gulf of Scala Nuova, a few miles up which, on its northern shore, are the few remaining ruins of the city of Ephesus; so celebrated in profane history for its wealth and luxury, and for that wonder of the world, "the temple of the great goddess Diana,"‡ whom it was the Ephesians' pride and boast, that "all Asia and the world worshipped." This stronghold of heathendom is more memorable in Scripture history, as the scene of St. Paul's labours for three whole years;§ and through his successful preaching, "all they which dwelt in Asia, heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks." Over the

\* Acts. xx. 15.

† Acts xx. 15, 17, &c.

‡ Acts xix. 27.

§ Acts xx. 31.

church which he planted in Ephesus, he placed his "beloved Timothy," as the first bishop. Here the favoured disciple, St. John, lived, before his banishment to Patmos; and here he returned from exile, to end his long life; exhorting, with his dying breath, his fellow Christians to "love one another."

What privileges did the church of Ephesus enjoy, in being permitted to hear the burning eloquence of St. Paul, the kind and affectionate teachings of St. John, and to have two such chief shepherds, as Timothy and Onesimus! To this church was addressed one of the epistles of the Apocalypse, in which we find the fearful warning, "Remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent."\*

Nothing remains of Ephesus now, but a few fragments of ruins. The church, once the brightest of the stars in the Saviour's right hand, a candlestick of purest gold, holding within it the light of the everlasting gospel, has ceased to be. The candlestick has been "removed out of his place;" the "star," in the Redeemer's right hand, has fallen, and been quenched in deepest night. "It is impossible," says one who visited the spot, "to find a more striking instance of the literal accomplish-

\* Rev. ii. 5.



ment of prophecy, than in the fate of Ephesus; the avenging stroke has swept away everything belonging to it, but the 'eternal hills,' the river, and a few mouldering columns; and excepting the mournful cry of the jackal, the nighthawk, and the owl, and the occasional voice of the wayfarer, or the wild shout of the Turcoman, all is silence and solitude."\*

Having passed the gulf of Scala Nuova, we steamed along the coast of Scio, the ancient Chios, through the narrow strait which separates it from the mainland of Asia Minor. This was once the best cultivated, and the most flourishing island of the Archipelago; containing a hundred and fifteen thousand inhabitants, mostly Greeks. But during the Greek revolutions in 1822 and 1826, occurred those dreadful massacres by the Turks, when it is estimated, that some thirty thousand were slaughtered here, and most of the women and children were sold into slavery; so that the island was entirely depopulated and laid waste. These atrocities aroused the indignation of the whole of Christendom; but no where was more sympathy manifested for the oppressed Greeks, than in our own country. All, with open hand, aided in sending them substantial relief. Scio has recovered some portion of

\* Milner on the Seven Churches. Lon. 1831, p. 190.



its former importance; but its whole population is less than twenty thousand, of whom only a few hundred are Turks. It is still however a charming island; and the town, which stretches along the shore, with its bright white houses, contrasted with the green of the olive-covered hills, and the deep blue of its sheltered bay, is exquisitely beautiful. Scio is one of the places which claim the honour of having given birth to Homer. It is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, in connection with St. Paul's voyage to Syria.\*

Shortly after leaving Scio we entered the Gulf of Smyrna; and running along its western shore in nearly a southeast course, for about three hours, we anchored at six o'clock in the splendid harbour of Smyrna, which is considered one of the finest in the Mediterranean. Three Austrian men-of-war, and numerous merchant vessels, bearing the flags of almost all nations, were riding at anchor around us. Among them could be seen the stars and stripes, one of the pleasantest sights to an American, in a foreign port.

Numberless light little caiques, the most graceful of boats, were gliding among the shipping, carrying passengers to and from the shore; ships were loading and unloading their cargoes; and altogether there

\* Acts xx. 15.

was a scene of life and activity, such as we had not met with before, since leaving the shores of Europe. It was so near night, when we came to anchor, that we concluded to remain on board ship, and not seek lodgings in the city until morning. Our steamer was to sail from here to Marseilles, by the way of Syra and the Piræus; while we remained at Smyrna, waiting for a boat to take us to Constantinople. This delay gave us a favourable opportunity to see all that was interesting in this ancient city.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SMYRNA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

APRIL 6. After securing very comfortable rooms at the Hôtel Deux Augustes, we called on the American consul, and then paid our respects to the Rev. Mr. Lewis, an English clergyman, who officiates as chaplain to the British consulate; and who has lived here with his family for more than twenty years. At the time of our arrival, considerable excitement and alarm prevailed among the citizens of Smyrna, on account of some recent revolutionary movement in Greece. The Greek ambassador at Constantinople had left, and all the Greeks in Smyrna, and elsewhere, who are not Turkish subjects, were ordered to leave the Sultan's dominions within two weeks. Great apprehensions were entertained lest there should be an outbreak in Smyrna, but fortunately none took place. The Greeks retired quietly, as they found opportunities, crowding almost every vessel that left the port. In consequence of this alarm, and the rumours received from Athens, that

Greece was in a state of insurrection, and that Athens was blockaded by the French, I wrote to my friend Dr. Hill, our missionary at Athens, requesting him to inform me whether we could safely visit Greece, and to let me hear from him on our return from Constantinople to this city.

Smyrna has a motley population, brought together for purposes of trade, from every quarter of the globe. From the great number of its English, French, and American residents, it has more the appearance of a European city, or rather, it is less Oriental, than any which we have visited since we left Malta. This is the consequence of its more extended commerce; a large part of which is with England and America. The city extends for a great length along its crescent bay, and spreads up on the gentle slope of hills, which rise high above it. On the highest summit of these hills are the remains of an old castle, built by the Genoese, from which there is one of the most magnificent views that we have ever seen. In some respects it is quite equal to the view of Naples and its bay, from the Castle of St. Elmo. It certainly reminds one of that; and is little, if at all, inferior to it. The whole city, with its numerous mosques and lofty minarets, its gardens of fruit trees, its groves of tall green cypress, and its unrivalled harbour, covered with ships and boats, are spread like a map before you; and all



these are enclosed by lofty ranges of mountains, standing out in beautiful and bold relief on the blue horizon.

Not far from the castle, on the path which conducted us down to the city, are some ruins, said to be the remains of the first Christian church in Smyrna. What ground there is for such a belief, I was not able to learn; but whether it be true or not, Smyrna has other and higher claims to the interest of the Christian, which rest on no uncertain tradition. It was one of the first cities on which the light of the glorious gospel shone; and, in the days of the apostles, was blessed by a flourishing church, whose members were distinguished for their piety and zeal. "Unto the angel of the church in Smyrna, write; These things saith the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, but thou art rich. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."\* "The angel of the church in Smyrna" is supposed to have been its first bishop, the venerable Polycarp, who was born here. He was the disciple of St. John, who appointed him the chief overseer of the church in this city. Here this venerable saint suffered, A. D. 147, that fearful death, at the

\* Rev. ii. 8-10.

age of nearly a hundred years, an account of which has come down to us in "the circular epistle of the church of Smyrna, concerning the martyrdom of St. Polycarp," addressed "to the church of God, which is at Philadelphia, and to all the other assemblies of the holy and catholic church in every place." It was in the market-place of Smyrna that he endured this martyrdom. When bound with chains, and the fire was about to be kindled, the Roman proconsul exhorted him to "reverence his old age," and to "swear by the fortune of Cæsar;" to "say that Christ is not Christ," or to utter any other words, which would amount to a denial of the Lord Jesus; and promised him life and liberty as the reward of his apostacy. "Swear," said he, "and I will release thee." "Reproach Christ, and you shall live." To which that venerable bishop, over whose head a century of years had rolled, who had been the companion and disciple of St. John, who had received his apostolic commission from the hands of the beloved disciple himself, who had been favoured with an epistle dictated by his Divine Redeemer, and penned by St. John in Patmos, warning him of the things which he should suffer, and holding up to him the certain reward of faithfulness unto death, made this ever memorable and triumphant reply to his Roman ruler; "Reproach Christ! Fourscore and six years have I continued serving him, and he hath

never wronged me at all ; how then can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?" And when the pro-consul again threatened, "I will cause thee to be devoured with fire, unless thou shalt repent," he meekly answered, "Thou threatenest me with fire which burns for an hour, and in a little while is extinguished ; for thou knowest not the fire of the future judgment, and of that eternal punishment which is reserved for the ungodly. But why tarriest thou ? Bring forth what thou wilt."\*

"The angel of the church in Smyrna" was "faithful unto death," and received "a crown of life."

We brought away with us a small fragment of that old ruin, which, if it be not a part of the church in which Polycarp preached, will serve to remind us of our visit to the scene of his labours and sufferings. I cannot omit the further remark, that Smyrna alone, of all the seven cities of Asia, to whom the Apocalyptic Epistles were addressed, retains a measure of her ancient greatness ; being at this time one of the largest and richest cities of the Levant. Nor has the light of the gospel, though greatly dimmed, ever been extinguished. The candlestick, though its gold is tarnished, is still there, and ever has been. More than thirty years since, it was said, that "its population was estimated at one hundred

\* Standard works, Prot. Ep. Ch. vol. iv. pp. xxvii. 112, 113.

and forty thousand, about twenty-six thousand of whom were in communion with the Greek Church; five thousand were Roman Catholics, and one hundred and forty were Protestants."\* The Protestants at the present time must be much more numerous than this; judging from the congregations attending the English and American chapels, on the Sunday that we were there.

April 7. The steamer which brought us here, sailed to-day for Syra, the Piraeus, and Marseilles, taking with her our letters to America; the first that we had been able to forward to our friends at home, since we left Cairo. An American vessel, lying in the harbour, and nearly ready to sail for Boston, afforded a favourable opportunity for sending off a great number of articles, which we had collected in Egypt and Syria. We packed them in a large box, and put them under the care of the captain. While our baggage was carried on camels or mules, these additions to it were attended with no inconvenience; but we have learned by experience, that the fewer articles we have, when travelling on steamers or railroads, the better. At every place where it was practicable, we made a point of sending home whatever we thought would not be

\* Horne's Introduction, vol. iii. Appx. p. 54.



necessary to our future comfort. In this way, we travelled with greater freedom, and much less expense and trouble. We never had more luggage than we could easily carry in our hands, in case of necessity; consequently there were no extra charges for this, nor had we any trouble with custom-house officers, for the whole could be inspected in a few minutes.

We took tea and spent a very agreeable evening with the Rev. Mr. Lewis, chaplain to the English consulate, and his family; to whom I had a letter from Bishop Southgate. They showed us many kind attentions during our stay in Smyrna.

April 8. One of the three Austrian men-of-war, lying in the harbour, that which bore the admiral's flag, sailed to-day; and as a large ship under sail is always a pleasant object, we went down to see her off. She went out in fine style, exchanging salutes with the other ships, while the bands played their national hymn, which is as spirit stirring to them, as the Marseillaise is to the French, or the Star-spangled Banner to Americans. We hear the conduct of Captain Ingraham, in the Kosta affair, spoken of in the highest terms of eulogy. No words seem too strong to express the admiration of the Smyrnots, for his cool and determined conduct on that occa-

sion. He is now with his ship at Constantinople, where we hope to see him.

We visited to day the Dutch consul-general, Mr. Van Lennep, a native of Smyrna, and one of its oldest and most respectable merchants. At one time he was the consul-general for five foreign powers. He has attained the good old age of fourscore and eight years, with faculties unimpaired, and is perhaps more generally known, and more highly esteemed, than any other man here. He returned our visit in the evening, and sat with us until a late hour, conversing about America. He tells me that he travelled more than twenty thousand miles, over the territory now embraced in the United States, before the introduction of railroads and steamboats. This was, I think, in the time of the first Adams's administration. He was acquainted with both the Adamses, and with many other public men of their day. I have seldom met with a person, so advanced in years, who possessed such a flow of spirits, and such a fund of pleasant and instructive conversation.

April 9. Sunday. We attended the church service, in the morning, at the English consulate; the Rev. Mr. Bolters officiating in the absence of Mr. Lewis, the chaplain, who had gone to officiate in a neighbouring village. After church we dined at Mr. Lewis's; and as there was no second service at the

consulate, we accompanied Mrs. Lewis and her daughters to the chapel of the American missionaries.

At the close of the day we went to the Rev. Mr. Bolter's, in time to be present at a service which he has every Sunday afternoon, in the Greek language, for the benefit of a few Greek Christians, mostly young men, who are thus brought under his immediate influence. From the success which has thus far attended his labours in this way, he is encouraged to continue them.

April 10. The Lloyd Austrian steamer arrived, with some of our American friends on board, whom we left at Cairo. The French steamer from Marseilles, in which we had engaged our passage to Constantinople, also came in, with a great number of passengers bound to the seat of war; among them were some English officers, and the French General Espinasse, with his suite. When we went on board, at three o'clock P. M., we found our old fellow travellers, the Pasha of Adana, and the Bey of Bagdad, with their hareems and numerous attendants, there before us. The boat, which was thought to be full before, might now be said to be a little crowded. We were glad, however, to meet our Turkish friends again, although they occupied so large a portion of the deck, that there was but small space left for

others; yet we had room enough to sit or stand. The sea was calm, the day bright, all the passengers appeared to be in good humour, and we had every prospect of a comfortable and pleasant voyage.

We weighed anchor at four o'clock, and steamed rapidly out the harbour and down the gulf. It proved to be a magnificent night, calm and clear; the moon, nearly at her full, shone out gloriously on the glassy sea, showing the mountains, headlands, and islands, almost with the distinctness of day. We sat upon deck a great part of the night, enjoying the splendid scene, and thinking much of home and absent friends, as we looked up at the polar star, towards which we were steering, and the bright constellation near it, which had so often gladdened our eyes in our native land. Many a night in our journeyings, especially on the sea and through the desert, did we gaze with delight upon the north star and the pointers; objects upon which eyes, dear to us as our own, might then be gazing. At eleven o'clock we anchored at Mitylene, the capital of the large island of the same name; the ancient Lesbos, the birthplace of Sappho; but far more interesting to me, for having been consecrated by the presence of the great Apostle to the Gentiles.\* Lesbos is considered one of the most beautiful and the most

\* Acts xx. 14.



productive of the *Ægean* islands; and is still famous for its wine, oil, and figs. The neighbourhood of Mitylene is said to abound in olive groves, which give it a luxuriant appearance; but although we remained in its harbour two or three hours, we did not land; and of course saw it only by the light of the full moon; which, however, was very brilliant, and probably rendered the whole landscape even more beautiful, than it would have been if seen by daylight. Opposite to Lesbos, on the main, a few miles from the sea, once stood the renowned city of Pergamos, where was one of the seven churches of Asia, mentioned in the book of Revelations.\*

April 11. We crossed the Gulf of Adramyttium in the night, soon after leaving Mitylene; but we were on deck in time to see the sun rise over the plains of Troy, and light up with his first rays, the beautiful island and town of Tenedos. We were now coasting along the shores of Troas, that part of Mysia in Asia Minor, of which Troy was the capital; made so familiar and so interesting to the classical scholar, by the poems of Homer.

Here also stood the city of Alexandria, the Troas† of Scripture; memorable for the visits of St. Paul,

\* Rev. ii. 12.

† Acts xvi. 8-11; xx. 5-12. 2 Cor. ii. 12. 2 Tim. iv. 13.

and for his having restored to life the young man, Eutychus, who had fallen from the upper room, where the apostle was preaching, "and was taken up dead."

Near to the coast are three remarkable mounds, each perhaps a hundred feet high, and about half a mile apart, known as the tombs of Patroclus, Achilles, and Ajax. Beyond the plain are to be seen the lofty ridges of Mount Ida; one of its peaks towering high above the rest. As we approached the entrance of the Dardanelles, we could discern, far off in the *Ægean*, the islands of Lemnos and Imbros. We now entered that narrow strait, the ancient Hellespont, now the Dardanelles, which separates Asia from Europe, and connects the Mediterranean with the sea of Marmora. Numerous merchant ships were coming down the straits, with a fair wind, and under full sail; while many first-rate men of war, and steamers of the largest class, were to be seen; some lying at anchor, others steaming their way up against wind and current, with troops and stores for the scene of warfare. The sight of so many splendid ships, continually passing us, was exceedingly animating to all on board, especially to those of our passengers, who expected soon to take part in the mighty conflict, between Russia and the allied powers. At nine o'clock in the morning, we anchored in

the harbour of Dardanelles, a town on the Asiatic side, midway of the straits.

Here is a strong fortification; and nearly opposite, on the European side, is another; they are known as the Castles of Europe and Asia. About half a mile above Dardanelles is the site of ancient Abydos, and on the other shore, a little further up, is that of Sestos, made memorable by the story of Hero and Leander, and still more memorable, by the passage of the vast armament of Xerxes, when marching against Greece.

At the points where he caused his two bridges to be erected, the strait is not more than a mile wide; to me it appeared considerably less than this.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Gallipoli, a small town in European Turkey, at the point where the Hellespont unites with the Propontis, or sea of Marmora. It has become quite celebrated of late, as the port where most of the allied troops are disembarked. The harbour is full of ships of war and transports. Several thousands of soldiers have been landed within a few days, and their encampments are seen on the neighbouring heights, and along the shore. The French General, Espinasse, and several other officers of the French and English armies, who were on board of our steamer, with their horses, mules, and a great

amount of stores and luggage, were to be put on shore here; this detained us several hours. It gave us an opportunity, however, to see something of the manner in which preparations are being made for prosecuting the war; and to form some faint notion, of the immense amount of blood and treasure, which must be expended, before it can be brought to a close. All the world knows, what a frightful slaughter has since been made, among those troops in the Crimea. And any one who has read the tales of blood, which the history of this war records from the beginning, must be pitiless indeed, if he do not desire and pray, that the sure word of prophecy may be speedily fulfilled, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."\*

We left Gallipoli at ten o'clock; and, as the moon was bright and the sea calm, we remained a long time on the deck, enjoying the tranquil scene. Not a cloud could be seen in the sky, nor a ripple on the water; the heavens, with speechless voice, were declaring their Maker's glory;† and "the great wide sea also,"‡ in silence proclaimed his praise. All above and around us, told only of peace, harmony, and love.

\* Isaiah ii. 4. Micah iv. 3.

† Psalm xix. 1-3.

‡ Psalm civ. 25.



April 12. When we came on deck, at sunrise this morning, we found that we were passing rapidly over a smooth sea towards the northern, or European shore of the Marmora. As we neared the coast, many pleasant looking houses and villages could be seen; and these became more frequent, and more showy, as we approached the Bosphorus. All were now anxiously striving to catch a first sight of that great city of the sultan, of which these were the outskirts; and when it came in view, there was an universal expression of delight. It was indeed a magical scene.

For beauty of location, and elegance of exterior, Constantinople, or as the Turks call it, Stamboul, probably surpasses any other city in the world. It certainly more than realized my expectations; much as they were raised by the glowing descriptions, which almost all travellers have given of it. But we saw it, for the first time, under the most favourable circumstances; a calm sea, a bright sky, and a glorious morning sun, rising up from Anatolia, to gild the palaces and domes, the mosques, and minarets, and towers, with which the city of the seven hills was crowned. No less than fifteen mosques, of the largest size, could be seen at one time, rising high above all surrounding buildings, most of them with more than one minaret. The mosque of Achmed has six, and the mosque of

St. Sophia four, all of great height. These it is which give such external grandeur to the city. To add to its present interest and beauty, its superb bay was crowded with ships of all nations, many of them the pride and boast of the British and French navies; yet all lying quietly at anchor, and looking calm and peaceful, as if "war had ceased throughout the world." To compare great things with small, I might say that the city of Boston, as you see it from the harbour, crowned with the State House and its dome, bears some resemblance to any single elevation in Constantinople. And if you could conceive of seven or eight such cities as Boston, each with a building and dome, surrounded by minarets and towers, rising from as many hills, and all united to form one great metropolis, you might then have a tolerable idea of the capital of the Ottoman empire.

Such is its general outline, as first seen in approaching it from the south, and as you sail along its extensive front, on the Sea of Marmora. But as you enter the Bosphorus, and sweep around into the Golden Horn, passing Seraglio Point, on which are the palace and gardens of the Sultan, new beauties open upon you, until the view becomes perfectly enchanting. You anchor in the inner harbour, and find yourself in the centre of a grand panorama of cities. On the south of the Golden Horn is Stamboul, the principal residence of the Turks, and oppo-

site to it is Scutari, its Asiatic suburb, standing on a promontory of Anatolia. On the north of the harbour, situated on lofty hills, are Pera, inhabited mostly by Europeans, and the residence of all foreign ambassadors; Galata, which is occupied by Greeks; and Top-Hana, where Turks only reside. All these unite together around Stamboul, the ancient Byzantium, to form the metropolis of Turkey.

We anchored about nine o'clock in the morning near to Pera; and, although we were told that the city was full of strangers, and the hotels crowded, yet we found no difficulty in getting very comfortable accommodations at the Hôtel d'Europe, to which we had been recommended. Its location, on one of the highest streets in Pera, is as desirable, perhaps, as any in the town. We thought ourselves exceedingly fortunate to get in here, and to have a spacious room assigned to us, with four large windows; two looking out upon Galata, and its striking old tower; the other two overlooking the whole harbour, Scutari, the Golden Horn, with the bridge that crosses it, the palace, and gardens on Seraglio Point, the mosques of St. Sophia and Achmed, and, indeed, the greater portion of the northern side of Stamboul. We can see every vessel that is at anchor in the harbour, or that comes in, or departs. To add to the beauty of the landscape, there are mountains near the Asiatic coast, and far beyond is seen Bi-

thynian Olympus, its summit covered with snow. Altogether, it is one of the finest prospects imaginable, either by daylight or moonlight. And we are never tired with sitting at our windows to gaze upon it. Immediately in front of the hotel, we see our own national flag floating from the corvette *St. Louis*, Captain Ingraham; and a pleasant sight it is to us.

As soon as we had arranged matters to our satisfaction at the hotel, we went out to make a few calls on persons to whom we had letters; among them Mr. Brown, of the American legation, who is always most attentive and kind to his countrymen, the Rev. Mr. Dwight, and the Rev. Mr. Van Lennep, Missionaries of the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and the Rev. Mr. Blakiston, chaplain to the British embassy. My old friend and classmate, the Rev. Mr. Goodell, who has been here five-and-twenty years, as a Missionary of the American Board, lives three miles from town. He came in to see us at our hotel, but we were out, and unfortunately missed him.

Pera has a few fine edifices, mostly occupied by foreign ambassadors. There is little else to recommend it, excepting the beautiful views which you get from its elevated position.

The English have built a splendid residence for their ambassador. That of the Russian minister, now



vacated, in consequence of the war, is a magnificent structure. The houses of the inhabitants generally are of wood, without paint, and with no pretensions to elegance. The streets are narrow, dirty, steep, and very badly paved. It is quite a toil to ascend either the hill of Galata, or Pera ; but, when on the summit, the prospect amply compensates for the fatigue.

April 13. A most sudden and unpleasant change of weather occurred during the night; and the bright genial sunshine of yesterday is succeeded by a cold drizzly rain, with occasional sleet and snow ; rendering fires indispensable.

It was most fortunate that we reached the city on so fine a morning as that of yesterday ; for had we been one day later, our first impressions of Stamboul would not have been very favourable. As the sky occasionally brightened up a little, we walked out, but were glad to return to our comfortable room and cheerful fire.

April 14. Good Friday. When we arose this morning, the house tops, over which our windows look, toward the bay, were covered with snow to the depth of several inches; and it continued snowing, raining, and blowing violently, the greater part of the day. We attended service at the British embassy, and heard an excellent sermon by the

chaplain, Mr. Blakiston, from 1st Peter i. 18, 19, on the Redemption through Christ.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large number of persons were present; and among them several English gentlemen, who were our fellow travellers in Egypt and Palestine. We spent the evening at the Rev. Mr. Dwight's, in company with one of his brother missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Benjamin. Others of his American friends had been invited to meet us, but were prevented by the storm. Mr. Dwight tells us, that during his residence here of more than twenty years, he has no recollection of so severe a snow storm as this. A servant came from our hotel, with a lantern, to conduct us home; no one being allowed to walk the streets at night, without a lantern, in any Turkish town.

April 15. Our first care this morning was to have our passports prepared, and then secure our passage on board the Austrian steamer to Athens. The day was chilly, but otherwise pleasant. While our passport was undergoing the necessary forms at the French consul's office, we took a caique and rowed off to the United States ship *St. Louis*. Although a small vessel, compared with many at anchor in the harbour, she is a perfect pattern of neatness and order; and one of which an American may be justly proud. We were received with great

courtesy and kindness by Captain Ingraham and his officers; and, after passing a very pleasant half hour with them, we returned to Pera; and, walking up to the bridge of boats which crosses the Golden Horn, entered Stamboul proper. The objects of interest are not numerous, although it is thought to be the largest city in Europe; having, with its suburbs, nearly one million inhabitants. There are here no galleries of paintings, or sculpture, no museums of art or science, which are the chief attractions of other great European capitals. For beauty of situation, and for external splendour, it is, as I have said, probably unequalled by any other city in the world; being built on a peninsula formed by the sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn, a crescent-shaped bay, which extends some three or four miles on the northern side of the city. The point of this peninsula, on which stood the ancient Byzantium, is now occupied by the seraglio, a palace of the Sultan; which, with its numerous buildings and gardens, is three miles in circumference.

We took horses and rode through the principal streets and bazaars, and to the places of greatest interest. We had heard much of the narrow, ill paved streets, and filthy appearance of Stamboul, but in these respects, it was better than most of the Eastern cities which we had visited.

Its houses are generally of wood, unsightly, and built without any regard to uniformity of architecture or arrangement. Whenever a fire occurs, which is frequently the case, it makes frightful ravages among such combustible materials, oftentimes consuming many hundreds of houses at once. Contrasted with its outward beauty, its internal appearance is shabby indeed.

Near the imperial gate of the palace, from which the Sublime Porte takes its name, is the mosque of St. Sophia, once a Christian church, built by Constantine the Great. It is unquestionably the most interesting object in the city, on account of its many sacred and historical associations. It was the cathedral church, where Christian emperors worshipped, and where Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed, poured forth his words of burning eloquence. For more than eleven centuries, it retained its sacred character as a Christian church, when, by the death of the last of the Constantines, and the capture of the city, it fell into the hands of the Turks, A. D. 1453. It was then converted into a mosque; and ever since, the crescent, on its lofty dome, has occupied the place of the cross.

A short distance from the mosque of St. Sophia is the ancient hippodrome, at one end of which stands an Egyptian obelisk. It is a single block of red syenite, fifty feet high; inferior, in size and beauty,



to those of its former companions, which we saw in Alexandria and Heliopolis. Near it is a loftier obelisk, built of blocks of marble, and once covered with bronze, the work of one of the Roman emperors, at the close of the fourth century. By the side of these is a curious old brazen column, fifteen feet high, and a foot in diameter, composed of three twisted serpents. It is one of those which the Emperor Constantine brought from the temple of Apollo at Delphi, to adorn the hippodrome of his new city. It once supported the tripod of the celebrated Delphic oracle. Not far from the hippodrome is a large pillar, ninety-four feet high, known as "the burnt column," from having been disfigured by numerous fires. It is said to have been erected by Constantine the Great, and was formerly surmounted by a statue of the emperor.

One of the most extraordinary remains of the ancient city, also the work of Constantine, is now known as the subterranean palace, or the palace of a thousand and one columns. It is one of those immense reservoirs, by which the old city was supplied with water; like those that we saw at Baiæ and Ramleh, only much more extensive. Within, it has the appearance of the crypt of a vast cathedral, supported by a double row of lofty pillars, said to be a thousand and one in number, but, in reality, about four or five hundred. We de-

scended to it by a broad flight of stone steps, and found a great number of persons, mostly women and children, occupying these subterranean corridors, and engaged in various kinds of handicraft, but principally in winding and twisting silk.

Not far from this ancient imperial cistern is a magnificent white marble mausoleum of Sultan Mahmoud; and a little beyond it is the mosque of Achmed, with its six lofty minarets; next to St. Sophia, the largest and most beautiful mosque in the city. The covered bazaars of Constantinople are among the chief objects of attraction to the stranger. They are wider, more extensive, and more commodious, than those of Cairo, and present a much more showy appearance; especially in their rich display of silks and embroideries. In the "bazaar des armes," where are kept the most costly goods, and which is open only a few hours each day, may be seen all the riches of which we read in the tales of the Arabian Nights. We wandered among these bazaars until nearly night, and then, recrossing the bridge to Galata, walked up by its fine old tower, and passing through the Turkish burial-ground, filled with tall dark cypresses, we returned to our hotel.

April 16. Easter Sunday. We had another snowy day, but the storm was not so disagreeable, as that on Good Friday. The services at the British

Embassy were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Blakiston, the chaplain, and the rooms were well filled. About forty persons remained to the Holy Communion; among them were Lord Stratford, and the Earl of Carlisle. It gave me great pleasure, when kneeling at the chancel, to find that Captain Ingraham was by my side. How delightful it is to see our seafaring men, and especially the officers of our navy, attentive to the highest duties of religion, and doing honor to their profession, by their exemplary lives. They thus become most useful missionaries in foreign lands. Captain Ingraham walked with us to our hotel, and promised to call on us to-morrow. We were again at the Embassy in the afternoon, and found the services nearly as well attended as in the morning. They were made more impressive to us by the fact, that this is the anniversary of our sailing from New York on our present tour. And I trust that the memory of mercies, which we have received the year past, in all our journeys, the recollection of the divine protection from sickness and danger, from perils by land and sea, has quickened our devotion, and added new fervour to our hymns of thankfulness and praise.

April 17. The fine weather having returned, we improved it diligently, as this was to be our last day in Constantinople. The Rev. Mr. Dwight called at

an early hour, and offered to be our cicerone for the forenoon; and a more experienced and agreeable one we could not have had. We engaged a caique, one of those beautiful boats which we have seen only in the Levant, long and narrow, and almost as light as an Indian's birch canoe, with two men to row it. Having seated ourselves, Turkish fashion, on the soft cushions in the bottom of the boat, we were borne rapidly over the water, first to the St. Louis, where we remained half an hour. We next rowed up the Bosphorus several miles, to see the palaces and villas on its beautiful shores. The new palace, which is to be the future residence of the Sultan, is nearly finished. It is built in European style, of white marble, elaborately wrought, and presents a magnificent front to the sea, several hundred feet in length. It stands so near the water, that the broad flights of marble stairs, which lead up to it, are washed by the waves; reminding us of some of the finest palaces of Venice. One mile above this is the Sultan's present residence; it is of wood, in purely oriental style, and, as seen from the water, has quite an imposing appearance.

On our return, we crossed over to Scutari, on the Asiatic side, where a large number of English troops were disembarking; a number of transports having just arrived, and among them the Himalaya, with a thousand on board. We did not



stop at Scutari, but recrossed to the entrance of the Golden Horn, and landing a little above the Seraglio, discharged our caique, and took another and more leisurely walk through the bazaars. They are among the most interesting objects in Constantinople; and no where, perhaps, do you obtain a better knowledge of Eastern costumes, habits, and customs, than here. It being a fine day, the streets and shops were more crowded than at our former visit; and there was a much greater display of costly and elegant goods. We made a few purchases; the more advantageously, no doubt, from having Mr. Dwight for an interpreter.

Returning from the bazaars, we took another caique, and rowed up past two of the bridges which cross the Golden Horn, as far as the navy yard; thus having an opportunity of seeing the whole of Stamboul, on this side, from the water, where it always appears to the greatest advantage. Several ships of war were on the stocks; and a number of the largest class were lying near by at anchor. We were told that the finest vessels in the Turkish navy were built by American shipwrights, who came here for that purpose.

At two o'clock we were back to our hotel, and in time to receive another pleasant visit from Captain Ingraham, who gave us a package of letters to take to America. Mr. Brown, who has been for a num-

ber of years connected with the American legation here, very kindly procured us a firman to see the seraglio and mosques to-day; but, while we felt under great obligations to him for this special kindness, as for many other favours during our short stay, we were obliged to forego the pleasure, as our passages were engaged in the steamer which sails this afternoon. Having already seen the interior of several of the finest palaces and mosques in the East, we had no particular wish to see these; but had we remained one day longer, we should have availed ourselves of an opportunity, which had once before been presented to us and declined.

## CHAPTER XV.

### CONSTANTINOPLE TO ATHENS.

APRIL 17. At four o'clock we were on board the Austrian steamer Stamboul, and at five o'clock we were under way; steaming out of the Golden Horn, into the Bosphorus, and around Seraglio Point, to the Sea of Marmora. Nearly opposite to the city, on the Asiatic shore, a little below Scutari, is the small Turkish village of Kadikevi, on the site of the ancient Chalcedon, a city of great historical note in the reigns of Darius and Xerxes; and celebrated in ecclesiastical history for the fourth general council, of six hundred and thirty bishops, assembled there by the Emperor Marcian in A. D. 481.

The afternoon of our departure was bright and mild, and the sea smooth; much such a day as that of our arrival; so that our first and last impressions of Constantinople, as seen from the sea, were equally favourable. Our first view was when the morning sun lighted up with his earliest beams its palaces, and mosques, and minarets, and domes; our last

view was when, with his evening rays, he gilded all these with a brighter but momentary glory, and then left them to the softer light of the stars. Before night closed in, we had one more view of the snowy summit of the Bithynian Olympus, and of the more distant ranges of Mount Ida.

April 18. We reached Gallipoli at six o'clock in the morning, and remained there about an hour. Thirty vessels of war, chiefly French, were lying at anchor in the harbour; six of these were propellers of the largest class, mounting probably from ninety to a hundred guns each. The allied troops are constantly arriving, and encamping on the neighbouring plains. It is expected that in a few weeks there will have been not less than thirty-five thousand English, and seventy-five thousand French troops, landed at this port. Their future destination is not yet made known; though it is generally believed, that the army will be concentrated in the neighbourhood of Adrianople, the former capital of the Turkish Empire, and some seventy or eighty miles in the interior.

We had a fine run through the straits, stopping at the Dardanelles for half an hour; and at noon we reached Tenedos, where we remained too short a time for us to go on shore. We were now in the *Ægean* Sea, retracing our course over that part of



it which we before passed in the night. Crossing the gulf of Adramyttium we anchored just at sunset in the harbour of Mitylene, and thus were favoured with another view of this interesting town, and its olive-crowned hills, which we had seen before in the moonlight.

April 19. At four o'clock this morning we were in the harbour of Smyrna; and immediately after breakfast we landed, and spent most of the day with our friends on shore; whose kindness, on this and our former visit, we shall ever remember with gratitude. Taking leave of them at five o'clock, we returned to our steamer, and were soon under way for Syra and the Piræus. In addition to our other passengers, we had taken on board at Smyrna a large number of expelled Greeks, so that our boat was quite crowded. The weather was calm during our run down the gulf; but when we entered at night the open sea, the wind blew violently, making it very rough; but our berths were comfortable, and we experienced no great inconvenience from the storm.

April 20. A little before noon to-day we entered the harbour of Syra, the ancient Syros; the wind still blowing so furiously, that we dropped two large anchors with heavy chain cables; but even

then, we drifted against another Austrian steamer, and carried away our rudder wheel, and a portion of the quarter railing. It was fortunate that we received no other injury than this. The harbour was full of vessels at anchor, many of which had sought refuge here from the gale. The quarantine regulations did not permit us to land, and we had therefore to content ourselves with such a view of Syra, as we could get from the deck of our steamer. Its situation is very romantic; the principal part of the town being built on the sides of a steep conical hill; the buildings extending to the very summit, which is crowned with a church.

Loftier hills rise just behind, almost encircling that on which the city stands. From the harbour, it has a remarkably clean and bright appearance. It possesses a greater number of merchant vessels, and is a place of greater commercial importance, than any other port of Greece. We were the more anxious to go on shore, as we knew there were letters there for us from home, which had been forwarded from Athens. Much to our mortification, all our efforts to obtain them proved unsuccessful; so stringent is the quarantine. Before night the gale abated, and we left Syra at eight o'clock, with no other feeling of regret than that of leaving our letters behind; and probably not getting them, or any others from home, until we reached London.

April 21. When we came on deck, very early in the morning, we found ourselves near the celebrated promontory of Sunium, the extreme southern point of Attica. It is a bold headland, on which once stood the magnificent temple of Minerva, built of white marble, and perfect in its architecture. Some twelve or fifteen columns of this splendid edifice remain; and one of them which stands in solitary grandeur near the cape, has obtained for this promontory the name of Cape Colonna. Turning this point, we entered the Gulf of Ægina, the ancient Sinus Saronicus; and soon passed near to the fertile island of Ægina, which still retains its ancient name. Next came Salamis, with its broad and capacious bay, in which the whole naval force of Greece was assembled, on that memorable day when they attacked and dispersed the combined fleet of the Persians, while Xerxes sat upon a neighbouring height to witness his defeat. As we approached the head of the gulf, we had a fine view of Athens, the Acropolis, and the neighbouring mountains, Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus. The summit of the first was covered with snow.

It was only eight o'clock when we anchored in the Piræus, the port of Athens; but we were obliged to remain on board four hours, to finish our quarantine. Within the harbour, and near the seaside, is

an humble structure which tradition points out as the tomb of Themistocles.

At twelve o'clock we were permitted to go on shore. Taking a carriage at the landing, we drove over a broad, hard, and smooth road, which runs along by the remains of the ancient wall to the city, a distance of six miles.

We found comfortable rooms at the Hôtel des Etrangers, which is pleasantly situated near the palace of King Otho, and is kept by a very accommodating landlord named Demetri. There was, however, but little occasion for his services; for we knew that my old friend, Rev. Dr. Hill, was expecting us, and we hastened immediately to his house. He, with his family, gave us a most cordial greeting; their dinner was soon on the table, and soon disposed of; for our time was precious, as we expected the steamer, which was to take us to Marseilles, would arrive at the Piræus the next day. We must therefore see as much as possible this afternoon. Everything favoured our wishes. The carriage was at the door as soon as we had dined, and with Mr. and Mrs. Hill for our companions and guides—the best we could possibly have—in four or five hours, every moment of which was industriously occupied, we had seen almost everything in Athens that one desires to see. We then returned to the house of our hospitable friends, and passed a delight-



ful evening, with the additional gratification of meeting there our fellow citizens, Mr. Gardel and lady, and the Misses Peters, who had recently arrived.

Dr. and Mrs. Hill have been missionaries in Greece, under the direction of the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church, for twenty-four years. They came to Athens after its destruction by the Turks, when there were only five hundred inhabitants, and not a single roof of a house remaining. They occupied, at first, a portion of a ruined tower; and there began their missionary labours, by opening a school, which in a few days numbered ninety scholars.

They have lived to see the place rise from its ruins, and gradually become a well-built and handsome city, the capital of the kingdom of Greece, with a population of twenty-eight thousand. Their schools for the education of Greek children, both boys and girls, became so popular and flourishing, that for several years they had a thousand pupils constantly under their care. After the establishment of good government schools, it was thought best to discontinue theirs for boys, and confine their instruction to girls. The school at present consists of three hundred Greek girls, most of whom are educated gratuitously; but some of the more wealthy citizens pay for the education of their daughters.

The mission family consists of Dr. and Mrs. Hill, Miss Baldwin, her sister Mrs. Hays, who has charge of the domestic department, a young Greek lady, brought up and educated in the family, and an invaluable aid to the mission, known as "Elizabeth of Crete," and twenty or thirty young Greek girls, who are boarding scholars. The school sustains its well earned reputation; and no one who visits Athens can doubt that it has been, and is, a great blessing to the Greeks. As this is Easter week of the Greek Church, the scholars have a vacation during the holydays. It is unnecessary to add, that Dr. and Mrs. Hill possess the confidence, respect, and affection, of the whole community. But their better record is on high; and while they have the satisfaction of seeing their labours crowned with abundant success, there is for them, we trust, a more enduring reward.

It is a singular fact, and an additional proof of the confidence reposed in Dr. Hill, that while he is an American clergyman, and missionary of our General Board of Missions, he is also chaplain to the British Embassy. The English have recently built, by private subscription, a very neat Gothic church, where Dr. Hill officiates as chaplain every Sunday. At first it seemed to me an incongruous thing, that such a structure should be erected in Attica; but I am not sure that it was not a wise taste, which chose the

Gothic for an humble Christian edifice, to be built amidst the ruins of the most magnificent heathen temples that the world has ever seen.

I shall not attempt a particular description of these ruins, but briefly notice the most remarkable, in the order in which we visited them. Of the once magnificent temple of the Olympian Jupiter, built of Pentelic marble, fourteen of its lofty fluted columns remain standing and entire. Near it is an arched Roman gateway built by the Emperor Adrian. Passing through this arch, we went to the theatre of Herodes Atticus, a noble ruin on the side of the hill crowned by the Acropolis. A little beyond is an excavation in the rock, shown as the prison of Socrates, where, it is said, he drank the fatal poison. Not far from this is the tomb of Cimon, and of Miltiades, which is also hewn in the rock. We next came to the celebrated Pnyx, or Athenian forum, a large semicircular area, situated on a gently sloping hill. The whole area is well defined; one side of it is supported by a cyclopean wall, each stone being ten or twelve feet long and six feet thick. The Bema, or pulpit, in the centre of this forum, is a solid pedestal carved out of the living rock. This is the world renowned spot from which Athenian orators addressed the people. It was something to say that we had stood, where Demosthenes stood, when the thunder of his eloquence

moved the hearts of the Athenians as the heart of one man.

But we had a higher pleasure in store than this. Descending the hill from the Pnyx, and crossing a small intervening valley, we ascended the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill; from the top of which a greater and wiser than Demosthenes once addressed the "men of Athens," on a theme immeasurably more important, than had ever entered the mind of their own greatest orator. One must stand upon the summit of Mars' Hill, at the very point where St. Paul delivered his masterly address, to realize its wonderful adaptation to persons and places, to times and circumstances. The open space of the Areopagus commands now, as it did then, one of the most lovely, and one of the most sublime landscapes in the world. You see before you the plains and mountains, the seas and skies of Attica,—all of God's creation, and all unchanged; while above, and below, and around, are the splendid remains of man's magnificent handiwork; temples, whose very ruins have taught us all that we now know of the beauty and grace of architecture. As I stood upon the rock, which the apostle's feet had pressed, when he revealed to the learned Athenians the attributes and perfections of "the unknown God," whom they ignorantly worshipped, that discourse came home to my heart, as it had never done before. I saw those



mountains and hills, and plains and seas, and that clear soft Grecian sky, canopying the whole, upon which the apostle's eye rested, when he uttered that brief, but powerful exordium, "God who made the world, and all things therein." I saw on the plain below, the Theseum; and, above me, the Acropolis, with its temples of matchless beauty, the Parthenon and the Erectheum. These were before St. Paul's eyes, in all their perfection, when he said, "God that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands."\* And it required no great effort of the imagination, to conceive of those thirty thousand altars and statues, with which "the city, wholly given to idolatry," had covered the hills and plain, and which the apostle looked round upon, when he told the Athenians, that they were "in all things too superstitious;" and that "they ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." It was amid sights and scenes like these, in the highest court of judicature, surrounded by the wise men of Greece, citizens and strangers, Epicureans and Stoics, philosophers of every sect, that the great Apostle to the Gentiles stood forth, and, with a burning zeal for the truth of Christ, endeavoured to convert them

\* Acts xvii. 24.

from the worship of dumb idols, to the service of the one living and true God; the Creator, the Preserver, and the Redeemer of men; the God "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

Night was approaching, when we descended Mars' Hill, and we hastened to be at the Acropolis, in time to behold the celebrated sunset view, from the front of the Parthenon. We had just reached the entrance of the temple, when, looking through the Propylæa, we saw the sun sinking behind the mountains of the Morea. It was indeed a glorious spectacle; one which requires the gifted pen of a poet to describe. The Acropolis, or citadel of Athens, is the top of a high and almost perpendicular rock, the area of which, enclosed by lofty walls, is one thousand feet in length, and five hundred in breadth. The entrance to it is through noble Propylæa, five columns in depth, of admirable workmanship, and among the most remarkable of Athenian ruins. The principal buildings within the enclosure, are the exquisitely beautiful little temple of "Victory without wings," in which is a statue of the goddess loosing her sandal, and preparing to abide with the victorious Athenians; the Erectheum, or temple of Minerva Polias, where the goddess had her triumphant contest with Neptune, for the soil of Attica; and the Parthenon, or temple of Minerva Parthenos; which is, without question, "the finest building in

the finest situation in the world;" a building which the best judges have pronounced faultless.

We had chosen, probably, the best time for seeing these ruins, as well as for enjoying the extensive view which the Acropolis commands. On the north and east are the snow-capped Parnes, the loftiest of the mountain range; Pentelicus, whose inexhaustible quarries have furnished marble for all these temples, and still supply it for modern Athens; and Hymettus, as famous now, as of old, for the excellence of its honey. These form a noble back ground to the picture. Nearer, is Lycabettus, and Mars' Hill, and the Pnyx; all surrounded by the plain. The city lies at your feet. On the west and south are the Piræus, the gulf of Ægina, the island and bay of Salamis, the isthmus and gulf of Corinth, and the mountains of the Morea. This is but a feeble outline of what may be seen from the Acropolis.

We did not leave the Parthenon, until the shades of evening compelled us to retire. And it is an incident worthy of remark, that, as we turned to go, two owls flew across the building and lighted on one of its columns. A most unexpected and gratifying sight; Minerva's own birds in her own most splendid temple; perhaps descendants of those which the ancient Athenians had cherished here, as sacred to the Goddess of Wisdom, the Pallas-Athene, their peculiar tutelar deity.

April 22. We went to Dr. Hill's, by invitation, at a very early hour, to be present at their morning devotions. The family, including a number of Greek girls belonging to the school, were assembled in the library. The service, a very interesting one, was in Greek; which is usually the language of the household. At breakfast we ate of the honey of Hymettus, from the doctor's own hives, kept at a summer residence of his, on the side of the mountain. It is held in high repute at Athens, for its delicious flavour, and aromatic odour; and, as we thought, deservedly so.

Immediately after breakfast, Dr. Hill very kindly went with us to the few places which we had not time to see yesterday. The principal of these, were the octagonal temple of Æolus, the Doric gate of the Agora, or market-place; the Stoa, or Porch of Adrian, and the Temple of Theseus. This last is exceedingly beautiful; and so perfect, that it can hardly be called a ruin. Every column is standing, and the roof and sides are entire. The frieze is ornamented with elaborately wrought bas-reliefs, representing the labours of this Athenian Hercules. Its situation is admirable for displaying all its beauties to the best advantage. This seems to have been a matter of great moment with the old Greek artists, who display as much taste in the position of their buildings as in their architecture.



At noon, Dr. Hill said to us, "You have now seen all that is to be seen at Athens." We had certainly seen it under the most favourable circumstances; for which we felt greatly indebted to him, and his excellent lady. Bidding farewell to our kind friends, we rode down to the Piræus, to embark on the "Scamandre" for Marseilles. Our places had been secured before we left Constantinople; this being one of the new line of steamers which run directly to France, without touching at any ports, excepting those of Athens and Messina. To our surprise and pleasure, Dr. Hill came down, an hour or two after, to see us off, and to introduce us to Madame de Heidenstam, the wife of the Swedish minister at Athens, who with her children was going to visit her home and friends in Scotland. We found them very agreeable companions.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### HOME THROUGH FRANCE.

WE weighed anchor at five o'clock, and had a fine run down the gulf of Ægina. The next day, Sunday, we were crossing the Ionian Sea, and a heavy swell seemed to betoken a coming storm. On Monday, a strong head wind caused our boat to pitch badly, and dash the spray over her; but we remained on deck the greater part of the day. In the afternoon, we made the Island of Sicily, and ran along its shore near to Mount Ætna, whose sides were covered with snow. At ten o'clock in the evening, we cast anchor in the harbour of Messina; where we had been four months and a half before, on our voyage to Malta.

April 25. I was on deck at sunrise; the morning was perfect, and the view exceedingly beautiful. The harbour is spacious and well protected. The town, containing more than eighty thousand inhabitants, is pleasantly situated at the foot of lofty hills,

which are covered with a luxuriant growth of vines and olives. On the opposite side of the narrow channel, are to be seen the picturesque mountains and villages of Calabria. The harbour was full of vessels riding at anchor; but the pleasantest sight to me, within the whole circle of vision, was a noble frigate over which floated the American flag. I soon ascertained that it was the Cumberland, Commodore Stringham, commander-in-chief of the United States forces in the Mediterranean. Having a letter to him from my old friend Commodore Parker, I asked permission of the captain of our steamer to be put on board the frigate. He referred me to the health officer of the port, then on board the steamer, who told me it was impossible, because we had not the visa of a Neapolitan consul; although our passport was endorsed by the Neapolitan minister in London. I had no means, of course, of getting the required signature, but I resolved not to be balked in that manner; so I gave a boatman a frank to take my letter to the ship, and wait for an answer. He soon returned with the Commodore's compliments, saying that he would send his barge directly to bring us to breakfast with him. When the ship's officer came, no objection was made to our going with him. It was now only seven o'clock, an early hour for visiting; but we found Commodore Stringham, his lady, and two daughters, ready to receive us with a hearty

welcome. While we were at breakfast, the band played "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," and other favourite national airs. It is unnecessary to say, that this was one of the most agreeable mornings which we have had in the past year. We remained on board, as long as we thought we could venture to do so, without risk of being left behind; the Commodore then ordered his boat to take us back to our steamer.

At twelve o'clock we again weighed anchor, and in an hour after were passing the Strait between Scylla and Charybdis. In two hours more, we were among the Lipari Islands, and near to Stromboli. The next day we had a head wind, and rough sea, and made very slow progress.

April 27. We got under the lee of the Island of Sardinia, and made better headway. Passing through the Strait of Bonifacio, between Sardinia and Corsica, by an intricate, but shorter route, known "as the passage of the Bear," from a rock bearing a remarkable resemblance to that animal, we were soon in the teeth of the wind again. We kept near the coast of Corsica, passing in sight of Bonifacio, a fortified port, and of Ajaccio, the birthplace of Napoleon.

April 28. The wind during the night increased to



a gale, and the sea was terrific; causing no little uneasiness to all on board. We were glad when daylight came, and found that the pilot had run in for shelter near to the Hieres, a small cluster of islands on the coast of France. The captain's desire was to reach the harbor of Toulon, where he would anchor for the night, and, if needful, remain there the next day. All depended on our ability to weather the cape, which forms the eastern side of the harbour. At eleven o'clock it was only five miles distant; our steamer was literally ploughing through the waves, yet she seemed to make no progress. All was anxiety among the passengers for five hours more, when we providentially passed the cape, slowly crept up the Bay of Toulon, and entered its capacious haven, most thankful for our escape. Even here, protected as we were by a high cliff, two anchors were necessary to enable us to ride securely. The quarantine regulations would not permit us to land; nor should we have attempted it in such weather. Toulon is a strongly fortified city; has two large harbours, arsenals, dockyards, and everything else that is necessary for an important naval depot.

April 29. The wind continued to blow furiously nearly all night. At about four o'clock in the morning, it began to abate, when we put to sea again; and after battling with the winds and waves six hours

more, we arrived safely at Marseilles. In moderate weather the run can be made easily in three hours. But we thought little of the delay. Our difficulties and dangers were past, and we only desired to have a proper sense of gratitude to our Great Protector, who had mercifully preserved us from the perils of the deep, and brought us to the haven where we would be.

Our luggage was passed the custom house, with slight examination. The officer smiled when William told him, that a suspicious looking parcel contained nothing but the American Flag, which our boat had borne on the Nile. We found comfortable accommodations at the Hôtel des Empereurs; where we intend resting for a day or two from the fatigues of our voyage. Marseilles possesses but few objects of interest to the stranger. It is the most important seaport of France, and of the Mediterranean. Its population is about two hundred thousand. The new parts of the town are well built, and the streets are wide and clean. Many of the houses are elegant, and the shops make a display almost equal to Paris. There is unusual activity in the harbour at this time, in fitting out transports; and the city is filled with troops destined for the East. Military companies are hourly passing our windows, or parading in front of the hotel, delighting our ears with the music of their bands.

April 30. Sunday. To-day we have had just such weather as one expects to find in the south of France; where so many invalids come in search of health. It was like one of our softest June days at home. We enjoyed it all the more after our rough sea voyage. Here, as in every other town on the continent, where the British Government has a representative, you find the services of the church; an inestimable privilege to English and American travellers. We attended, both morning and afternoon, at a large room, conveniently fitted up for the purpose, where the Rev. M. J. Mayers, the British chaplain, has officiated for several years. He is now on a visit to the United States; and the service to-day was performed by an English clergyman; if I mistake not, the Vicar of Sheffield. After the second service, we went with him and his sister, by invitation of Mrs. Mayers, to dine at her house. Immediately after dinner we walked out together to a hill in the suburbs of the city, where the new water-works have just been finished on a grand scale. They are much more extensive than any similar works of modern times, which we have seen, and reminded us of the old Roman reservoirs. The water is conducted from a distance of eighty miles, into immense underground cisterns, built of granite, covering an area of several acres. Over these, it is intended to have a public promenade, ornamented

with trees and shrubbery. The view from here, of the city, the neighbouring hills and villas, the harbour, and the sea, is very fine; and the grounds, when completed, will no doubt be a favourite resort of the citizens.

May 1. As we could not obtain seats in the diligence to-day for Lyons, we engaged them for to-morrow, to be taken up at Avignon, seventy-four miles from Marseilles, where the railroad terminates. At nine o'clock we took the cars for Arles, forty miles distant. It is a quiet old town, situated on the Rhone, and only remarkable at present for some ancient Roman remains. To the Protestant churchman, it has a special interest, as the place where Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, was consecrated, A. D. 596, by Virgilius, Bishop of Arles, and Ætharius, Bishop of Lyons. It is through these sees, and not through Rome, that the English church, and consequently our own, trace their apostolic succession. We stopped here over one train, four hours, which gave us ample time to see the ruins. The massive walls of the Amphitheatre are in good preservation, but its corridors and seats are gone. It was capable of holding thirty thousand spectators. The old Roman theatre, of which there are some interesting relics, enough to give an idea of its original beauty, was intended to



seat eighteen thousand. Several granite columns, belonging to the Roman forum, may be seen in the wall of a hotel in the Place du Forum. We looked into the ancient cathedral of St. Trophimus, and its curious cloisters, which are well worth visiting.

At three o'clock, we took the train to Tarascon, and thence, by a branch road to Nismes, which we reached in an hour and a half, and stopped for the night at the Hôtel Manivet. Nismes possesses some exceedingly interesting Roman remains, more extensive, and more perfect, than those of Arles; or than any other city in Northern Europe. The amphitheatre is a splendid ruin, built, like those of Verona and Arles, in the time of the Cæsars, after the model of the Colosseum. Its length is four hundred and thirty-seven feet, breadth three hundred and thirty-two feet, height seventy feet. It was calculated to seat twenty thousand spectators. Though not near so large as the Colosseum at Rome, it is much better preserved. Opposite to our hotel is an ancient Corinthian temple, surrounded by thirty fluted columns, supporting capitals, frieze, and cornice, of admirable beauty. This building, known as the "Maison Carrée," is now a museum of antiquities. These, and the other Roman relics of the ancient city Nemausus, are on the boulevard of Nismes; a fine broad street, shaded with trees, and

adorned with many fine modern houses. But the great beauty of the town is the Place de la Fontaine, with its public gardens. In the middle of this splendid promenade, is an ancient fountain, sending up a vast volume of water, which is received into a large reservoir, and then conducted off through the garden, by means of a canal. Here are some remains of a Roman building, which is thought, by some, to have been a temple of Diana; others suppose, with greater probability, that it was a temple dedicated to the nymphs of this fountain.

May 2. We left Nismes at nine o'clock this morning, and in two hours were at Avignon, where we remained through the day. The railroad from Marseilles to this place, seventy-four miles, is one of the best conducted, and most agreeable roads, that we have ever met with. It passes through a pleasant, highly cultivated country; and, like most of the roads in France, its sides are planted with ornamental trees, and hedges, neatly trimmed, and interspersed with ever-blooming roses, and other flowering shrubs. You seem to be all the while riding through an avenue of some great public garden. At almost every station, you see neat little garden plots, with a profusion of flowers. What a contrast to our naked, shadeless, American roads, and our uninviting, tasteless station houses! We might at

least learn a valuable lesson from the French in this respect.

Avignon is a place of great historical interest. The ancient palace of the Popes, who formerly had their residence here, is still standing. This immense pile of buildings is now converted into barracks. It was once a palace, a prison, and a castle. Here was the seat of the Papal court, and the chamber of the Inquisition; here was the dungeon of Rienzi, the Roman Tribune; and here, in after years, were perpetrated some of the most horrible crimes of the French Revolution.

The cathedral church of Notre Dame, one of the oldest churches in France, is supposed to stand on the site of a temple of Hercules. Its curious old Roman porch, and a marble altar, supported by five pillars, evidently very ancient, are supposed to have belonged to the idol temple. Some portions of the present building are, without doubt, as early as the time of Constantine. The cathedral stands upon a lofty platform of rock, which has been converted into a public walk; commanding a beautiful panoramic view of the city, the valley of the Rhone, and the distant hills around Vaucluse.

In a chapel of the asylum for insane persons, is a remarkable ivory crucifix, twenty-six inches high, executed in 1659, by Jean Guillenina, and presented by him to this institution. It exhibits a wonderful

degree of patient, persevering labour; and, in the estimation of good judges, is a work of high artistic skill.

May 3. We took our seats in the diligence, at nine o'clock last evening, for Lyons; by Orange, Valence, and Vienne, a distance of about a hundred and forty miles, which we accomplished in twenty hours. The road is on the left, or east bank of the Rhone, and generally near the river. There is great variety of scenery, and much that is quite picturesque; but it is not equal to the Rhine. We are told, however, that we passed some of the finest districts in the night. We went to the Hôtel du Nord, a well-kept comfortable inn. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when we reached Lyons, and we had only time to take a hasty view of this large and flourishing manufacturing city; the second in France, in population and wealth. Its situation at the confluence of those noble rivers, the Rhone and Saone, is very beautiful; and there is an impressive grandeur in its external appearance. In general, the streets are narrow, and from the great height of the houses, gloomy. Some of them, however, are wide, airy, and clean; and the shops display a profusion of those rich and costly silk fabrics, for which Lyons is so celebrated. To the thoughtful Christian, this city, the ancient Lugdunum, has a higher fame



and a deeper interest, as the site of a flourishing church, and an Episcopal See, in apostolic times. Pothinus, its first bishop, A. D. 177, and Irenæus, his successor, A. D. 179, both of whom suffered martyrdom here, were disciples of Polycarp, the disciple of St. John.

May 4. The distance from Lyons to Chalons is one hundred miles; and the upward voyage, against a strong current, is performed in seven hours. We left Lyons at five A. M., in one of the fast steamers, averaging from thirteen to fifteen miles an hour, and at twelve were at Chalons; having touched for a few minutes at Macon and Tournus. The scenery of the Saone, in the lower part of its course, near its junction with the Rhone, is quite picturesque; it becomes tamer, and less interesting, as you ascend. When the railroad from Chalons to Avignon, which is nearly finished, shall be opened, there will be an uninterrupted communication by rail, between Paris and Marseilles.

At a quarter before two o'clock P. M., we took the express train to Paris, which runs through in less than nine hours. The distance is about two hundred and fifty miles. The principal cities through which we passed, are Beaune, Dijon, Joigny, Sens, Montereau, and Fontainebleau. About ten miles from Chalons, begin the celebrated

vineyards of the Côte d'Or, where the finest Burgundy wines are grown. They are said to rank among the best in France. The road for thirty miles, skirts along the hills of the Côte d'Or, which rise to the height of several hundred feet, and are terraced to the top. The slopes of these hills, and the plains, are very fertile, but at this season they have a naked appearance; the new shoots of the vine not having grown sufficiently to conceal the stems. In a few weeks, they will be clothed with the richest verdure. After leaving Dijon, the centre of the wine trade of Burgundy, the road, for the next hundred miles, runs through a well-cultivated country, for the most part hilly, yet abounding with beautiful vales, fine old chateaux, and picturesque villages.

We had an excellent dinner at the station of the little romantic looking old town of Tonnerre. Soon after leaving this place, night came on, and we saw nothing more of the country or towns through which we passed. At half past ten o'clock, we reached the Paris station; and at eleven, were at our old Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion, Rue St. Honoré; an excellent house, and charges moderate. Our journey, of nearly four hundred miles, since five A. M. when we left Lyons, prepared us for a good night's rest.

May 5. In our former visit to Paris, about ten

months since, we saw all the principal objects of interest in this beautiful city; so that there was nothing to detain us here, and we made our arrangements to leave in the mail express train to-night, for London. At our banker's, we found a packet of letters waiting for us.

May 6. We left Paris at half past seven o'clock, last evening, had a smooth passage across the Channel, from Calais to Dover, and arrived at London Bridge Station at eight A. M.

The same pleasant rooms which we had formerly occupied, for several weeks, at Allsop Terrace, New Road, near Regent's Park, were ready for us; and we soon found ourselves as much at home there, as if we had not been away.

May 7. Sunday. We attended the morning services at Westminster Abbey. The preacher, Rev. Mr. Bentick, canon and archdeacon of Westminster, delivered an interesting discourse from the Psalmist's words, "The valley of the shadow of death." The seats in the choir and transept were all filled, and many persons were obliged to stand through the service. A large number remained to the Holy Communion. In the afternoon, we went to St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square.

May 8. We called to pay our respects to the new American minister, Mr. Buchanan, and spent a pleasant half hour with him. The missing letters, which we left at Syra, came by to-day's mail ; so that all our letters from home have now been received ; and we learn that none of those which we have sent, have failed to reach their destination.

May 9. Our passage in the Arctic is engaged ; but as she does not sail until the 17th, we are compelled to remain longer in England than we could wish. Before going to the continent, we made a tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland. And a residence in London of seven weeks, each day diligently occupied, has left nothing to detain us here ; although there is no city that we have seen, where we should be more willingly detained, than in this.

As we were passing St. Margaret's Church, Lothbury, this morning, we saw the door open, and recollecting that it was the day for Mr. Henry Melvill's Tuesday lecture, we went in, and had the pleasure of again hearing one of his most eloquent discourses, from the lesson for the day, 1 Kings xxii. 20-22. The church was filled, and we took our seats on the chancel steps. It is rather a singular coincidence, that we should have heard him just one year ago yesterday, in this place, from the text, also in the lesson for that day, 2 Kings ii. 24. We then



heard him under more favourable circumstances; for having gone at an early hour, and having had a previous introduction to Mr. Melvill, we were provided with comfortable seats in a pew. An eminent clergyman, a personal friend of the lecturer, told me that the sermon which I heard last year, "Elisha mocked by little children," was one of his happiest efforts. Mr. Melvill's manner is not altogether agreeable, but there is an originality of thought, and a simplicity and earnestness about him, which never fail to rivet the attention. He is chaplain of the Tower of London, and officiates there every Sunday, as rector of the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula. The "Golden Lecture," as it is called, is on a special foundation, and is delivered each Tuesday morning, in St. Margaret's, Lothbury. Although in the busiest part of London, and on a week day, the church is always crowded.

May 10. We looked in at Exeter Hall, this morning, where the "Protestant Association" was holding its anniversary, and listened for a short time to sundry warm declamations; but the proceedings of the meeting were of too little interest to induce us to remain. We afterwards called on the Bishop of Oxford, at his residence in Pall Mall, and talked over our pleasant little journey together on the continent. We had most unexpectedly met his Lord-

ship at Ulm, and travelled with him from thence to Augsburg, and afterwards to Munich; where we passed four delightful days together, in visiting the many objects of interest in that beautiful city. A more intelligent and agreeable travelling companion could not be desired. It was also our privilege to hear him preach, on Sunday morning, at the English chapel in Munich. On taking leave of him to-day, we expressed the hope that we might one day have the pleasure of seeing him in America.

In the evening I went to a dinner given by our countryman, Mr. Peabody, to the American minister, at the Clarendon Hotel, Bond Street. The party consisted of only twenty-seven. It was much less formal than such dinners usually are; and the evening passed quite pleasantly.

May 11. To day we spent several hours at the zoological gardens, in Regent's Park; one of the most attractive places in London; and one of the most useful for public resort. We found many additions had been made to this noble establishment, since our last visit here, a year ago. It now forms the largest, and choicest collection of rare and curious animals, in the world, and for neatness and order in its arrangements, is unequalled by any similar institution. The noblest specimens of elephants, lions, tigers, bears, and leopards, are here; but the hippo-

potamus, rhinoceros, and giraffes, from their greater rarity, attract most attention. Crocodiles, turtles, otters, and one large seal, have their appropriate places, where they thrive apparently as well as in their unconfined state. The institution is particularly rich in the ornithological department. Ostriches, pelicans, vultures, and cranes, together with almost every species of water-fowl, have their suitable enclosures. Many hundreds of smaller birds, admired for the beauty of their plumage, or the sweetness of their song, are to be seen flying about in their large aviaries, apparently unconscious of their imprisonment; so light and airy is the network which surrounds them. Perhaps the most curious exhibition of all, is that of the fishes; especially the crustacea; which are enclosed in tanks of fine plate glass, through which they can be distinctly seen; and furnished with stones, pebbles, grasses, and algae, suited to their respective habits. Every thing about these gardens is on a princely scale. The walks and grounds cover many acres, ornamented with trees, shrubbery, and flowers, of great variety and beauty. And such large spaces are allotted to the animals, particularly to those of the gentler kind, such as deer, gazelles, and lamas, that they hardly appear to be under confinement. No one who visits these gardens can fail to be impressed with their importance, as a source of instruction and amuse-

ment, to the population of a large city like London. Public parks, botanical and zoological gardens, on the same large scale, as we find them here, are among the things most to be desired in the chief cities of our own country. And no city demands them more, or possesses greater advantages for their successful establishment, than Philadelphia.

May 13. We left London this morning, at nine o'clock, by the North Western Railway, and reached Birmingham in three hours; travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour, including stops. Here we remained an hour, and then took another train, which brought us to Liverpool at five in the afternoon. This part of England probably never looked more beautiful than now, in the freshness of its spring dress, and under an unusually bright sky.

We have very comfortable rooms at the Adelphi, the hotel at which we stopped on landing at this port last year.

May 14. Sunday. On returning from service at St. Peter's, this morning, we found that the Asia had arrived, and among her passengers, at our hotel, were my friend, Professor Reed, his sister Miss Bronson, a parishioner of mine, and two others of their party, also members of my congregation. It was delightful to meet such dear and familiar faces,



direct from our own hearth and home, from which we had been so long absent. They all went with us to the evening service at St. Nicholas's Church; after which we returned and dined together. When Professor Reed left the next day, for the lakes, he was anticipating the highest pleasure from a visit of a few days to Dr. Davy, at Ambleside, and to Mrs. Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount. I had reason to know, from letters of introduction which he had given me to these and others of his literary friends in England, particularly to the Wordsworths and Coleridges, that his expectations would be more than realized; that they were prepared to welcome him with true-hearted English hospitality; and to show him every attention, which was due alike to his brilliant talents, elegant accomplishments, kind, courteous, and gentlemanly manners, and pure Christian character. I felt sure, from the enthusiasm with which the friends whom he most esteemed spoke of him to me, that he would receive such a greeting, as would make these visits among the brightest spots of his life. And his letters to his friends at home tell how exquisite the enjoyment was to him; how far beyond all that he expected, was the kindness and hospitality with which he was every where received. His tour through England seems to be one of unalloyed pleasure. But, alas! how soon, and sad, and sudden, was its termination!

In the very moment when hope was at its highest, within sight of his own native shores, and expecting soon to set foot on his own hearth-stone, that noble steamer, on which he had embarked, with three hundred of his fellow-beings, goes down at mid-day, on a calm sea, and all of them find a common grave beneath the heaving billows. Brother and sister perished together. How immeasurable the loss to their friends! How great the gain to them! Their own dear home is made desolate; but they have found, in paradise, a better home than any that earth contains; and theirs will be a glorious resurrection, when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead!

May 15. Having two or three days on our hands before the steamer sails, we concluded to make a visit to Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. We took a morning train to Manchester, thirty-one miles, where we stopped two or three hours, to get a general view of this great manufacturing town, and then went on to Sheffield, forty-two miles further, where we arrived at four P. M., and spent the night. Nearly half way between Manchester and Sheffield, the railroad passes through a tunnel three miles in length. We visited the celebrated cutlery establishment of Rogers and Sons. One of the proprietors went with us through their

elegant show-rooms, which contain a rich display of cutlery and plated ware. We were next taken to the workshops, where we saw the process of making some of their finest cutlery. They employ no less than five hundred workmen in their various manufactories.

Sheffield is romantically situated among the hills which surround and overlook it, like an amphitheatre. Like all great manufacturing towns, where bituminous coal is used, the buildings are blackened with the smoke of numberless chimneys. Its environs are pleasant, and contain many tasteful residences, with extensive ornamental grounds and gardens.

May 16. Taking a private carriage at Sheffield, we started at an early hour in the morning for Chatsworth, distant fourteen miles. A pleasant drive through a picturesque country, brought us to the entrance of this princely domain; which, taken as a whole, is thought to be equal to any in the kingdom. The magnificent mansion has some fine pictures, and abounds in sculpture by Thorwaldsen, Canova, and Chantry. We had only time to pass rapidly through the long suites of apartments, to admire its lofty rooms, hung with tapestry, and adorned with exquisite carvings by Grinling Gibbons, to give a hasty glance at the numberless

works of art within, and to pause a moment before each window, to take a passing look outside at the lovely views, beautifully diversified with lawn and garden, wood and water, hill and dale. The park, which is twelve miles in circumference, has a great variety of charming scenery. Numerous herds of deer were grazing in the open pastures, or reposing beneath the shade of gigantic trees. Sixteen hundred of these animals are within the park enclosure. The fountains and waterfalls are many of them beautiful, and some of them are constructed on a grand scale. But the gardens are the chief attractions of this domain, and are among the most celebrated in England. The grand conservatory, three hundred feet long, and about a hundred and fifty feet wide, covers the area of an acre, and is filled with palms and other rare trees and plants. This magnificent building, constructed entirely of glass, suggested to the architect, Sir Joseph Paxton, that still more stupendous structure, which has given him a world-wide fame, the Crystal Palace. His own splendid residence, built for him by the Duke, is here in Chatsworth Park.

We returned to Sheffield in time to take the afternoon train, dined at Manchester, and reached Liverpool early in the evening. The next day at noon, Wednesday, May 17, we went on board the Arctic, and in an hour after were under full steam down the



river, with every prospect of a speedy passage home. That night, however, while going at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, our ship ran on a rock, near Tuscar light, which caused her to leak so badly, that we were obliged to put back to Liverpool, and to go into dry dock for repairs. Here was a sad disappointment to all our hopes and expectations of the day before; but we felt that we could not be too thankful for our merciful preservation. It was about two o'clock in the morning when the ship struck, breaking what the sailors call her "forefoot," tearing off thirty feet of her keel, starting several timbers, and making a frightful rent in her planks. Had she been less substantially built, she must have gone down immediately with all on board; and thus anticipated that sad fate, which befell her a few months after.

On returning to port, most of our passengers left; but we, with about twenty others, concluded to remain in the ship. Those who had not been well accommodated before, could now select the best state-rooms. At the request of Captain Luce, we lodged and took our meals on board.

Three hundred men were at work eight days in making the necessary repairs. When these were completed, our cargo and coal, which had been discharged, were taken in, and we were again ready for sea.

We left Liverpool on Sunday noon, May 28, with about fifty passengers in the first cabin; had a fine run that day down the channel, and after a prosperous and pleasant passage of ten days and six hours, we arrived safely in New York. My wife and daughter met us there, and in a few hours more we were at home, surrounded by the members of my family, all in health; and by parishioners and friends, little less dear than those of my own household. How happy a termination to our long and delightful pilgrimage! What fervent gratitude and love are due to Him, who preserved me and my son from sickness and danger, through all our journeyings; and, when brought back, by his merciful guidance, to our native land, after an absence of fourteen months, permitted us to find the friends whom we had left, waiting to welcome us,—and our home unchanged!

## A P P E N D I X .





## A P P E N D I X.

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THE following agreements which we made with our dragoman—the one to take us up the Nile, and the other through the desert and Syria—may serve as guides to those who have occasion to make similar contracts. The first was drawn up by my friend, Mr. Gilpin; and, judging from our experience, I do not think that it can be improved in terms, or in form. The second, it will be seen, is nearly a transcript of the first; with only such alterations as were necessary in changing our mode of travel, from a boat on the river, to camels on the desert.

Each of these contracts was written in both English and Arabic, on the same sheet; they were read aloud at the consul's office, in the presence of witnesses; were signed by our dragoman and ourselves; and when duly certified and sealed by the American vice-consul, Mr. C. Kahil, were given to each of the contracting parties.

AGREEMENT MADE AT CAIRO, ON THE 6TH OF JANUARY, 1854, IN PRESENCE OF THE VICE-CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, BETWEEN THE REVEREND BENJAMIN DORR AND HENRY D. GILPIN, CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND HASSANEIN BEDOUIN OF CAIRO.

1. Hassanein Bedouin agrees to attend the said Benjamin Dorr with his son, and the said Henry D. Gilpin, with his wife, and courier, John Muscat, as dragoman, on a voyage from Cairo to Thebes and back to Cairo.

2. He agrees to perform all duties of a dragoman ; to comply in all things with the directions of said voyagers ; to provide the boat selected by them for the voyage ; to take care that it has on board, at all times, a good crew of twelve able full-grown sailors ; in addition to the reis, pilot, and cook ; to have the crew decently clothed ; to have the boat always supplied with strong good sails, masts, oars, ropes, awnings, and a complete equipment ; to have her thoroughly cleaned, and kept free from vermin, and everything offensive, and washed every day ; to furnish her to the satisfaction of the said voyagers, with new and clean bedding, blankets, linen, sheeting, chairs, tables, crockery, glass, lights, candles, rugs, window glasses, and all things necessary in the opi-

nion of said voyagers for their comfort ; to provide for their washing, food, and supplies of every description, except wine and beer ; to take from Cairo sufficient food and groceries, and to obtain on the voyage fresh food, milk, vegetables, bread, and all other articles, in quantity and quality, to be approved of by said voyagers ; to have on board an experienced cook, and complete cooking apparatus ; and to give the meals as often as the said voyagers desire.

3. He agrees to pay all backsheesh, and payments of every kind, to the reis, crew, Arabs, and all persons employed on the voyage ; to take care that none of the crew leave the vessel at any time, without consent of the voyagers ; that two of them shall keep watch through the whole of every night ; and that the sail-rope shall always be held by hand, so as to be kept free.

4. He agrees that the voyagers shall never be responsible for any accident or damage to the boat or crew.

5. He agrees to begin the voyage on Monday, the 9th of January, 1854, at 4 o'clock P.M., and to complete it, and return to Cairo, in thirty days from its commencement ; but he is to allow the said voyagers to stop for eight days, at such places, and for such time, as they desire ; the said eight days being included in, and making part of, the said thirty days in which the complete voyage is to be made ; and he

is to provide, at his own expense, and pay all back-sheesh, for all the guides, donkeys, horses, and conveyances, necessary, or usual, for the said voyagers to visit all the places at which they desire to stop; and to keep the boat and crew subject to the directions of the voyagers, at all times of night and day.

6. The said voyagers agree, if these conditions are faithfully performed by Hassanein Bedouin, to pay him one hundred and ten pounds sterling (£110); of which seventy pounds sterling (£70) are to be paid before leaving Cairo; and the residue at Cairo on the return, if the voyage is made within the time specified, and in a manner satisfactory to the voyagers. If the voyagers request Hassanein Bedouin to stop to visit any places, for more than eight days in the whole, they shall pay him, in addition, two pounds sterling (£2) for each additional day on which they so stop.

This contract was fulfilled to our entire satisfaction; and on our return to Cairo, we gave our certificate to Hassanein to that effect. The time occupied in going and returning was thirty-two days.

Before ascending the Nile, I had made an arrangement with Hassanein, to take me and my son by ourselves, through the desert and Syria to Beyrout, by whichever route we chose; either by Sinai and



Petra, in sixty days; or by El Arish and Gaza, in forty days; for one pound sterling each, per day. A condition of the agreement was, if I saw fit to add one or two to my party, then we were each of us to pay only sixteen shillings sterling per day. Our friend, Mr. Goodhue of New York, joined us; we chose the route by El Arish and Gaza, and the contract was drawn as follows:—

AGREEMENT MADE AT CAIRO ON THE 13TH FEBRUARY, 1854, IN PRESENCE OF THE VICE-CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, BETWEEN REV. BENJ. DORR AND WM. C. GOODHUE, CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND HASSANEIN BEDOUIN, OF CAIRO.

1. Hassanein Bedouin agrees to attend the said Benjamin Dorr and son, and the said William C. Goodhue, as dragoman from Cairo to Beyrout.

2. He agrees to perform all duties of dragoman, to comply in all things with the directions of said travellers, to pay all expenses of the journey for camels, mules, and such other means of conveyance as may be necessary; also for guides, and backsheesh to the Arabs and others who may be employed during that time; to furnish a sufficient quantity of best provisions, and all needful travelling equipage,

such as tents, beds, &c., and to pay all expenses of living, whether in the towns or while under canvass.

3. He agrees that the travellers shall never be responsible for accident or damage to the camels, mules, furniture, or attendants.

4. He agrees to begin the journey on Wednesday the 15th February, 1854, at 10 o'clock A. M., and to complete it in forty days from its commencement.

5. He agrees to take them by the following route, and in the time herein specified, viz :—to Gaza in twelve days, including quarantine ; to Jerusalem, by the way of Askalon, Esdud, and Ramleh, in three days ; to remain fourteen days in Jerusalem, including excursions to the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and to Hebron, and back to Jerusalem. From Jerusalem he agrees to take them to Bethel, one day ; Nablous, one day ; to Jenin, by Samaria, one day ; to Nazareth, by Jezreel, and Shunem, one day ; to Tiberias, one day ; and back to Nazareth by Mt. Tabor, one day ; to Mount Carmel, one day ; to Bussah, one day ; to Tyre, one day ; to Sidon, by Sarepta, or Zarephath, one day ; to Beyrout, one day ; making in all forty (40) days. He agrees to provide at his own expense, and pay all backsheesh, for all the guides, guards, donkeys, horses and conveyances, necessary or useful for the said travellers to visit the places aforesaid. He is to choose the best places for

their lodging, and the journey of each day shall begin and close, and be at such speed as they shall require. The persons employed to be always under the orders of the said travellers. When at Jerusalem, the best hotel or boarding-house shall be selected, the house and rooms to be approved of by said travellers, and the best fare and accommodations given. The whole expenses to be paid by him.

6. In case of his inability, or of any of his assistants, or of any of the camels or mules, to continue the journey, suitable persons and camels, or mules, shall be immediately supplied at his expense and risk. And all detention by such inability, or by any neglect, the pay for time thus lost shall be deducted.

7. The said travellers agree, if these conditions be faithfully performed by Hassanein Bedouin, to pay him ninety six (£96) pounds sterling, of which seventy two (£72) pounds sterling, are to be paid before leaving Cairo, and the residue at Beyrout, if the journey is made within the time specified, and in a manner satisfactory to the travellers. It is expressly stipulated that there shall be no travelling on Sundays, unless the travellers request it.

8. The said Hassanein Bedouin further agrees to take the said travellers from Beyrout to Damascus and back, for the sum of sixteen shillings (16s.) sterling, each, per day, if they should desire it; the said

journey not to occupy more than ten days, and all expenses of every kind to be paid by him.

Hassanein also fulfilled this agreement to our satisfaction ; but, as the tour had been more expensive to him than he anticipated, in consequence of the higher price of provisions, we gave him a few pounds over and above the sum specified in the contract.

THE END.







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increasing. This is due to a number of  
causes, including the fact that the  
country is fertile and the climate is  
pleasant. The second is the fact that  
the country is well situated for  
commerce. The third is the fact that  
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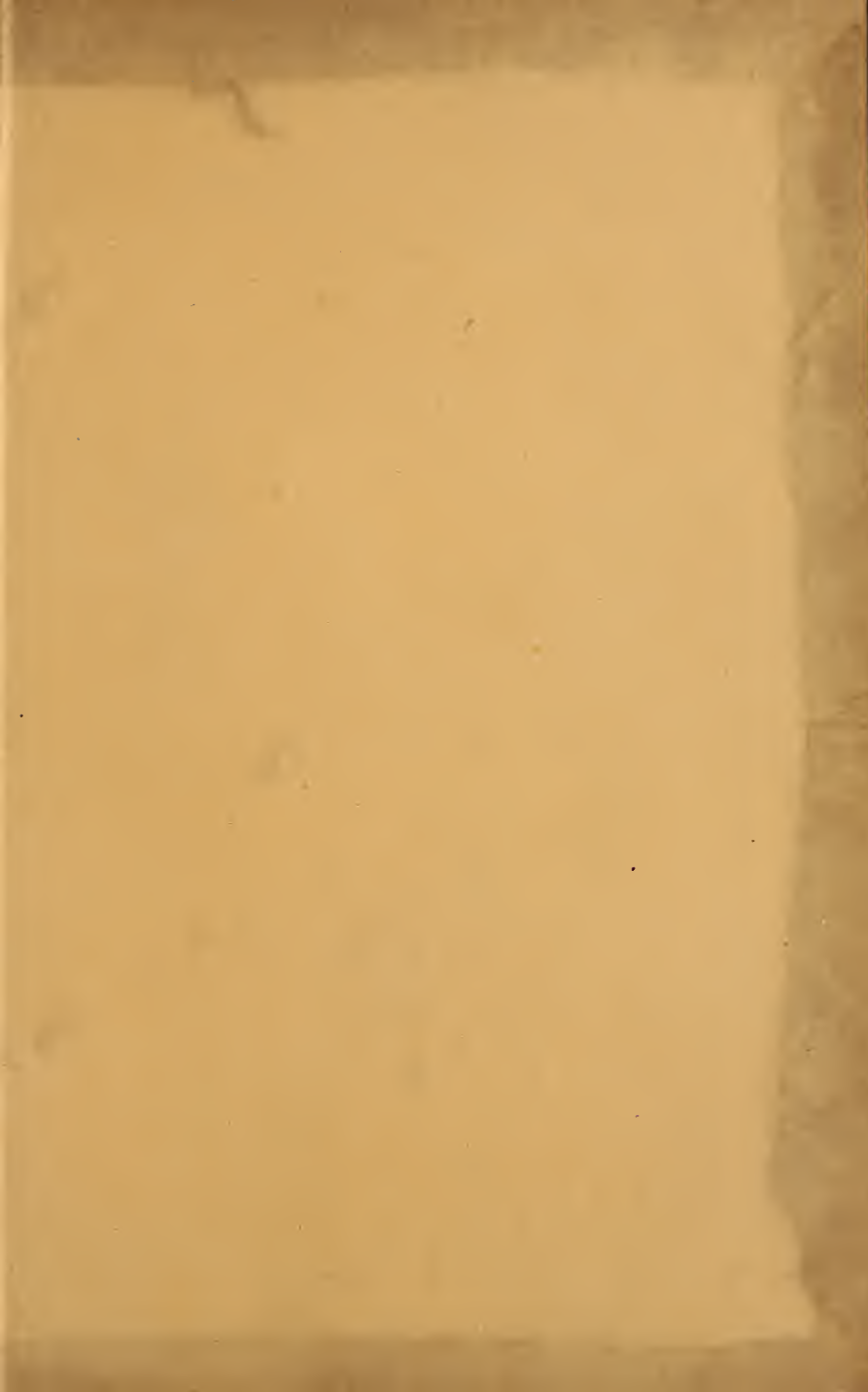
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